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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H·L·MENCKEN

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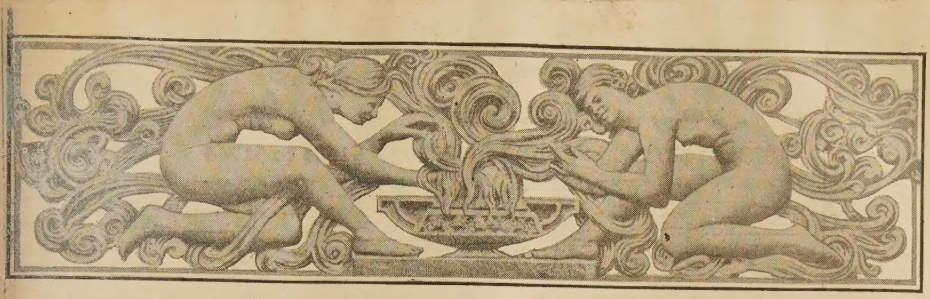

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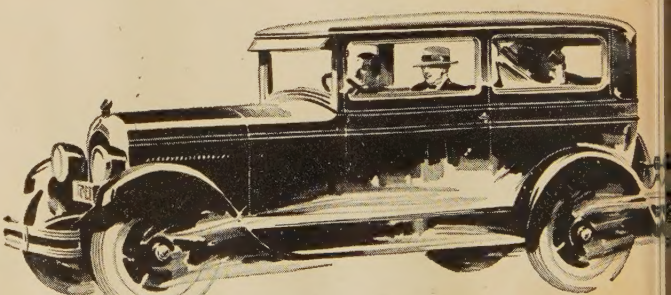

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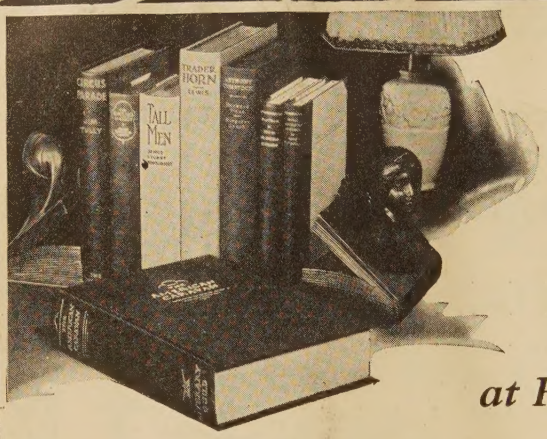

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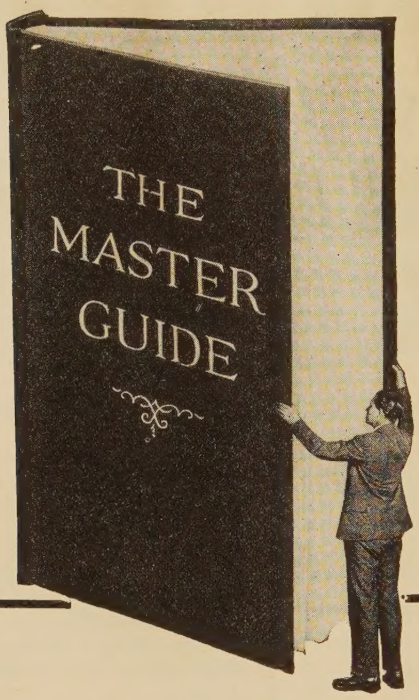

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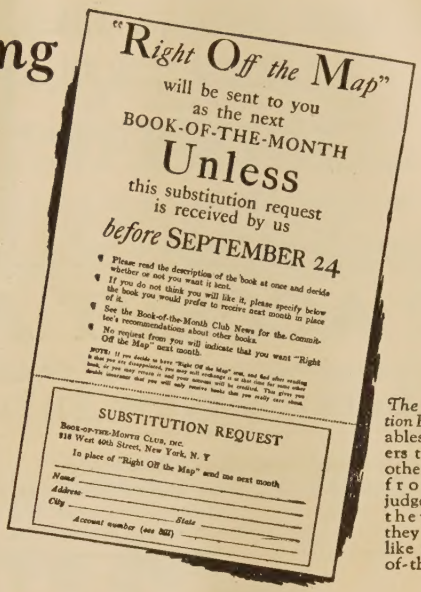

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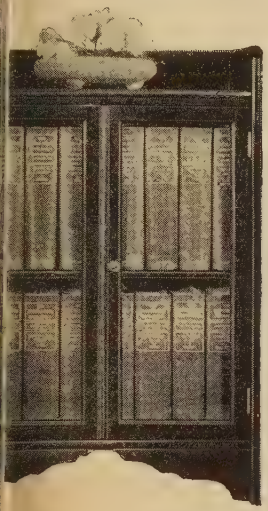

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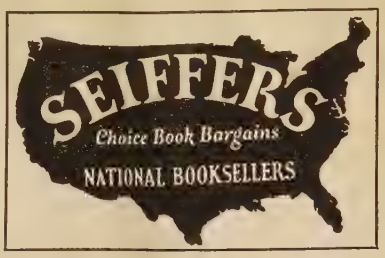

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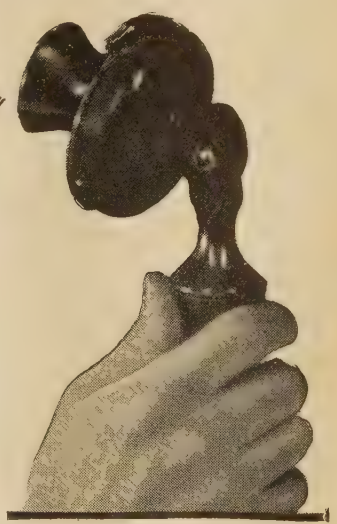

'he Grim Mr. Haley Sat Amazed

ıs Stevens casually broke into French

"ERE, Stevens, this call is for
you," Mr. Haley said curtly.
'or *me?*" In a flash young Ste-
remembered. He had been ex-
ng a call that morning, and now
l come to the last place on earth
anted it—in Mr. Haley's office.
ook the receiver.

Hello, René, how are you?"
ı, to his employer's amazement,
h started to speak in French!
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mie . . . Pouvez-vous cien trou-
e chemin? . . . C'est bien . . .
bliez pas . . . Au revoir."
hen Ralph put down the tele-
e Mr. Haley was gazing at him
usly.

'm sorry the call came here,"
h apologized. "A friend of mine
honed to make an appointment.
French — hasn't been here
"

see. You're not French your-
are you?"

No, indeed, Mr. Haley. But I
always wanted to speak French,
short while ago I began spend-
little of my spare time in pick-
ıp the language."

r. Haley was impressed. Here
an unusual chap, he thought.
ı buyer whom I met in France is coming to see me tomorrow evening," he said. "Would you like to help me entertain him?"

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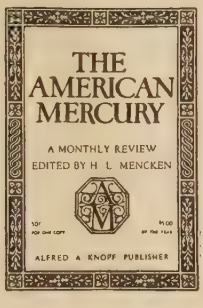

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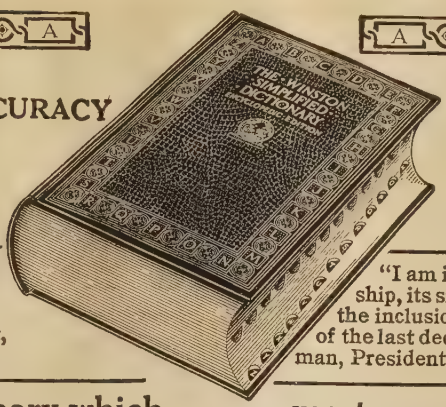

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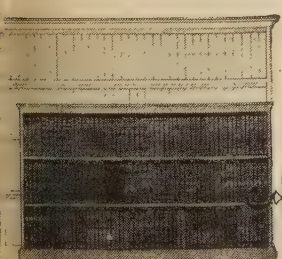

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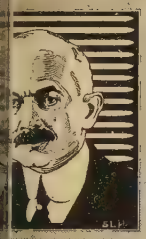

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Introduction by Charles A. Beard. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$4 9 x 6; 429 pp. *New York*

Maclay, a sturdy Scotchman from what were then the wilds of Central Pennsylvania, was a member of the first United States Senate from that State. His journal, running from April 24, 1789, to March 3, 1791, is a source-book of the first importance. It is full of intimate portraits of the great personages of the time, and of harsh, sardonic comments upon their acts. On almost every page it explodes some legend of orthodox American history. First published in full in 1890, it is here reprinted with a capital introduction by Dr. Charles A. Beard.

WHY ROME FELL.
By Edward Lucas White. *Harper & Brothers*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5½; 364 pp. *New York*

It is Mr. White's thesis that the most powerful of all the agencies working for the destruction of the Greco-Roman civilization was Christianity. It displaced Western realism with the mysticism of the East, which held this world to be a fleeting show and its highest values to be of no worth. It broke down the old aristocratic organization of society, and set the mob loose. It made war alike upon learning and the national defense: it was both Philistine and seditious. The Goths and Vandals from without dealt Rome some hard blows, but Mr. White believes that they would have been withstood if it had not been for the corruption of the new religion within. In a few centuries it had reduced the most powerful empire ever seen in the world to a chaos of barbarisms.

CALIFORNIA. *An Intimate History.*
By Gertrude Atherton. *Boni & Liveright*
$3 8⅝ x 5¾; 356 pp. *New York*

A new edition of a work first published in 1914, with revisions and a new chapter added. It is a popular and well written history, and historically accurate, though Mrs. Atherton has made no more than a cursory statement of her sources. The book is profusely illustrated and has an index.

LINCOLN AND THE RAILROADS.
By John W. Starr, Jr. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 9½ x 6; 325 pp. *New York*

This book deals with Lincoln's experiences as lawyer and as President with the Illinois Central, the Union Pacific and smaller roads. There is very little in it that is new, and that little Mr. Starr has inter- with anecdotes about Lincoln kissing babies a road stations and helping old women move tru

IN THE GOLDEN NINETIES.
By Henry Collins Brown. *Valentine's*
$5 8¼ x 5¼; 422 pp. N

This latest addition to Mr. Brown's history York City lives up to the high standards of t vious volumes. It makes extremely interesting r and the illustrations are capital. The New Yor last decade of the last century was shedding flannel shirt, and becoming swanky. Dud springing up everywhere, and every Sunday af they promenaded along Fifth avenue, which w the residential street of the *noblesse*. Bicycles w rage, and the use of the double negative was b "bad form," an expression common then, b now. In general, it was the decade of "elegan

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.
Edited by Edna Kenton. *Harcourt, Brace &*
$10 9 x 5¾; 2 vols.; 597 + 579 pp.

The French Jesuit fathers who came to this c in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centur interested not only in converting the Indian, in studying his mode of life. They put do observations in the periodic reports to their s and before long a tremendous mass of inf was thus got together. Several of the repo published at the time in France, but it was 1894 that an American, Reuben Gold Thwa ered all of them and published them under t "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Document and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionarie France, 1610–1791." The present book is m annotated selections from this immense and work.

EGYPT.
By George Young. *Charles Scri*
$5 9 x 5⅞; 352 pp.

This is a history of the political and econ fetings suffered by Egypt since 1914. M delivers a terrific attack on English policy t country. He points out that as a matter of fa has not the real independence that has bee for example, by Irak." And he continues th seems to be no real reason for keeping Brit in Egypt to secure either (*a*) imperial comm or (*b*) the defense of Egypt, or (*c*) the pro

Continued on page xxxii

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Continued from page xxx

foreigners and minorities. The military advantage of guarding the canal by a garrison has . . . no real necessity."

NAPOLEON IN CAPTIVITY: *The Reports of Count Balmain.*
Translated by Julian Park. *The Century Company*
$3 7⅞ x 5⅜; 243 pp. *New York*

Balmain, a descendant of a Scotch family which emigrated to Russia in 1685, was the Russian commissioner at St. Helena from 1816 to 1820; in the latter year he married the step-daughter of Sir Hudson Lowe, Bonaparte's English jailer, and departed. His reports have been known for many years, but this is the first complete translation of them into English. They offer few surprises to the historian, but they are interesting throughout, and often very amusing.

A COMPANION TO H. G. WELLS' "OUTLINE OF HISTORY."
By Hilaire Belloc. *The Ecclesiastical Supply Association*
$3.50 10¼ x 7¾; 119 pp. *San Francisco*

MR. BELLOC OBJECTS TO "THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY."
By H. G. Wells. *Watts & Company*
75 cents 7¼ x 4¾; 55 pp. *London*

MR. BELLOC STILL OBJECTS TO MR. WELLS' "HISTORY."
By Hilaire Belloc. *The Ecclesiastical Supply Association*
75 cents 7¼ x 4⅞; 43 pp. *San Francisco*

Mr. Belloc's chief objection lies against Mr. Wells' liking for the hypothesis of evolution. But he also undertakes a defense of the Catholic Church against Mr. Wells' strictures. Mr. Wells replies vigorously, and the majority of educated readers will probably hold that he wins.

THE GREVILLE DIARY, *Including Passages Hitherto Withheld From Publication.*
Edited by Philip Whitwell Wilson.
Doubleday, Page & Company
9⅜ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 568 + 602 pp.
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Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville became clerk to the English Privy Council in 1821 and continued in office until 1859. During most of the time he kept a copious and somewhat malicious diary, and some years after his death parts of it were printed. There ensued a great uproar in England, for Queen Victoria was still living, and Greville's accounts of the private sayings and doings of her ministers were equalled in frankness only by his discussions of herself. Now, long after her death, the omitted parts of the diary are printed. Mr. Wilson does not, even so, present complete text, which would run to many volumes simply digests it, with many extracts. Most Greville's imprudences now seem tame enough, in his record there is a great deal of useful mate for the historian. He is also extremely readable scandal-monger. The two volumes have a good in

BIOGRAPHY

BENEDETTO CROCE. *An Autobiography.*
Translated by R. G. Collingwood.
The Oxford University
$2 7⅝ x 5; 116 pp. *New*

"What I shall here set down," says Croce in initial chapter, "will be neither confessions, recollections, nor memoirs. . . . I will try in terms to sketch a criticism, and therefore a his of myself; that is, of the contribution which, every other man, I have made to the common stc work done: the history of my 'calling' or 'missio The work was written in 1915, and printed in a number of copies for distribution to friends. It is available for the first time in English, and affor excellent introduction to Croce's so-called philos J. A. Smith has contributed a short prefatory no

THE THREE SITWELLS. *A Biographical and C Study.*
By R. L. Mégroz. *The George H. Doran Co*
$3 7⅞ x 5¼; 333 pp. *Ne*

"The Sitwells, particularly Edith Sitwell," Mr. Mégroz in his chapter, "The Meaning of Si ism," "have tried to obtain more subtle refine of expression by confusing the sensory dialects, lating colors in terms of sound, or sound in te touch, and what they have all been aiming a escape from the familiar, not to the inexplicabl Walter de la Mare, but to the unrecorded. Mégroz describes their lineage and their li meticulous detail, but he somehow fails to mak either charming or entertaining. There is a works by the Sitwells at the end of the book, b fortunately it lacks both an index and a bibliog

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Edited by Aylmer Maude. *Doubleday, Page & Co*
$4 8⅝ x 5½; 256 pp. *Garden City,*

This diary comprises a record of Tolstoy's ex and misgivings, his self-reproaches and philos ings. It is the more interesting because it was w at a transitional time in his career, when h gradually becoming disaffected with the milita and turning to writing for self-expression and perfecting." Often his notations are mere jo but they contain many penetrating thoughts, deal of information, and an interesting insigh his method of working. Aylmer Maude has c uted a preface, and with Louise Maude, has ma excellent translation. There are four illustr including a caricature.

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Continued on page xxxvi

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By John Wilson Townsend.
The Courier-Journal Job Printing Co
$3.75 9 x 6¼; 124 pp. *Louisvil*
This study of James Lane Allen is neither c nor strictly biographical. It is a sort of anth containing excerpts from his books and letter eulogistic commentaries by Mr. Townsend. sense does it give an adequate picture of the m even indicate his position in American letters. contain some unpublished letters, and an unpul drawing, but they are unimportant. The book an index and a bibliography.

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By Harold Lamb. *Robert M. McBride & C*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 270 pp. *N*
This is a good popular account of the Sco God. It shows little special knowledge, but the available materials into a readable narrat the end there is a brief but useful bibliography

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By G. Jean-Aubry. *Doubleday, Page & C*
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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH SCA
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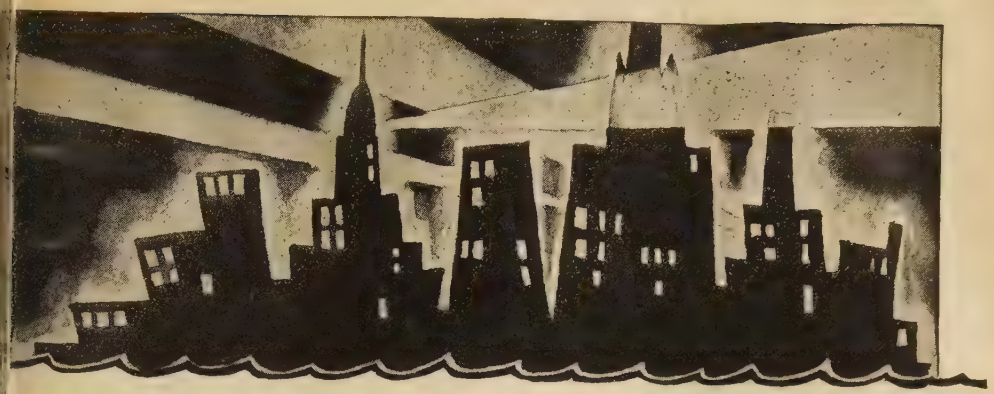
Scaliger was born in Guienne, Southwestern

Continued on page xxxviii



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in 1540, and died in 1609. Toward the end of his was a professor in the University of Leyden, and became the leader of the intellectual life of the E of his day. His fund of knowledge was colossal of his contemporaries, in fact, likened him, in r spect, to Aristotle, while others called him the tomless pit of erudition." This is the first atte English to bring him to public notice. It is mad selections from Scaliger's letters, two funeral o delivered by his two best beloved disciples, a complete text of his will. All the translation the Latin were made by the editor, who is secr the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Scie

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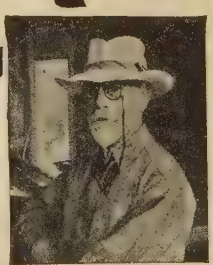

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The University of North Carolin
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By Deets Pickett. *The Capitol Book*
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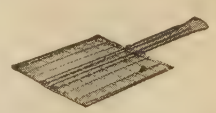

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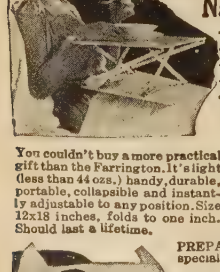

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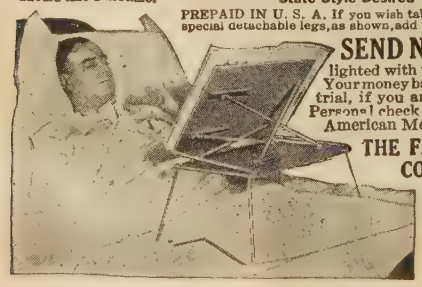

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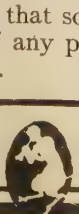
Albert & Charles Boni  **66 Fifth Avenue, N.**

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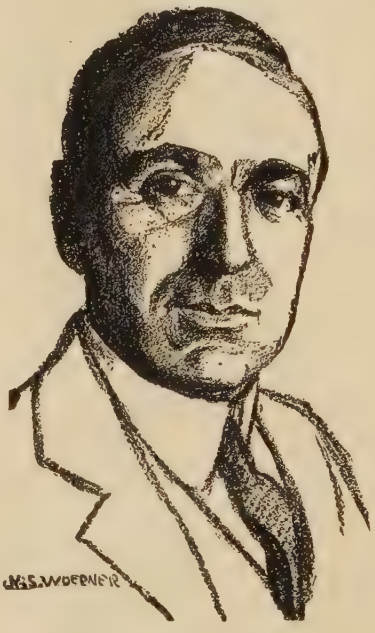

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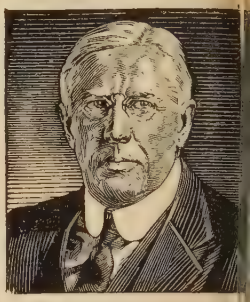

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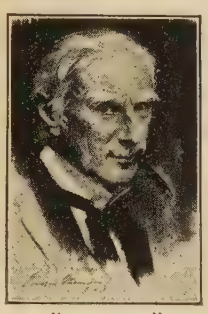

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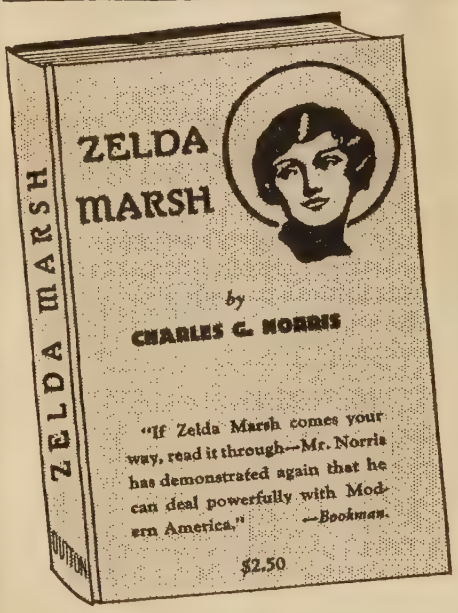
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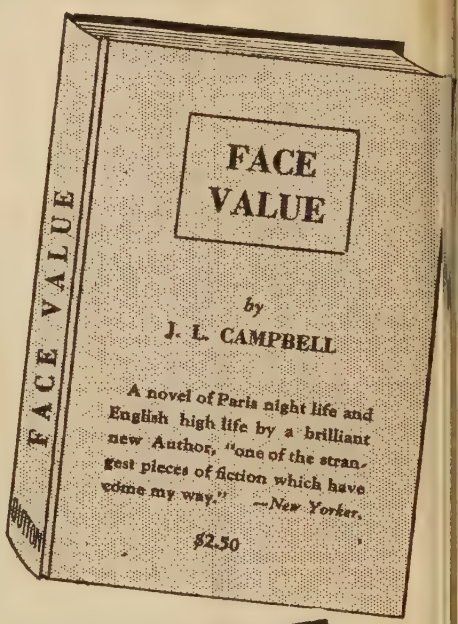
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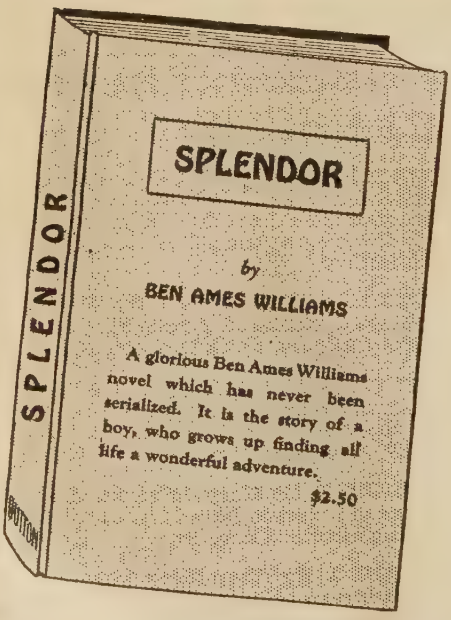
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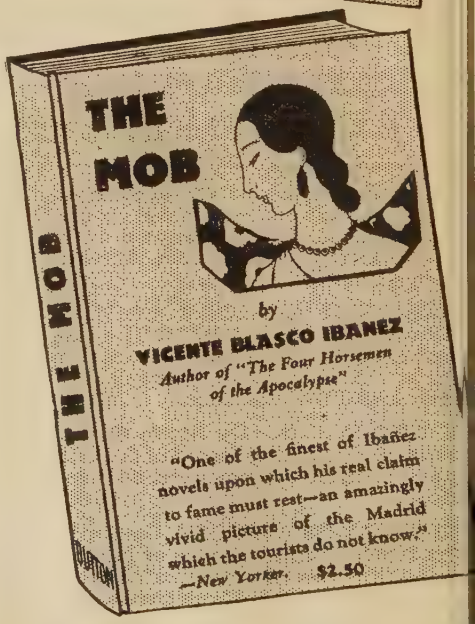
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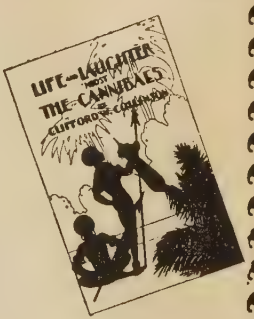

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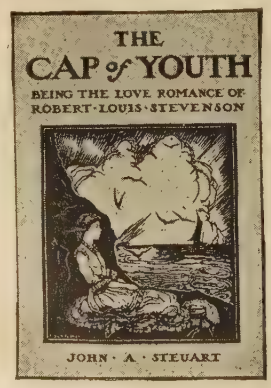

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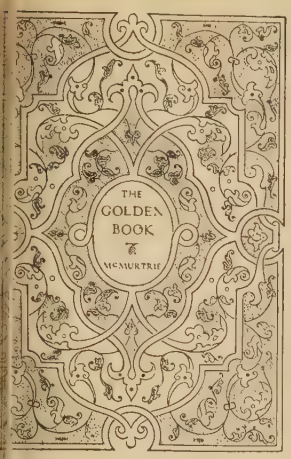

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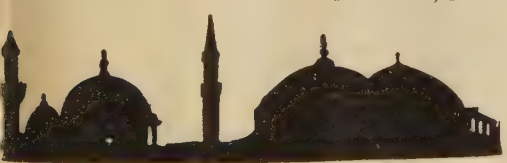

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The American
MERCURY

November 1927

THE BIOLOGY OF SUPERIORITY

BY RAYMOND PEARL

ATO was greatly concerned about the inborn qualities of the race." In his plans for an ideal state the body of that we now call eugenics had an tant place, and in a practical as well academic sense. "Breeding better was a matter, he said, upon which ate should ever keep a watchful eye, ncourage in all possible ways. Only uld there be assured an adequate sup- superior persons, capable of properly ging the affairs of the commonwealth. projects for the really basic uplift nly did not begin with Plato. They have entered the minds of much r philosophers. Is it likely that the of that paleolithic palace, Font de ie, cavernous it is true, but the finest in the prehistoric metropolis now Les Eyzies, had no notion of a truly ic aristocracy? Of course they did. telligent and cultivated a lot of people ey were must have been just as keen y bargain-counter baron to pass on heir descendants the material and ual advantages associated with a ior position in the tribe. And can be any doubt that the Old Stone Age rs, district attorneys, and Senators quite as sure as our best Nordic citi- that it was good for the tribe to have ffairs managed by the superior indi- ls in it?

Such aristocratic ideas must have prevailed from the remotest antiquity. But they achieved scientific rationalization only just recently. Few more original or generally superior persons have ever lived than Francis Galton, who was the first one to undertake seriously the collection and analysis of observational data for the purpose of finding out the laws of heredity in human kind. From its very beginning Galton's interest in the problem of human inheritance was animated by the eugenic idea. He labored to know the laws of heredity so that we might intelligently and systematically improve the inborn qualities of the race.

There are to be noted in Galton's work on eugenics two distinct aspects, just as in that of nearly all those who have followed him in this field. The one phase is the detached, objective investigation of the phenomena of human inheritance; the other is the propagation of eugenic ideas and commandments in the emotional and intellectual soil of the race. The former has its roots in pure intellect, the latter in emotion. In Galton's case these two phases were, on the whole, successive in time, with relatively little overlapping. This temporal disparateness has not always been so distinct in the efforts of some of his followers. To the first phase of Galton's work belong his great classics, "Hereditary

Genius" and "Natural Inheritance." The second phase had its climax in the formation of the Eugenics Education Society of England, now the Eugenics Society, which furnished the model for similar organizations all over the world.

The methodology of Galton's investigations of human inheritance was essentially and fundamentally statistical, and out of it grew the modern science of biometry. He handled two kinds of material, with a difference in method primarily growing out of the difference in the data. In such studies as "Hereditary Genius" he, in effect, counted the number of relatives, ancestral and collateral, of persons who were themselves in fact superior, or at least occupied in their time a distinguished position among their fellows. He believed that among such relatives those who were in fact superior or occupied a position of distinction in society were more numerous than was to be expected on the supposition that one person was as likely as another to be superior or distinguished, regardless of their ancestry. This conclusion has been generally accepted, on the basis of Galton's investigations, and those of many subsequent workers by the same method. But that there are serious difficulties and pitfalls inherent in this methodology has always been recognized by critical geneticists.

Galton's second category of material and method is exemplified in "Natural Inheritance." In that investigation certain physical characteristics of individuals, and their ancestral and collateral relatives, were objectively measured, with as great a degree of precision as was attainable in the circumstances. Then correlation tables were set up between different groups of kin —such as fathers and sons—and the correlation existing relative to the measurements taken was evaluated. These correlations were found to be generally positive, sensible in magnitude, and orderly in their relation to the closeness of the genetic kinship of the relatives involved. The results led to the formulation of what was called the Law of Ancestral Inheritance.

Substantially all of Galton's investi tions on inheritance were made in co plete ignorance of, because prior to, two classical foundations of our pres knowledge of genetics, the work of Men and Johannsen. The fundamental th which these two investigators taught which altered completely not only the terpretation of the phenomena of here but also the methodology by which t can most successfully be studied, was the bodily appearance or characteristic an individual give no guarantee as to v the appearance or characteristics of his cestors were, or what those of its desc ants will be. A black hen mated to a w cock may have barred offspring. And the black hen and the white cock may have had barred parents. A large bean throw uniformly smaller offspring th small bean. As we now know, the rel between the bodily characters of p and offspring depends, not upon wha bodily characters of the parents were instead upon their genetic constitutio the genes which they carried in their cells.

But the theory which underlay methodology of all Galton's inve tions of human heredity, and the losophy of his outlook and conclu was that the mechanism of heredit such that children of superior men "an enormously greater chance of tu out to be gifted in a high degree" th children of ordinary men. This becam foundation of his eugenic teaching. could manage to select only su human beings for breeding, "so a gifted men might be obtained," held. But Johannsen showed, wit utmost clarity, and a finality that h been successfully challenged, that of superior beans was not to be bre way. The only certain guarantee worth of a bean for the breeding of a s race was not its own superiority, superiority of its progeny. Some s beans gave superior progeny, but did some inferior beans. Precisely

s were obtained in a long-continued iment at the Maine Agricultural Ex- ent Station in selecting hens for high roduction. For more than ten years he highest layers were used as breed- ut a superior race was not produced. e contrary the average production of locks steadily declined during the l. Taking the same stock at the end is trial, however, and intelligently the progeny test as the basis of per- tion of breeding lines, it was possible se the level of flock production to a position and hold it there. Some ago I reviewed the literature regard- he actual mode of origination of the ior breeds of domestic animals and s, and showed that there was no nce whatever that these breeds had produced by the method of gradually nulating small superior bodily varia- by continued selection.

ere is no necessity for going further the now ancient history of the selec- problem. I wish merely to emphasize the great founder of the science of ics as it exists today did his splendid er work without the benefit of the knowledge of the mechanism of in- ance which has accumulated during ast quarter of a century.

II

dly speaking, the bulk of eugenic in- gations of the present day proceed g the following lines. As extensive grees as possible are collected for an beings, the *propositus* being usually ted because of some interesting char- istic which he bears, such as musical t, or poverty, or hare-lip, or arthritis rmans, or a bald head. The data re- ed in these pedigrees are then sub- d to analysis according to one or the r of two methods, the one chosen de- ing upon the school of eugenics to ch the investigator belongs.

ne of these methods of analysis, the stical or biometrical, seeks to measure the correlations existing in the material between kin of different sorts and degrees, relative to the character under discussion. While enormously developed and refined in its technique, as compared with Gal- ton's, the method differs in no way in principle from his. Its philosophy is pre- cisely the same and has rested serenely un- affected by all the developments of exact genetic knowledge since the re-discovery of Mendel's laws.

The second method of analysis of human pedigrees in present eugenic vogue derives directly from Mendelism. In fact, it seeks to describe such pedigrees in terms of simple Mendelian ratios. In some cases it has been in the highest degree successful, in that it has demonstrated beyond reason- able doubt exactly what the mechanism of the inheritance of certain human characters is. A simple example of this must suffice here. The blue eye-color of human beings has been conclusively shown to be in- herited as a simple recessive Mendelian character. Two really blue-eyed parents will have only blue-eyed children. Two non-blue-eyed parents will either have no blue-eyed children at all, in which case one or both of the parents are hereditarily pure for the absence of the genes which make eyes blue; or one out of every four of their children will be blue-eyed, while the other three are not. This latter distribution of eye color happens when both parents carry in their germ cells both the genes which make blue eyes, and the genes which make other colored eyes.

A number of other cases, nearly or quite as well established as this, might be cited. Altogether there is sufficient evidence to demonstrate the broad fact that in those characters of the human organism where the mechanism of inheritance happens to be simple enough to permit of conclusive elucidation by statistical methods alone, as contrasted with the experimental breed- ing tests which can be used with lower animals and plants, this mechanism is pre- cisely the same in principle as that which obtains in other animals than man, and in

plants. In other words, all the most critical evidence indicates that man is not different from other forms of life in respect of the mechanism by which his characters are inherited.

If those characters of human beings which are capable of precise genetic analysis are found to follow a simple Mendelian course, when studied by the relatively unsuitable method at our disposal in the case, it is a reasonable inference that the genetically more complex characters behave in an equally lawful manner, which is merely too involved for non-experimental methods of analysis. But critical caution needs always to be exercised here. Eugenics has fallen in some degree into disrepute in recent years because of the ill-advised zeal with which some of its more ardent devotees have assigned such complex and heterogeneous phenomena as poverty, insanity, crime, prostitution, cancer, etc., to the operation of either single genes, or to other simple and utterly hypothetical Mendelian mechanisms. But discounting all such stupidity, because in the long run it is certain to have only its just effect upon the progress of human biology, the solid achievements of critically scientific eugenics up to the present time are unquestionably considerable. The chief criticism which can fairly be made of really scientific eugenics is that what is too often overlooked is the enormous difficulty of working out the particular genetic mechanism of any character in an organism which cannot be experimentally bred in the ways necessary to establish conclusively the real situation.

III

The propaganda phase has always gone along hand in hand with the purely scientific, from the very beginning of the development of eugenics. And in recent years the two phases have largely lost their original disparateness and have become almost inextricably confused, so that the literature of eugenics has largely become a mingled mess of ill-grounded and u critical sociology, economics, anthropo ogy, and politics, full of emotional appea to class and race prejudices, solemnly p forth as science, and unfortunately a cepted as such by the general public.

No scientific man ever likes to adn that he is engaged in enterprises whi savor in the smallest degree of propagan When he is so occupied he customarily s up a defense mechanism, and calls labors education, promoting the pub welfare, or by some other such noble c nomen. This soothes his own qualms a may fool other people, especially if th are not very penetrating. Propaganda however, a subtle and insidious rept Its chief characteristics are two in numb The first is that its objective is always promote the interests of those who c trive it, rather than to benefit those whom it is addressed." Those who eng in it "may genuinely believe that suc will be an advantage to those whom t address, but the stimulus to their ac is their own cause."

The second characteristic of propag that marks is its indifference to the tr "Truth is valuable only so far as i effective. The whole truth would ge ally be superfluous and almost always leading." These quotations are from v is probably the most candid, cold-bloo and penetrating analysis of propag ever made, contained in the article by distinguished English zoölogist, Dr Chalmers Mitchell, on the subject, in 32 of the twelfth edition of the Enc pedia Britannica.

The concern of the scientific genetic eugenics propaganda arises from the that it is carried out *in his name*. The p is told that the eugenic *pabulum* it is the last and considered word from science of genetics. Let us see.

Without going into details, a rath tensive acquaintance with the literat eugenics leads to the conclusion th following are the chief doctrines th being publicly propagated:

hat all important characters of human be-
, physical, mental, and moral, are to such an
whelming degree determined by heredity—
ne sense that those characters will be similar
ie offspring to what they were in the parents
at any other factors which may be involved
heir determination are relatively unimportant
a racial point of view.

That since superior people will thus neces-
y have, in the main, superior children, and
ior or defective people will necessarily have
ior or defective children, in the main, the
fare of the race demands that every possible
ns should be taken to encourage superior
ple to have large families, and to force inferior
ple to have small families, or even better none
ll.

That some races of people are superior to
r races, and that intermixture or even contact
he superior with the inferior should be pre-
ed by exclusive immigration laws.

an explanatory corollary to these
s it should be said that by superior
le, whether individuals, classes, or
, seems always to be meant either:

a. "*My* kind of people," or,
b. "People whom *I* happen to like."

us we are told that college and uni-
ty graduates, and particularly pro-
rs, are genetically superior people,
n as a class, as are also the economi-
well-to-do. The Italians are proud of
nselves, of their history, and of their
stry, noble in its achievements; but
now existing immigration law of the
ted States attests that they are an un-
rable, and therefore by implication,
rior race.

this connection one is reminded of the
espondence between Galton and Dar-
in 1872 and 1873. Galton had con-
ed the idea of an Eugenic Register, in
ch superior people were to be listed, as
rt of genetic aristocracy, and wrote to
win to ask him what he thought of the
me. Darwin was politely lukewarm
ut it, and said in the course of his reply:
t the greatest difficulty, I think, would
n deciding who deserved to be on the
ster. How few are above mediocrity in
lth, strength, morals and intellect; and
difficult to judge on these latter
ds!" This somehow brings to mind,
n considered in connection with the feverish and frequently successful efforts of brash eugenists to influence legislation, that ancient jest which tells of the timorousness of angels about where they shall tread.

Leaving aside all discussion of what might perhaps be called the broad humanitarian aspects of these eugenic theses, I wish to submit that they are all based upon, and derive their entire meaning from what is now known to be a profound fallacy. This fallacy is that the essence of heredity is comprehended in the statement that like produces like. The epoch-making achievement of genetics during the last quarter of a century is the complete, comprehensive, and general demonstration that heredity does *not* mean that like produces like. Has the superlatively important lesson which Johannsen's beans taught the world been so soon forgotten? Or have the eugenists never heard of it? Apparently not. For their public teaching, their legislative enactments, and their moral fervor are plainly based chiefly upon a pre-Mendelian genetics, as outworn and useless as the rind of yesterday's melon. With a curious lack of even literary consistency they always begin their books with an explanation of the principles of Mendelian inheritance, and then in succeeding chapters preach social and biological doctrines which not only have no relation to the operation of these principles in the reproduction of *Homo sapiens*, but which also in many cases could not possibly be true if these principles did operate.

I know of no one better qualified at this moment to speak about the science of genetics in relation to human affairs than Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan. This is what he has to say ("Evolution and Genetics," 1925, pp. 206–207):

> I am inclined to think that there are considerable individual differences in man that are probably strictly genetic, even though I insist that at present there is for this no real scientific evidence of the kind that we are familiar with in other animals and in plants. I will even venture to go so far as to suppose that the average of the human race might be improved by eliminating a few of the extreme disorders, however they may have

arisen. In fact, this is attempted at present on a somewhat extensive scale by the segregation into asylums of the insane and feeble-minded. I should hesitate to recommend the incarceration of all their relatives if the character is suspected of being recessive, or of their children if a dominant. After all, these segregations are based on humanitarian principles, or for our protection rather than for genetic reasons. How long and how extensively this casual isolation of adults would have to go on to produce any considerable decrease in defectives, no informed person would, I should think, be willing to state.

Least of all should we feel any assurance in deciding genetic superiority or inferiority as applied to whole races, by which is meant not races in a biological sense but social or political groups bound together by physical conditions, by religious sentiments, or by political organizations. The latter have their roots in the past and are acquired by each new generation as a result of imitation and training. If it is unjust "to condemn a whole *people*," meaning thereby a political group, how much more hazardous is it, as some sensational writers have not hesitated to do, to pass judgment as to the relative genetic inferiority or superiority of different *races*.

If within each human social group the geneticist finds it impossible to discover, with any reasonable certainty, the genetic basis of behavior, the problems must seem extraordinarily difficult when groups are contrasted with each other where the differences are obviously connected not only with material advantages and disadvantages resulting from location, climate, soil, and mineral wealth, but with traditions, customs, religions, taboos, conventions, and prejudices. A little goodwill might seem more fitting in treating these complicated questions than the attitude adopted by some of the modern race-propagandists.

IV

The broad meaning of the principles of Mendelism, as applied to an organism like man, necessarily reproducing bisexually and always heterozygous relative to a large number of his inherited characteristics, is that an enormously wide variety of new and different combinations of qualities is always possible, and may be expected to appear in some degree in virtually every mating. Some of these combinations may be good and some may be bad; some may be of such sort that they have their expression greatly influenced by the environmental circumstances under which their development takes place, while others will be capable of but slight modification by any environmental influences consistent with the continued life of the individual. In such a genetic situation it is clear i any attempt to predict what the bo characteristics of the human offspring be from an examination, however car of the bodily characteristics of the par or those of the ancestry generally doomed to even worse failure than it r in the simpler cases presented by l forms, such as fowls or beans. That th the meaning of modern genetics in breeding of mankind, has been most lu explained to the general reader (and t eugenist) by Professor H. S. Jennin his latest book, "Prometheus," publ lately in the "Today and Tomorr series.

Under these circumstances it is pl desirable to reëxamine the old eu questions and the data on which the based, to see how they stand interpret by the established principles of m genetics, in place of a piece of out folklore that never was true.

To "breed better men" is the slog positive eugenics. And it is a good Mankind always has and always will need for superior men to be discovere leaders. The practical question is: Ho such men to be produced? The answ current orthodox eugenics is: By ge the existing superior people to breed and the inferior people to breed less, o ground that superior persons will superior offspring. But, as we have the exact science of genetics does no port this doctrine. We must then ex the question *de novo*. There is, un nately, but one way by which such vestigation may be made, if the inqu to be strictly specific to man. This m involves the doing of two things. Th is to find out what kind of people ha the past history of the world, pro superior offspring. The second is t out the extent to which persons of u sally recognized and admitted super had superior children.

In preface to the account of my ov vestigations I wish to emphasize that is a difference of great biological as w

al importance between human superi-
y and human distinction. Of the dis-
uished men living today, and at any
e in the past, some are superior and
e are not. Those who are not owe their
inction to the position which they
pen for a time to occupy in the human
al organization. It would be improper
nention the names of living persons by
of illustration. But it is not necessary.
ly ask that one think over the persons
happen at this moment to occupy the
itions of the highest distinction and
ver in the conduct of human affairs and
de how many of them are persons of
ate superiority, and how many owe
ir position either to a political or some
er accident, or to the power of intrigue
noney, or to the fact that the position
y hold is itself inheritable, in the sense
t it may be and often is passed on to
mbers of the family or to friends. Sup-
e that we had show-rings for human
ngs as we do for cattle, and adequate
thods of judging human qualities. How
ny of the persons of the greatest public
inction today would carry away blue
bons for personal *superiority* in either
ysical, mental, moral, or æsthetic quali-
s, in free and open competition?

This consideration means that in investi-
ting the breeding of superior men we
ıst classify our material in such a way as
keep as clearly marked as possible the
ference between superiority and dis-
ıction.

Another point of great importance in any
ch investigation is to have objective
ther than subjective criteria, so far as
ssible, for both distinction and superi-
ity. The old war-cry, "like produces
e," is responsible for a dreadful lot of
conscious bias in such matters. Nearly
erybody feels emotionally that a great
an ought to have had personally distin-
ished or superior parents. So nearly all
ographers, whether of the auto- or
tero- variety, do their best to show that
is was so. If an observable tendency in
akespearean commentary in England
continues at its present pace much longer, I judge it will ultimately appear that Shakespeare's father was an even greater man than *he* was! As a matter of fact the father was the greengrocer and butcher of the town, doubtless an amiable and useful citizen, but after all probably not greatly different from greengrocers and butchers in general. Whereas Shakespeare himself was really a quite superior man in his chosen line of endeavor.

V

During the past year, at a considerable cost of time and labor, I have made out a card for every person to whose biography one whole page or more of space is given in the current edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The criterion of one whole page of space, as a minimum requirement for inclusion in the list, makes a severe selection. It includes, with a few exceptions, only the *most* distinguished persons of whom there is historical record, and it includes substantially all of these. The criterion of selection is so high that in most fields of human endeavor the effect of the national origin of the source used is annulled. Only persons of world-wide distinction get a whole page or more of space.

We thus start with a list of the most eminent persons of whom there is record. We then ask whether their parents or their children were of sufficient distinction to get a biographical notice of any length whatever in the Encyclopedia Britannica. This is a strictly objective criterion. If a man's father has a separate biographical notice the man may rightly be said to have had at least one distinguished parent. And it must not be supposed that the parental criterion is too severe. The Encyclopedia Britannica contains well over 25,000 biographical notices of one sort or another, according to my estimate. Many of the short notices pertain to persons whose claim to distinction was certainly not great—in fact, often very slight indeed. But I have not stopped here. Instead, care-

ful search has been made through the biographies of the distinguished men themselves, and if any statement could anywhere be found indicating that either the parents or the children of these men were in any particular noted or superior, beyond the one respect of being kin to a great man, this evidence has been set down to the credit of the relative.

After being filled out the cards were classified into three main groups, as follows, for reasons which will be apparent:

1. *Rulers*, including monarchs, presidents, popes, etc., being persons whose distinction in every case derived in some part from the position held, and in many cases entirely so.

2. *Statesmen*, including politicians, diplomats, reformers, etc., being persons whose distinction also in some degree, but perhaps on the average a smaller one, rested upon their position and the circumstances of their times.

3. *Others*, being persons whose distinction in the main derived solely from their own personal superiority.

The total number of persons passing the high criterion of distinction was 1011. Of these 588 fell in the third class, in which the individual's distinction rests almost wholly upon his own personal superiority, in one direction or another. No accident of position or political influence can make anybody one of the 66 greatest artists the world has known, for example, nor can such things make one a great poet or philosopher.

Within the limits of this article it is possible to discuss only the merest fraction of the data. But the results of the whole investigation will presently be separately published in full detail. Here only two groups will be discussed, the philosophers and the poets. These groups are chosen because there can be no question, I think, about their distinction resting almost wholly upon their sheer superiority over their fellow men.

There are 63 philosophers who pass our criterion of great eminence. The average amount of space devoted to each of them in the Encyclopedia Britannica is 1350.2 mm. (The measurements were all made from the Handy Volume Edition.) This average is nearly four full pages. It pressively testifies to the fact that t were indeed eminent philosophers.

Regarding their parents the facts a follows: Those of 15 are either wholly known or are unmentioned. This indicates that they were certainly not sons of distinction. There are left 48 g philosophers about whose parents t are definite records. What their fa were is shown in the following tabula

Petty political office-holders	
Higher political office-holders	
Merchants and shopkeepers	
Lawyers	
Clergymen of small parishes	
College or university professors	
Physicians	
Watchmakers (one of whom was "dissipated, violent-tempered and foolish")	
Weavers	
Farmers or peasants	
Of titled family	
Soldier, "citizen of London," saddler, "illiterate and criminal," manufacturer, clerk, shoemaker, fisherman, historian, schoolmaster (each)	
Total	

Of these 48 fathers, just two were ciently distinguished to leave public r of that fact. One mother was enough personage to leave a record for post The average space devoted to these parents in the Britannica is 185.3 m

Taking the list of fathers as a whc is perhaps as fair a cross-section of m general as one could expect to attain sample of 48. It is mainly compos mediocre people, with a few superio sons in the lot, and a few badly inf But to try to make a case from this that 48 out of the 63 most eminent losophers that the world has ever k were engendered by superior pe would be arrant nonsense. Some of parents would have been segregate sterilized if the recommendations of p day eugenical zealots had been in c tion. And I estimate that a good h these fathers would have been urg curb their reproductive rate in the in of the "race." As a matter of fact, th ticular combinations of genes which

se greatest philosophers were derived
m just an average lot of human beings.
d this is precisely what would be ex-
ted if the established principles of
ndelian inheritance are correctly applied
human reproduction, on the basis of all
t we now know.

Let us turn next to the children of these
most eminent philosophers. No one can
y that these men were themselves
erior persons. Beside their philosophical
chings, they ought, on current eugenic
trine, to have done a lot for the world
leaving behind superior progeny. What
the facts?

Thirty-six of these 63 men either are
tainly known never to have married or
d children, or there is no record that
ey ever did either. In either case it is
tain that they left no distinguished
ogeny. Nine married but had no chil-
en. This is a ghastly record, which will
ing sorrow to the heart of every upstand-
g eugenist. But there may still be hope.
rhaps the 18 who are recorded as having
me children produced such a scintillat-
g lot of offspring as to make up for the
ck of either public spirit or potency on
e part of their colleagues. Alas, the case
es not so. Two of the 18 had illegitimate
ildren only, and no good came of them.
leven of the remaining 16 produced chil-
en of no distinction or superiority what-
ever. Indeed some of them are specifi-
lly described as "dull and fatuous." Five
nly out of the world's 63 greatest phi-
sophers produced children who were
ther gifted or distinguished or both.
hree of the 5 had children of sufficient
istinction to get separate notice in the
ncyclopedia Britannica.

Let us turn now to the poets. There are
5 in the list, one of whom is a woman,
lizabeth Barrett Browning. They receive
n average of 1097.6 mm. of space. The
thers of 13 are either wholly unknown
r there is no record of them. In either case
ney certainly cannot have been distin-
uished persons. The remaining fathers
ere as follows:

Of titled family	12
Merchants, tradesmen, or shopkeepers	11
Farmers or peasants	8
Clergymen of small parishes	7
Wealthy, but otherwise undistinguished	6
Lawyers	4
Country squires	3
Clerks	3
Petty political office-holders	3
Poets	2
Higher political office-holders	2
Military commander, inn-keeper, "libertine," musician, priest of idol, money-lender, hostler, broker, university professor, army surgeon, weaver (each)	1
Total	72

Of these 72 fathers, there were three only who achieved sufficient distinction to get separate mention in the Encyclopedia Britannica. The average length of the articles devoted to them is 159.3 mm. Broadly speaking, the case for the parentage of poets is like that for philosophers. These fathers were most certainly not a homogeneous lot of superior, "eugenically desirable" people, as the doctrine of the propagandists would have it.

The chief differences between the poets and the philosophers in respect of parentage seems to be that there was somewhat more wealth back of the poets, and that more of them came from titled families. Just such differences might perhaps have been expected. They suggest the possibility that certain kinds of favorable environmental influences may help in the production of great poets.

The case regarding the production of eminent *children* by the greatest of the world's poets is so nearly like that already discussed for the philosophers that I shall not take the time to detail it.

VI

Altogether one concludes that the remark of a wise and witty French woman, made in another connection, has a certain appositeness in the present one: "*La paternité est et ne saurait jamais être qu'un acte de confiance.*"

While space is lacking for further exposition of my results here, it may be said

that, in general, they are *objectively* much the same as Galton's. The difference is chiefly in the interpretation. He found in his investigation of English judges ("Hereditary Genius," 2nd edit., p. 55), that each 100 eminent judges had only 9.1 fathers of any degree of eminence whatever, and his criterion of eminence among the kinsfolk of great men was objectively a rather low one. This means that 90 of each 100 of these highly eminent judges were produced by entirely mediocre people. In other words, *nine times* as many distinguished men were produced by mediocre people as were produced by eminent people, on a low criterion of parental eminence. Contrast such a result as this with the operations of a modern plant-breeder, who produces stable superior races by the application of established genetic principles!

Furthermore, Galton found that each 100 eminent judges produced only 12.6 sons of any degree of eminence whatever. Making due allowance for the more objective and somewhat higher criterion of eminence in the kinsfolk which has been used in the present investigation, its objective results are in good accord with Galton's. But what a ridiculous basis do such results furnish for the eugenic dogma that only superior people should be encouraged to breed freely!

To summarize: The status of eugenics at the moment is that critical studies of human inheritance have, in the first place, firmly established the fact that certain human characteristics are inherited stri in accordance with those genetical l which have been found to govern inh ance in lower animals and in plants; in the second place, have made it prob that other and more complex human c acters also follow established genetic p ciples. On the basis of what is now kn of genetics, both for human beings other forms of life, it is to be expected a wide variety of new and different c binations of genes may occur in virtu every mating of human beings, som which combinations may be good, s bad, and some indifferent. Certainly m ern genetics gives no support to the that the somatic characteristics of the spring can be predicted from a knowl of the somatic characters of the par In preaching as they do, that like prod like, and that therefore superior pe will have superior children, and inf people inferior children, the ortho eugenists are going contrary to the established facts of genetical science, are, in the long run, doing their c harm.

A new *ad hoc* investigation of the b ing of great men shows that the fact in full accord with the expectation established genetic principles, and n all in agreement with current eug dogma. It would seem to be high that eugenics cleaned house, and t away the old-fashioned rubbish which accumulated in the attic.

EGYPT

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

IN WARTIME I had unconsciously done the editor a trifling favor, but I had forgotten the circumstances long since. Then I walked into his combination newspaper and job printing office a few days he dropped a fistful of proofs and hed at me with both hands stretched in welcome. It seemed, from what he d me, that I was in a measure responsible his business success.

first met him when he was superintending the activities of a detail of potato-elers in a battalion cook-house. I had ssed the noon meal at the place where I s due to get it and was foraging. He ed me up with two ham-and-egg sandches, a beaker of coffee, and a lot of con-sation. I learned then that we were th of a trade. Scribblers. In addition he is a born cook.

From then on, while I remained in that mp, my breakfast problem was solved. ing the expert malingerer that all old ldiers are, I so arranged my day's toil at I did not have to begin it before ten the morning. Thus I could sleep till ne. The difficulty about that was that eakfasts shut off all over the place hours fore my private reveille.

I had been eating in my new-found end's cook-house about two weeks when ie bright morning the depot brigade mmander came clanking in, looking for ouble. I had just finished a whole grapeuit. Before me was a minute steak sprined with chives and cooked in butter. To ie side was a stack of golden brown ench-fried potatoes. To the other, a ateful of toast. A jug of coffee and a pot red currant jelly completed the lay-out.

The colonel stared at me a moment wall-eyed. But we had learned to understand each other long before this. Time was when he had toted a rifle and a bayonet, foot-slogged and sounded out with the best of them.

He swallowed the water in his mouth.

"How come, Loafer, how come?" he shouted.

I pointed with my fork at the young man who had prepared the repast. The commandant straddled the bench opposite me, sat down and unbuckled his belt.

"Make it two, Oscar," he yelled at my cook.

"Here," he continued—and he grinned in anticipation—"is where I pick up the first decent meal I have had since they hooked me up with this lousy outfit."

That same night the cook's name appeared in orders. He was promoted to sergeant and appointed purveyor to the officers' mess, at that time caring for about two hundred and fifty commissioned men. Great pickings!

I departed for other fields shortly after, but the editor stayed on his new job until his discharge from the army, nine months later. He must have practised the most rigid economy on his pay of $55 a month, for he told me that he came out with a bank-roll of $2500. He had gone in with seventy-five cents! Strange but true, as many an ex-soldier can testify. I have met members of that mess and have yet to hear one who complained of the chow set before them. So apparently everybody was satisfied.

With his savings the former cook invested in the little newspaper he was now

running, and it pleased him to repeat that his present prosperity was due to the fact that I had paraded his talents before the brigade commandant.

This was in Egypt, where the editor had settled—that interesting bottom end of Southern Illinois watered by rivers as muddy and sluggish as the Nile and capitaled by the city of Cairo. It is rich farming country, and where it is not that it is even richer coal country. Its towns have figured much in the public prints of late, especially in those journals that specialize in murder. Herrin, Benton, Marion and Harrisburg—their names have been blazed all over the nation in the matter of killings, Ku Klux riots, gang and gunmen activities, rum-running, bootlegger-feuds, and the like.

"However, we sparkle," the editor told me as he closed his desk, dragged on his coat and pushed me through the door to the street. "Our night life is the most cosmopolitan thing this side of Paris. I'll show you."

II

I stared down the tree-lined road. A flivver or two stood at rest in the shade. I counted five people on the sidewalks, taking in territory as far as my eye could reach. Two blocks away, a freight train was chugging back and forth on the tracks. The burg was apparently sound asleep.

"What! Here?" I asked him—and I laughed.

"No, I never dirty my own doorstep," he answered, very dignified indeed. "Not but what I could provide a pleasure or two right here if I wasn't as circumspect as I am. But you'll stop laughing before the sun rises."

We rode for an hour past rich farms and through tiny hamlets and so into a town slightly larger than the seat of the editor's activities. He pulled up in front of a decent looking little hotel, disappeared inside, and emerged a few moments later with a companion. I was then introduced to a Mr. Seligsburg, a pleasant Jewish gen man. He informed me that he represe an Eastern trunk and bag manufactu company. He had, it seemed, made con with the editor on the day before, a like myself, had been promised a glin the white lights.

It was dusk by now and the ele lamps were burning. We drove on for al two blocks, past a corner where a of swing doors brought back cer memories.

"Wide open," I remarked.

"The expression is inadequate," swered the editor.

He herded us inside. We found ours up against a long bar with the usual ge man in a white apron officiating. The was sanded and half a dozen tables ranged against the wall. About tw citizens were engaged in the busine drinking when we entered. They all k the editor.

"Hullo, John," came a chorus.

"Hullo, John," smiled the barte He wiped his hands on his apron an changed grips as Mr. Seligsburg and I presented as regular guys.

"What's it going to be, boys?" a White Apron.

"Three half-and-halfs," ordered editor. "You'll like this," he tol "It's a great drink."

The bartender placed before us were once called small beer-glasses. each he poured a measure of a dark rather thick liquid, and then he topp with an equal portion of a clear v fluid.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Seligsbu

"Half home-made port wine and home-made corn liquor," answered editor.

"I'm scared of corn liquor," said Seligsburg dubiously.

Everybody turned round to look at No animosity in the scrutiny. Just p surprise. A gentleman in overalls act spokesmen for the Egyptians.

"Stranger here?" he asked.

New York," answered Mr. Seligsburg.
Well, now, that explains it," said
ralls. "You ain't never drunk the corn
make in Egypt."
Swallow that," he said suddenly with
rt of menace in his tone.
Ir. Seligsburg put the liquor to his lips,
ed it, and then tossed it down in one
llow.
That's a drink," he said, putting down
glass. I tipped my own, as did the
or. It was sweet and potent, devoid of
or smell.
Just kind of knew you'd change your
d," beamed Overalls.

III

all the sheriff," spoke the editor to the
tender.
Whatever for?" I asked nervously.
Think I'd bring a buddy of mine into
s man's town and not have him meet
dignitaries?" he answered. "You'll
ke hands with the sheriff. He'll like
u and he'll send for the mayor. You don't
ow the heart that beats in Egypt. But
u'll learn."
While the bartender busied himself at
telephone, the editor led us outside and
inted straight across the street.
"There," he said, raising his hat as he
oke, "is the Roman Catholic church."
Then he pointed diagonally across to a
me building sporting a large wooden
ss.
"That," he explained, "is the head-
arters of the Ku Klux Klan."
He swung us both half right and pointed
ain. This time to a pretty little brick
urch standing above the road on a well-
pt green lawn dotted with rustic benches.
"There's the Methodist church," he
ld us, and then turned us again till we
ced the swing doors through which we
d come out. "Let's have another drink."
In the midst of this one the sheriff
rived. A big broad-shouldered fellow.
native of Kentucky, who had drifted
is far north in his youth.

"He's a Republican and a Klansman," explained the editor. "And he's proud of it. As proud as I am of being a Catholic. Aren't you, Harry?"

The sheriff nodded his head.

"I tell you," continued the editor, "we're real cosmopolitans around here. We're effervescent."

The sheriff, it seemed, had had a snorter or two previous to this meeting. He weaved slightly and clutched now and again at the bar, but declared that a couple of the half-and-halfs would steady him. So he belted three measures of port wine and corn liquor and then went into a long dissertation on the excellence of the latter as brewed in Egypt. It was apparently a matter of great sectional pride, judging from the way that all the Egyptians spoke of it.

The sheriff took a bottle and poured a measure of the corn into a glass. Then he took several sprigs of mint, squeezed them tightly over the drink and dropped them in. To this he added a drop of white syrup. He stirred the concoction with his trigger finger.

"Drink that yere," he said to me.

I did, found it quite palatable, and said so.

"As I see it," he declaimed in his native dialect, "it's jest the lovin' cyaah the fahmehs gives to the makin' of this yere man's drink. Nothin' that's bootlegged yere fohm fohin paats can touch ouh 'gyptian cawn."

He swallowed another noggin.

"It's jest the lovin' cyaah," he continued, and then thumped the bar so that the glasses rang. "An' that's why the — — keeps a votin' dry."

We all had another and then the sheriff announced that it was meet that the mayor should come down and greet those whom the editor was now terming guests of the city. The bartender took over the duty of letting the chief executive know that he was "wanted before the bar *pronto*."

Apparently this was a standard pro-

cedure, for in ten minutes the mayor arrived. A little skinny man, as hospitable and anxious to please as his fellow official.

"Now I'm going to prove to you just how cosmopolitan we are around here," shouted the editor. "Look at the folks I've gathered here to meet you. Here's Seligsburg, a Jew and a wet. Here's the mayor, a Democrat, a Methodist and a wet. Here's the sheriff, a Republican, a Klansman and a wet. Here's me, a Catholic, a Socialist and a wet. All sorts of creeds united in one holy cause!"

"To hell with Prohibition!" bawled the sheriff, his glass held high. We all drank to the sentiment, including the balance of the customers scattered along the bar and at the tables.

IV

Time passed quickly, as it always does in pleasant company. The conversation was brilliant and interesting—or so it seemed to me under the urge of the frequent half-and-halfs. We talked of politics, county, State and national. More than an hour so passed. The sheriff had been silent for several moments and so the editor's attention was directed to him in the midst of an encomium of Al Smith.

"What's the matter, Harry?" he cried, hastening to him. As he caught him by the arm, the sheriff gulped ominously, looked about the place wildly, and then made a mad dash for the door. He staggered across the street and came up against the side of the Catholic church.

The editor, Mr. Seligsburg and I had reached the swing doors in pursuit.

"My God, he's not going to do that if I can help it!" yelled the editor. He raced across and caught his friend round the waist, at the same time jerking his head back.

"Harry," he shouted, "you mustn't be sick against the church! For my sake, Harry!"

The sheriff gulped and threw his head even farther back. He half broke away, as if willing to head for some other pl

The editor got his arm round him a and started to steer.

"Come here and help me," he yelle us. I had on a new suit of clothes, an Klan sheriff, no matter how big-hear was going to spoil it for me. But Seligsburg went over. Between the tw them they moved the huge Kentuc across from the Catholic church to Klan hall, and leaned him against edifice.

"Now, Harry, get it off your che counselled the editor.

And Harry did.

They moved him inside the door t stairs when the worst was over and se him on the second step.

"You rest a while here and be as as you want to," said the editor.

"We'll leave him here a while," he us, and so we returned to the saloon found it emptied considerably, but mayor was still there. He was sitting table, his head laid on his arms, and snores attested to the fact that he asleep.

"You got to get him out of here, Jo announced the bartender. "That he mixture of yours got him. He can't s much no time."

"Let him sleep it off," advised editor. "Give us another drink."

"No, sirree! He don't sleep here. Th time was the finish. He swore the joint he woke up in drunk would be c for the rest of his administration. Get out of here, I tell you!"

"Oh, all right," answered John.

"And you can't take him to the or to home, neither," continued W Apron. "His missus mustn't see him the folks 'round town."

"I'll find a place for him. I'll hel any Methodist."

With much groaning, grunting dragging of his feet along the ground editor and Mr. Seligsburg hauled mayor out. They carried him across street and never gave up till they had

to rest on one of the pretty rustic
hes that spotted the lawn of the
hodist church. On his way back to the
n the editor took a peep inside the
of the Klan hall. The sheriff, too,
snoring peacefully.

Return, therefore, unto Caesar the
gs which are Caesar's," quoted the
or as he dusted his hands. "Hey, where
you going?" he shouted at Mr. Seligs-
, who was moving off in the general
ction of the hotel.

he salesman halted and turned around.
I know there's no synagogue in this
's town," he said. "But the gentle-
who looks after the spiritual needs of
people here is the man I hope to sell a
of goods to in the morning. I'll take
chances of your putting me to sleep on
doorstep. Good-night and thanks!"
nd so he left us.

V

nd now what do you think of our
ht life?" asked the editor as we walked
ng the street. "Didn't I tell you we
re effervescent?"

We passed the police-station, which was
a store on Main Street. Through the
glass windows we saw a dozen officers
awled around the common-room. The
ors were open to the mild night air.

"Hullo, boys," yelled the editor.

"Hullo, John," shouted the policemen.

"Now, ain't that just grand?" he de-
nded as we walked on. "All Klansmen
there, and they cheer me as I go by!
t's go past again and get another
lcome."

We did.

"Hullo, boys," yelled the editor.

"Hullo, John," shouted the cops.

"That's one of the most marvellous things in the world," he told me as we went on. "Me a Catholic and all those lousy Klansmen hurraying at me! It just shows what a great leveller drink can be. Let's do it again."

I didn't want to, but he insisted. This time the answering hullo seemed rather forced. A frown on the faces of one or two of the police testified to their belief that they were being kidded. But to the editor the greeting apparently appeared just as genuine as ever.

"Let's go past once more. That sure is stimulating," he said. But I said no, and stuck to it.

We visited several more saloons and encountered many prominent and hospitable persons. But it was approaching midnight. The warning came in the person of a policeman who stuck his head in through the swinging doors and rapped on the side of one.

"Closing time, Fred," he announced to the bartender.

"Come on, boys," advised the bartender. "Drink her up and be on your way. When the law says close, we got to close."

"This has been a pleasant evening," I said to the editor as we stood outside. "I thank you for the presentation."

"What do you mean, presentation?" he answered. "This has just been a curtain-raiser. I told you I'd show you the sunrise in Egypt."

And he did.

TOM HEFLIN

BY JOHN W. OWENS

The most unfortunate result of the latter-day spiritual development of the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, Senator from Alabama, has not been noticed in the numerous current discussions of his high services to the nation. It is that we have lost, in an era of such dreadful conformity that Calvin Coolidge is by way of becoming the national model, the likeliest candidate in the whole of this broad land for the important post of Picturesque Statesman.

Tom, in his day, had great possibilities, not the least of which were physical. Soon after he came up to Washington, following a succession of such triumphs on his native heath as election to the mayoralty of his town and to the portfolio of state in the cabinet of Alabama, and began specializing on a larger scale in the Negro question, information that he was not without a certain promise was conveyed to old Senator Gorman, of Maryland, then boss of the Democratic party. Gorman was having difficulty in keeping within his fold the more intelligent and decent white people of his own State, so he had turned to the convenient Nigger, seeking on the one hand to use him as a bugaboo, and on the other to scare or trick him out of his naturally Republican ballot. Concluding from reports that reached him that Tom's line would go well in Maryland, he invited him to Baltimore for a palaver. Albert J. Almoney, a happy functionary at Democratic headquarters there, was sent to receive Tom and dock him at the old Eutaw House. When Albert returned, Gorman asked him what he thought of the visitor. "Senator," said Albert, who hailed from a hard-riding country, "Senator, he handsome as a studhoss!"

He was, indeed, pleasant to the ey those days—a strapping six-footer only a trace of embonpoint, agile and too far from graceful, with a face cut the model of the idealized young Confe ate soldier, and a fine crop of dark hair ruffled romantically when the breezes or oratory was uncorked. His sartoria semble befitted him. He wore a Pr Albert coat, a b'iled shirt and a cl collar. His voice was loud and agree if a trifle unctuous. And he had mann was slightly overdone perhaps, even garments had a shade too much emp and his voice that unctuous note. On that he might not be exactly three But Gorman liked him and decided t him, and after his first voyage to Mar he was recalled many, many times comings from Washington were festiv casions around Democratic headqua which were ruled in those days by c the most sincere epicures ever deve in this land, the late General Murray diver, and a body of able-stomached tenants. No man ever went away w more glorious table record behind him Tom Heflin. He could be eloquent, a knew how to eat.

Nor were these triumphs in Mar sporadic efforts. Tom's running ma Washington in those days and for years afterward was the lamented James of Kentucky. That Garga creature was likened to everything the back of a hack upward and down but he was never excluded from the of a man, whatever the test of ma

elected to apply. Tom trotted in step
. Ollie for a little while after they
up, as each would have said, until
laid Ollie away, famous and revered.
basked in the sunshine of Ollie's
ter fame, even to the very edge of the
um on that parboiling day when Ollie
oled like a buffalo stampede through
delegates to the 1912 Democratic con-
ion, to take the chairmanship of that
eous roughhouse. But it is in order to
e the point that Tom kept step, and
urther point that one who could keep
with Ollie James possessed obvious
ns to the high office of Picturesque
esman.

II

came out of his Alabama wilds with
instincts. He was one of the first men
he United States to voice the rage of
st if humble pedestrians against the
ninable aggressions of motorists. Cast-
off the burdens of state, he and Ollie
day set out in the cool of the evening
ee what was to be seen. An enemy of
kind swerved his car across their
k, and two large men were made to
. Tom, always adequate on such oc-
ons, summoned the full resources of his
ctive. The records are incomplete, but
ppears that the motorist turned out to
quite he sort of person, and so the
troversy, if that is the term to use,
d in the neighborhood of the Riggs
se for many hours. Ultimately, and
aps unfortunately, someone trained in
science of government took thought of
edents and summoned a jury from the
gs bar. The jury solved the problem
h Solomonic wisdom. Tom was ordered
ne direction; the enemy in the other.
hen there was the celebrated shooting:
n has been buffeted considerably on
unt of it. Yet the event was wholly
ccord with his early promise of occupy-
a happily ornate place in the body
tic. The buffeting takes two forms.
t, there are the sneers at Tom's taking his artillery with him when he started to church to deliver a temperance lecture. Curiously enough, these sneers come mainly from men who bemoan habitually the lapse of the American people into decorous uniformity. Let it be admitted that Mr. Coolidge would never take his artillery to church, whether he was to speak or not. But it is possible to insist that better men would have done so. For example, Andrew Jackson or Sam Houston.

The next point to be considered is whether, granting Tom's privilege, as a man different, to tote a gun to church, he used it unfairly on the colored brother. It is to be explained, at this point, that he did not use it at all in the first instance. The colored brother was a very large person who chose to continue his drinking on a street car in the presence of a white woman—which is not as inoffensive in the South as it may be thought in New England. Tom directed him to stop. He did not stop. Disregarding Tom's subsequent explanations, and taking the colored brother's word, as set forth in a suit for damages later on, it appears that the budding Picturesque Statesman slapped, cuffed and kicked the dark brother, and then threw him off the car. By way of offering the reader a measurement of that performance, it should be noted that when the brother was taken to hospital subsequently, six men were required to force him into bed.

The shooting occurred between his contact with the paved street and his arrival in the hospital. It is alleged that Tom took aim through the car window and brutally shot him; perhaps that is so. Tom may have got a little excited in doing what six men at the hospital were later required to do, or his hot Southern blood may have boiled. However, it is possible that, as he said afterward, he thought he saw a movement of the brother as though to draw a gun, and so he acted according to the rules made and provided south of the Mason and Dixon Line. It is not the business of this historian to render judgment in the matter, but it may be proper to observe that Tom's

conduct was regarded very respectfully by the fine old Southern editors of the day, albeit there was a certain mortification among them that one of his bullets entered the leg of a devotee of the sport of kings, who was standing some distance from the scene.

From all of the foregoing, it may be reasonably held that in running for the office of a Picturesque Statesman, Tom was sound of wind as to the adjective. But what of the noun? Granting he was picturesque, had he the makings of a statesman? Well, what *is* a statesman? The other day a man who for years has worn his soft hat turned up in front because of a habit contracted in the days when T. R. was coming over the horizon, told me that the more he thought of the Colonel the less he thought of him.

Nobody, in truth, really knows the statesman of his own time, and posterity often changes its mind. You cannot draw the lines sharply. For you know that posterity will heed only half a dozen men in every era—and yet you know also that the workaday jobs of statecraft in that era were done by many other men. For practical purposes, you must take the average of the day. Judged by that test, Tom certainly cannot be dismissed. Grandiose, sentimental, a licker-up of applause, a player to the grandstand, or rather to the bleachers, a reverberator of other men's ideas? Yes, all of that—as have been many more famous men. But if you are convinced that Tom is a fathead, and wish to stay convinced, do not go to his early record in Congress.

You may encounter, for example, speeches that, in the main, would not surprise you if they appeared as editorials in some of the publications that now look down upon poor Tom. What will our best social and industrial reformers say of a speech delivered in the House in May, 1912, when Tom was seeking (quite successfully) to devil the standpat Republicans from Pennsylvania by muckraking certain great corporations of that State:

> Why, Mr. Speaker, the black slave in Alabama the old slave days was treated a thousand tir better than were those poor white industr slaves in Pennsylvania under the reign of the publican party. Men guarded in camps, not p mitted to go out, hounded by guards and deput lashed and shot and driven back; human bei held in the remorseless grasp of the most despo industrial slavery in the world! . . . Black pol men, it is said, with their clubs struck dc women of the white race, American mother struck them down and murdered them in Pe sylvania during that strike!

Speed stuff! If you should delete references to the Aframerican, and alte style from the oratorical to the edit might you not visualize Mr. Oswald rison Villard nodding his head approvi And would not Mr. Villard rejoice give thanks today for such a speech a on imperialism, delivered in 1916?

> Every intelligent man admits that our occup of the Philippine Islands invites attack, and it is the thing that annoys and worries our pe who are not willing to spend American m and sacrifice American lives to hold somet that we do not need and should not have. gentleman on that [the Republican] side about not taking down the flag when onc have planted it on foreign soil. God grant we may never lack for courage and patriotis take it down if it be the righteous and hono thing to do!

And our States' rights intellectu the Scriptural note, outmoded at th ment, were eliminated, how many o would object to inserting in thei sertations the following extract fro of Tom's speeches in the House in when he was opposing national Pr tion and national woman's suffrage:

> We must not undertake to ram down the th of sovereign States something that they a prepared to accept, but let us continue the work in the way that we have accomplish that we have in this great work of molding opinion of a permanent character [for Pr tion]. . . . Then through this home rule p and this principle of local self-government, counties and other States, seeing our good v will be constrained to follow in our footstep The trouble with some members of this H they soon forget all they ever knew abo time-honored principles of home rule an self-government. They surrender the teachi the fathers, and fling to the four winds nationalism and federalistic control the that our fathers held dear when they build Republic.

ot bad! Indeed, as good as comes today
n 99% of Tom's contemners. And I have
sought unusual specimens. Go back to
Record and it will be found that most of
n's speeches in the House were quite as
d. He was interested in cotton, and
eved, probably with ample justification,
the planters were being victimized by
speculators. Some of his speeches on
subject achieved really lucid presen-
ons of a highly complex business.
in, there were his speeches on rural
its: they were sharp, clear and concise.
e sure, it used to be said that he edited
remarks in the *Record*, and inserted
plause" and even "Loud Applause" at
ropriate points, but that had nothing
lo with the sense of his harangues. If,
hout altering the meaning, he edited
clarification, he was rather to be ap-
ved for his industry.
n sum, the youthful Tom had enough
ast to carry safely his big, picturesque
s—and he started with abundant re-
rces in canvas. Moreover, he was free
n any suggestion of the more sordid
of politics. No one attacked his char-
r, as the saying is. In fact, he could not
lenied a certain amount of character of
higher sort, for while he was proficient
the ordinary jugglings of politics, he
d steady on his declared ground. He
s a Progressive and his vote could be
nted on by the other Progressives. He
s a Coming Man. If anything seemed
tain, it was that the years would lift
n higher and higher upon the political
ch.

III

t what picture does he present today?
ving come to the mellow late fifties,
d proceeded from the House to the more
cious Senate, what relief does he offer
from the deadly conformity in speech
d act there prevailing?
Alas, one goes into the galleries of the
nate, and there gazes upon the outward
m and semblance of a Picturesque States-
man, but instantly one is in a shudder of disappointment. There is the great, bulging body that one craves, the crop of graying hair, and the echoing voice upraised for the people. In Winter, that bulging body is clothed in the tail coat of the stately past, and under it there is a glorious white waistcoat, and under that waistcoat there is the snowiest and starchiest of fine linen; and above the noble coat is an uncompromising collar, guarded by a black bow tie of massive rectitude, while stretching away to the feet, far distant and finely shod, are splendid, somber gray trousers. Perfect! In Summer, this perfection gives way to another perfection. All is immaculate white, save only the black tie of restraint and virtue—after the fashion of the sublimated Southern squire-statesman, seated on his wide gallery of a Summer evening.

But all the same, that shudder of disappointment sweeps one. And why? The answer may be put in one word, and that word is "feverish." The man who might have been the nation's one really genuine Picturesque Statesman in the drab and drear Coolidgian epoch is burning with an inner and unhealthy fire. One sees it in the face, which is not of the cool ruddiness or fine pallor which becomes a Picturesque Statesman; it is purplish in moments of vehemence, which are frequent. And one notes about the corners of the mouth and the nostrils unpleasant set lines that have been made by quick-flaming anger too often indulged. The voice that nature intended to be suave and soothing is now shot through with hot, excited notes, often violent and sometimes shrilly desperate. And the big body, which calls so sadly for the deliberation and sureness in movement that are age's substitute for youth's agility and grace, is awkward and nervously uncertain—the very antithesis of the poise, dignity and urbanity that should be inside the sartorial expression of an older and more charming day. So feverish, indeed, is Tom become that he communicates his sad ailment to his enemies, and lately the

Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser* has been furiously demanding that a committee of psychiatrists rumble-bumble on his case.

It is a pity. For no one can attain the rank and dignity of a Picturesque Statesman in a feverish condition. So heated up, indeed, one cannot command recognition as any kind of statesman. Poor Tom proves that. With all his shortcomings, his professions of devotion to the welfare of the common man are undoubtedly sincere. It may or may not be foolish to bother about the common man, but it is certainly not discreditable. Moreover, if Tom's votes are examined, rather than his words, it will be found that in the execution of his devotion he very frequently finds himself in the company, on roll-calls, of the most independent men in the Senate—such men as Walsh of Montana, Norris of Nebraska, and Reed of Missouri. But his speeches, his manner, his general attitude, have not only made him a favorite butt of newspaper wags in late years; they have brought down upon him, time and again, open rebukes from exactly such men as Walsh, Norris and Reed. And all that has increased his already feverish condition, and aroused in him a kind of tormented desperation.

The fight over W. P. G. Harding illustrated perfectly what has happened to good Tom. Harding, a banker of Birmingham in his own State, was governor of the Federal Reserve Board when, in 1920, the discount rate was suddenly shot upward, and there started the deflation which thrust some 5,000,000 men and women out of their jobs. On the farms in the South and West a procession toward bankruptcy set in, with an increase in the suicide rate. Tom maintained that this peremptory action of the sanhedrin of credit was a crime. He also maintained that it was not an unthinking crime, but the result of a deliberate plot of the Money Kings. In that he was far from alone. The late Senator La Follette made exactly the same charge in his 1924 campaign. It was made also by many thoroughly respectable men of the South and West, and they undertook to offer circumstantial evidence—as plausible, certainly, as circumstantial evidence on which S and Vanzetti were convicted. But succeeded only in making his prot nightmare.

President Warren G. Harding soug 1922 to reward Governor W. P. G. H ing, theoretical Democrat though he with reappointment as chairman o Federal Reserve Board, for all the res able folk in finance held the lesser Ha to have pursued the path of duty heroi Tom placed a trembling hand upo heart and vowed to Heaven that there was breath in his body and pov articulation in his tongue, no such inal payment for crime should be. A was not. The President came to r that Tom was ready to filibuster hi the whole Senate and all the busin the country into Kingdom Come to p the vote on confirmation, so the nation slumbered to death. To state bare facts is to place Tom in honora unorthodox company. But it must a stated that seldom in the whole hist the Senate has there been such whoo and hollering about the crimes of Street as he unloosed day after day often even old Senator La Follette v that he would abandon his uproar a his good work in the manner o master of filibuster, Gumshoe Bill whose technique it was to read the l and most irrelevant treatises in audible tones.

That fight was the real beginn Tom's feud with the newspaper rep which also showed and continues to his feverish state. Being in a condi which his indignation against th Hardings could be expressed only b and terrible whoops, he was na unable to realize, first, that whoo hard to report, second, that no repor waste day after day translating the intelligible terms, and, third, that those barriers were scaled by the re they still would be unable to find space every day for telling the story

ple. Being thus in no state to realize
nature of the reporters' difficulties—
radical reporters, of whom there are
e in the Capitol, no less than the con-
ative ones—Tom attributed their neg-
of his efforts to the long arm of Wall
et, and made no distinctions between
kept press and the unkept. Soon, he
an shouting at the reporters as they
ged in the press gallery. And soon
r dignity was affronted, and, rather
crously, they began stalking out of the
ery whenever he started his daily dozen
ells. Whereupon, he made more noise
more kinds of noise than ever. And his
ust colleagues silently consigned him
both of the Hardings to Hell.

his continuing fever that made him a
sance even to men who thought that
fight on W. P. G. Harding was meri-
ious, and who saw nothing strange in
bama preferring his passionate protest
inst the Federal Reserve Board's con-
t to Senator Underwood's detached
sideration of it—this feverish state ex-
ins why Tom still makes himself so
raordinarily offensive when he gets off
the wrong foot, as, for example, in the
tter of the Klan. If he merely played
th the Klan politically, he would not
singular. He would be objectionable,
t he would have abundant company in
Senate, and would escape anything more
an a mild and passing censure, as have
other Klan-tarred Senators. And if he
oided the Klan as an organization that
absurd when it is not dangerous, and
nply entertained individually the preju-
es which the Klan has organized, he
uld be entitled to associate with vast
mbers of his Anglo-Saxon fellow-country-
n, high and low alike, quite likely a
jority of them. For the Klan prejudices
deeply lodged in thousands of hearts
at are unwilling to approve the Klan
actices. The greatest measure of cant in
is country today is produced by the
ort to conceal or gloss over that preju-
ce. But Tom bumps his head against the
ling in talking about the Klan, as he
did in talking about W. P. G. Harding.

He turns purple, while his big fists swing and his splendid coat-tails swish the air, as he refers to himself as "I, a Protestant Senator," and gives directions as to the disposal of his remains should the Pope's agents carry out their orders. He takes a matter that might have become serious, namely the desire of the more aggressive section of American Catholics for intervention in behalf of their brethren in Mexico, and makes it a tenth-rate melodrama. There was a time when it seemed likely that the campaign of the Calles government against the Church would cause grave political difficulties in this country. One element of the American Catholic Church, to be sure, thought that its sympathy for its co-religionists could have nothing to do with its conduct as a part of the citizenship of the United States. But another element thought that religion had much to do with politics. It was suppressed by cool heads in its own household, but before it was suppressed there were potentialities of grave trouble. It might have been the part of a statesman to speak candidly of that. Tom did not speak candidly; he spoke hectically. He pictured the Knights of Columbus as already on the march, and scattering bags of gold over the countryside.

So with Prohibition. Tom is not condemned by persons who have cut their political eye-teeth for supporting national Prohibition now, although he spoke eloquently against it in the pre-amendment days. Such a change of base may be wrong, in the absolute, but this is a world of relativity. There are idolized wet Senators within a few feet of Tom's seat who also opposed the amendment, but later accepted it and supported it. They have now returned to their first love. But every one of them who has completed the circuit in that manner hails from a State that has turned out to be very wet. It is a fair deduction that if they hailed from Alabama, like Tom, they would not have been reconverted. Thus it is not Tom's stand on

Prohibition that makes him absurd; it is his presentation of his stand, couched almost invariably in the hot, fevered words of an overwrought man. And so with his attitude on corruption in office. Tom was one of the first Senators to attack Daughertyism and he hit without gloves when some of his revered colleagues were weighing considerations very cautiously. But he did not stop with discarding his gloves; he discarded all other restraints, and so there were times when the anti-Daugherty men divided their worries between the danger of Tom making them ridiculous and the danger of the Department of Justice framing them and jailing them.

IV

Well, if the explanation of Tom's failure to meet our sore need of a Picturesque Statesman is that he has become feverish, then what is the explanation of his feverishness? It is not enough to say that he assumes the pose and plays the part that will garner votes in Alabama. In the first place, he is too obviously in deadly earnest. In the second place, it is to be doubted that his bawling is the source of his strength in Alabama. He stayed in the House term after term without going mad, or pretending to go mad. If he made no speeches at all, or only a few and yet voted as he does, he would remain popular in Alabama. He would hold most of the people who cheer him now, and he would win many who now back off. And he would stand less danger from a revulsion of feeling—which is always possible in Alabama, as the recent convictions for Klan floggings indicate. Of course, it may be said that he does not see these obvious facts—but to say that is only to say that he is in a genuinely feverish condition. The Heflin who could talk clearly and impressively about rural credits in the old days would not have been so blind.

What, then, is the explanation of his state? I think you will find it if you go to the files of the *Congressional Record*. Reading along, you will be brought up short day by a sudden realization that the marked a ridge in his career. Before war you will find, not greatness nor any great promise, but at all events s evidence of intelligence and some p bilities of growth. These things s through all the man's political para and occasional elephantine clowning. with the coming of the war, you suddenly lose all track of that and into contact with the present Heflin. I and outside the halls of Congress, he speeches that would have disgraced worst professional patriot. He would ecute the Huns within our gate." H lieved that "the firing squad was the solution." He was convinced that were all "perverts and renegades."

One day the Government disclosed tain correspondence of the German Em in which Ambassador von Bernstorff the Imperial Government for $50,000 used in influencing Congress agains entering the war. Tom was instantly q in the newspapers as having noted picious actions by certain members of gress, and soon the air was filled with talk of members winning heavily in man gambling-houses. Tom was with all this talk as the man who presently spring a mine under the tra In a little while, Messrs. Mason and ten, members from Illinois who had man constituents, were dragged int tales.

Then the volcano boiled in earnest, a committee of the House sitting o matter. Tom was called before it denied the authenticity of the news reports quoting him, but the reporte being summoned, swore that he had correctly quoted. Questions of the h personal privilege were then raised House, and old Mason, hero of many ent-medicine advertisement, wept hi through the history of his British an and his son's voluntary departure f wars with his paternal blessing, wh House shrieked its sympathy. In t

e was a great massacre on the floor, n sturdy Champ Clark trying his best he Speaker's chair to insure that the ving and quartering of Tom should be rding to Hoyle.

is not for me, of course, to psycho- yze Tom and declare the cause of his ressing fever, but I think I may be per- ted to hint again that the gentleman n Alabama of the days before the furi- , flaming war period was not the Tom he war period or of later times. I wish, in experiment toward adjourning the for Tom, that some of his friends uld dip him into an icy bath every rning for a few months. If that should allay his fever, we might still have our Picturesque Statesman. He might vote a passionate vote for the great plain people, and yet take on and improve the rôle of, say, Senator Overman, of North Carolina.

The cynics, you know, say the Carolinian is beautiful but dumb. But I have noticed that he is the only one of the ninety-six Senators who surveys his colleagues loftily each noon with a glint of amusement in his eye and a hint of a smile about his lips. If Tom Heflin, garbed like a bishop turned circus impresario, would only go in for that high-hatting of the Senate, while casting votes indistinguishable from George Norris's, much would be forgiven him.

A GERMAN GRANDFATHER

BY RUTH SUCKOW

The war was the first thing to make me realize that actually I came of German ancestry. Nearly every Summer of my childhood we had visited the farm where one grandmother and grandfather sat in rockers side by side, and the little Iowa town where the other grandmother and grandfather lived in a frame house painted in red and white to make it look as if it had been built of brick. But the ways of these old people were so different from any I had ever known that I had no real sense of belonging to them. There was nothing German in our home except noodle soup, a tree and frosted cookies at Christmas, and brown-covered copies of *Die Gartenlaube*. Our parents spoke German only when Christmas and birthdays were at hand; or when my mother, calling some queer old customer by a still queerer name, laughed, and said, "Don't ask me to translate that!" We girls learned our German in school; and my sister (who, on a very fragile pretext, had always considered herself French) had so little talent for it that my mother read her lesson to her every morning while combing her curls. Years ago, in a pre-historic age so far as I was concerned, my father had gone over to the English from the German Methodist Church, and from that had graduated as far as the creedless Congregational.

At the time of the war, a member of our family objected to voting for a man who "had a foreign name." The names of our grandfathers were Suckow and Kluckhohn. But the name of the German township, to which they had come as early settlers, had been changed to Liberty. At this same time one or two leading matrons of our city walked out of the Auditorium [illegible] patriotic protest against the singing [illegible] German *Lieder* by Alma Gluck. Our fa[illegible] was divided as to the necessity of th[illegible] got out my sister's favorite old boo[illegible] Schubert songs and picked out the a[illegible] "Du bist die Ruh'" with one finger a[illegible] own private protest. I thought about [illegible] German songs I had heard my grandfa[illegible] sing to his youngest grand-daug[illegible] under the apple trees on the farm, to [illegible] her out of mischief while her mother [illegible] at work. I didn't remember a great [illegible] about either of my grandfathers—[illegible] mother's father, a minister, had died [illegible] I was a child—but what I did reme[illegible] was singularly out of keeping with cu[illegible] notions about the horrible Hun.

Later, my father and I visited my g[illegible] father in Iowa. The war was over [illegible] seemed to have been amazed by it r[illegible] than embittered. "Didn't de Germans [illegible] to settle all dis country?" he asked. "[illegible] den, are de Germans now so bad?" H[illegible] come out to German township in [illegible] when it was actually such bou[illegible] prairie that once, after wandering for [illegible] at night, he knocked at a door to as[illegible] way and found himself looking in[illegible] own house. This quaint little old ma[illegible] so remote, now, even from the life [illegible] own neighborhood, that I suppos[illegible] people had ever thought of the dan[illegible] the State from his existence.

We found him in a room with blue [illegible] attached to, yet separate from the [illegible] the house. This was where he an[illegible] grandmother had spent their last [illegible] keeping days together. The farm w[illegible] one that he himself had taken o[illegible]

rie. His son had worked it for years, had now moved into town and left it *bis* son. My grandfather stayed. His on was that Grandma had died in this n and he wanted to die there too. To he seemed more like a figure in a Ger- picture or a folk song than an actual man. He gave me the same sort of ght as a finished work of art.

le gave me, too, an understanding of a ement of Einstein: Life tends to return n itself. When we visited there, it was fect September weather. Stepping out landscape that seemed to be all blue gold, we entered a room that was blue silver. Against the wall hung my ndfather's big silver watch. He was ing in his rocker in front of the open r that faced the blue sky. He wore a ck skull-cap and smoked a black pipe. beard was silver and his eyes were as e as those of very little children. One l a curious cast that added to his air of stful drollery. Bees had found an en- nce into the wall of the farmhouse years , and they hummed outside the open or.

He was too deaf to join very much in the nversation. Hearing, however, that we re planning a trip South, he begged us nestly not to go. There were only two ces in this country, he assured us, where man beings ought to live: York State d old Iowa. "Where you have lived," uncle suggested. "Ja," he answered, d puffed smoke from his pipe. We all ughed and that pleased him. In fact, wa was even better and safer than York ate. It was foolish to bother to take a p out of Iowa. Hancock county was the st county, German township (he never ite got used to Liberty) was the best ace in that county, and this farm was the st and safest spot in the world. We should stay here. "But what would I do?" my her asked. He could sell old iron. That as a good business. Again the eye with e cast glanced off drolly askew and he ffed at his pipe. But most of the after- on, he did not attempt to talk with the rest of us. He rocked and smoked, and at times he murmured with a sigh, "Ach, ja, ja . . . dot was all so long ago!"

But he did have to move into town at last, like a good Iowa farmer. He still kept up his own establishment, however. When I saw him next he was living in a little one-room building called Grandpa's House in the back yard of my uncle's home. There were his own bed, his wooden rocker, his silver watch, and a kerosene lamp which my aunt came in to light every evening, since he now declared that he could not experiment with so new-fangled a contraption. "What a big lady!" he exclaimed in astonishment whenever I came. But time, too, had returned upon itself. The past and the present were all intermingled. "Ja," he would say then, "now I have a little girl again to hear my stories." He told me about wild happenings in the early days in the timber country in Northeastern Iowa. But when I left, he always warned me, "Be careful when you cross the railroad tracks!" The town where he now lived was a station on a little stub line of the railroad. One train went up in the morning and came back at night.

II

We all received these warnings. He begged us not to eat tomatoes for fear of the seeds, while he himself dined happily off cranberries and thick cream. Whenever the family set off on an excursion he went out to look at the sky and urged them to stay at home because it looked as if it might rain. He consented to an automobile ride only because "the rest of you are going to be killed and I want to be killed with you." My father was spending his vacation at a little fresh-water lake when he received word that my grandfather had broken his hip. The old man was suffering almost too much to talk with him, but he still could plead, "Willie, when you go back to the water, promise me never to go out in a sail-boat!"

But no one could get him to explain the

discrepancy between these warnings and his own career. Many of his stories were concerned with the seven weeks of stormy weather which he had spent in a sail-boat crossing the Atlantic. "Ja, ja, those were fine times!" he said. He came to this country not knowing a word of English, and without enough money to pay for a berth when he took the boat to Albany. Later, with his wife and little children, he struck out for the West and took a farm in the timber in Northeastern Iowa, where the woods were so thick that my father used to get lost trying to find the cows in the evening. My father told of how terrified they all were during one of the annual floods of the Volga river, when the cows were carried off downstream and my grandfather on his horse plunged straight into the torrent after them. Later, my grandfather wanted to try still newer country, and they all set out again for the slough and prairie region farther West. "But to hear Grandpa talk," my father said, "you would think he was the most timid man in the world!" He could never understand why any of his children or grandchildren could be foolhardy enough to venture beyond the limits of German township.

His adventures had now dwindled into stories about them. He always declared that he liked farming; but that he was never a real farmer was shown by the fact that he had wanted to stay on his land, would have considered California unfit for human habitation, and was more contented after his retirement than before. Then he had found a job that really suited him much better. There was a baby girl in the house and he took her in charge. All day long he sang songs and told stories. This was the only one of his various activities that he seemed to regret when it was past. "Ach," he said, "what shall I do? I have no little girls any longer!" While he was still on the farm, he had liked to gather the eggs. But when he came into town, that too was over. His eyes became too dim to read and he was so deaf that he could not talk much with people. So few came to see him that he had little cha to tell his stories. My aunt told him ab what was happening in the world. when she came to the radio, he threw his hands and said that that was too mu His range of travel had narrowed dow an occasional excursion to the store for tobacco. Then it seemed too ventures to go out upon the one business st among all the automobiles. He staye his room and finally in his rocking ch and he had very little left to do ex pray and sing to himself. But he got g contentment out of these two things.

When he heard that his grand-daug had published a story, he said that ought to be given a title. "Ven de me something more, dey call dem *von*, or call dem *bishop!* Why not den de ladi But he pondered over it. He said, " mind is all de time so full of what happ in de old country, and here in de early o why can I not write it into a story?" had to tell his stories instead; and it not until I was a "big lady" that I h chance to hear many of them. More more came back to him the older he g He told about the tall ancestor who run away from Prussia so that he w not have to join the Emperor's six regiment. "Schneiderlien, Schneiderl the soldiers called. "Ja, come get 'Schne lein'!" he shouted back from over boundary in Mecklenburg. He told a the molasses barrels that tipped ove deck in the storm at sea; and about Ya Jim who shot up a town in Iowa and stood on a hilltop just outside and sh to a comrade: "Bill! Go fetch me my I want to take it with me!"

In those days, my grandfather use get great amusement out of taking bac farmers around to call upon prospe wives. He would not permit them to up, no matter how poor the pros seemed. The success of one of these riages was proved by the gift of a d from the bride every Christmas. One was an account of his visit to a Cat church.

First, come in de priest. He was a big
)-story man but dressed up in skirts just
: de ladies. He had a little bell. 'Ting-a-
;-ling!' A little boy come from de one
: and bring him a towel. 'Ting-a-ling-
;!' A little boy come from de udder side
he take off de first towel and put on de
)nd. All he said, it was in Latin. De
ple, dey can't know what. But before
all went home, he turn around to dem
n de altar. He say: 'On dot horse and
:gy I buy me, I still owe eighty dollars,
de eighty dollars you must see dot I
.' Dot," my grandfather concluded,
e could say in English!"

III

ien we came to see him at holiday time,
was mourning because he had a cold
l feared that he could not sing his
ristmas songs. His voice had the sound
a very old, very worn, still sweet wind
trument, and he kept time with his
id. Most of the time, he used his Ger-
n Methodist hymnal, but he also sang
"Freut Euch des Lebens" and said: "It
ood. It is not religious. But it is good."
liked "Der Himmel ist Schön" because
was Grandma's song. When his voice
w husky, he took to his pipe. Once
asked, "Do you ever see papa smoke a
)e?" I said that I had. "Ja, dot is right!"
answered with great satisfaction.

One more move was required of him.
ter he broke his hip, he had to leave his
tle house and take up final quarters in
e guest-room of his daughter's home. He
all day long in his rocking-chair. He
is glad to have people come into the
)m but seldom demanded it. Even in the
ier part of the house he could often be
ard praying and singing. He was now
e oldest settler in German township, and
could not understand why he should
ve lived so long. He heard of the deaths
the sixty-year-old men and women
iom he still called "de young people."
er since Grandma had died, he had been
dy to go; and whenever my father came to see him for the last ten years, he said in parting, "Well, Willie, when you come de next time, I will not be here." After he had been sitting for a long time smoking, he would murmur, "Ach, ja, ja . . . dot was all so long ago!"

But to our surprise, since for years he had not ventured a mile away from home without grumbling, there was a journey, when he was ninety, that he wanted to make. And he was willing to go in an automobile! He said that he would like to look at the farm.

My father and I drove over with the car and my father and my cousin carried him out to it. This, again, was in September. It was a fine day in which to see the country: sunshine, wind, a brightness over everything—the dry corn, the dusty road, the willow trees on which small scanty leaves glittered. Everything was quiet and just as usual at the farm. We stayed half an hour or so, and then he wanted to go still farther. He would like to call on "de old Mutter Meyer," he said.

We drove on to the Meyer farm. It had the usual well-painted house and red barns and dog running out to bark at the car. The Meyers came out to talk to us. There were the old lady, her daughter whose husband now farmed the place, and an elderly son who had such a great memory that he could repeat nearly every verse in the Bible and had room left for nothing else in his mind. Mutter Meyer had a clean pink face framed in a small black silk bonnet edged with white. She was the only one of my grandfather's old neighbors left—the only one of his contemporaries who had come out in the early days to settle German township. They talked in German together—saying "Ach!" many times, and "Ja, ja . . . "—and then they said "Auf wiedersehen."

This was the first trip that my grandfather had enjoyed since he had definitely decided to give up roaming and settle down into being Grandpa. It was the first that he had made except under protest. It was his last. A few weeks later, he died.

His death was as peaceful as his age had been, without consciousness or suffering. He had been out of the life of the place for so long that people had almost forgotten him until they heard he was dead. But they went away from his funeral saying: "A few more years and there will be none of the old settlers left!"—as had happened in one community after another, since the first settlers had come to America.

When he was a young man, my grandfather had worked in Albany until he could send back enough money for his sweetheart to join him in America. They had kept traveling West until, across the Mississippi, they had found some country which my grandfather said was much like that which they had left in Germany. But Iowa was "nicer country," he declared. He had never wanted to return to Mecklenburg. That was "de old country," but this farm in German township—the best and safest place in the world—was home. They had worked hard there, they had raised seven children, and when these were grown they had taken a little girl from an orphanage for fear of being lonely. During my childhood, I remember them sitting side by side in their rockers, contented to be with each other. Out of all their work and wanderings, they had only this farm to show. His small savings, my grandfather had invested in a German Metho concern and lost.

Nevertheless, their long journey was its small way, successful and fortun There are few men who can sing in th old age. Both lie buried in the gravey of the German Methodist church in l erty township—the church they helped to found, where only English r is spoken, and which, even so, is losing its members to the church in to Some day, no doubt, this will be ano of those neglected and forgotten r burying-grounds that are scattered this whole country, and the names "D thea" and "John Joseph," still fresh the shiny stones, will have yielded to weather.

But the year after my grandfather d we heard German Christmas songs in house again. They came over the radio Christmas night, from records mad Germany. A prima donna sang "He Nacht," and we also heard the "good message" of the president of the Reich to the people of the United States. The was over—a war which my grandfa could never really believe had happe He had brought over from "de old co try" nothing in his pockets, and the man heritage which he left his gr children was only these songs.

EDITORIAL

he Congress, whenever two-thirds of both ouses shall deem it necessary, shall propose nendments to this Constitution, or, on the plication of the legislatures of two-thirds of e several States, *shall call a convention for pro- ing amendments*, which, in either case, shall. . .

But perhaps I had better haul up. It is now unlawful in California, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and per- s in other great States (or, at all events, *zeilich verboten*) to read the Constitution hin the hearing of citizens passing along ublic highway, and there is no telling en the wowsers of the Postoffice will lare it obscene. My plea in confession l avoidance is that I have no desire, in s place, to inflict it upon persons to om, for one reason or another, it may offensive. I quote it simply to propose t it be thrown overboard—that what been done piecemeal and without gusto, many a learned decision of the Supreme urt of the Republic, be now done forlly and to the extent of the entire hog. ore specifically, I propose that Congress l a Constitutional Convention for the rpose—something that has not been ne since the original Constitutional Conntion adjourned on September 17, 1787, ough the clause that I have put into lics has been standing there all the hile. Why it has been forgotten I don't ow: maybe because the alternative neme has offered easier sledding for the rt of fanatics who whoop up amendnts. Whatever the cause, the fact reins that all of the existing nineteen nendments were fastened upon the Contution by jamming resolutions through ngress, usually to the tune of high howls d hosannas. The more deliberate and emly plan of calling a convention has ver been tried. I herewith respectfully vocate it.

Its advantages are numerous and obvious, but one stands out as salient: it would enable the first minds of the nation to revise the Constitution *as a whole*, and so avoid the incongruities and incompatibilities that flow out of the present haphazard system. I point, for example, to the difficulties brought in by the Eighteenth Amendment. The terms of that amendment, it must be admitted, are sufficiently clear, but as everyone knows the business of enforcing them has so far baffled and palsied all three arms of the government. In an effort to aid the legislative and constabulary arms the judicial arm has borrowed a number of devices from the Russian, Nicaraguan and Zulu systems of jurisprudence, but with no effect save to wring yells from friends of the first ten amendments, the so-called Bill of Rights.

Two instructive instances at once suggest themselves. The Fourth Amendment, as antiquarians will recall, provides that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers *and effects*" shall not be invaded save upon warrant, and that "no warrant shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and *particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized*." But the Supreme Court, in its wisdom, has decided that in order to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment any former yeggman in the employ of the Prohibition Unit, *i.e.*, of the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, may stop any citizen on the public highway, and search his automobile forthwith, without bothering to get a warrant at all. Here is an obvious conflict between the two amendments: in order to give effect to the Eighteenth the Fourth has had to be

boiled in oil. The second conflict is even more striking. According to the Fourteenth Amendment no State shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws"—and what is thus forbidden to the States is also forbidden, by a natural inference, to the United States itself. But Congress has passed a law providing that when a Prohibition blackleg is taken on a charge of murdering a citizen he shall not be tried, like an ordinary criminal, in the State court having jurisdiction over the scene of his crime, but in the nearest Federal court, and that the district attorney of that court shall not prosecute him, but defend him. Is this "the equal protection of the laws"? Does it put the Prohibition assassin on all fours with any other assassin, or does it lift him to a special eminence? If it is fair for the district attorney to defend him, then why shouldn't it be fair for the district attorney to defend other murderers? Here the Eighteenth Amendment plainly takes a large bite out of the Fourteenth. And in other situations, too sad to be rehearsed, it takes bites out of the First and Sixth. All this cannibalism has the approval of the Supreme Court and the applause of the Anti-Saloon League, the two highest judicial agencies among us.

II

It is not my purpose here to question the reasoning of the learned judges (though in private I entertain some doubts of it), but simply to argue that, as amendment after amendment is added to the Constitution by the present process, such conflicts will tend to grow more and more numerous and vexatious. The friends of the latest amendments recognize the fact, and make constant efforts to dispose of those earlier articles of the Constitution which impede their reforms. The Prohibitionists do it by procuring legislative and judicial mayhems upon the Bill of Rights; the suffragettes seek to do it by proposing a Twentieth Amendment to perfect the Nineteenth: they have found that giving women "the ri to vote" has not taken the pronoun "H out of Article II, Section 1, dealing w the President. But all this is only add confusion to confusion. What is needed a complete revision of the Constitution rewriting of every article in the light every other article. By that process, and that process only, will it be possible to rid of the conflicts and discrepancies wh now multiply, to the disquiet of such l yers as have ever read the Constitution the terror of the plain man. Cong plainly cannot be trusted to do the wo it is responsible for the chaos which p prevails. The remedy lies in the secon the two schemes provided by the Fathe that is, in the scheme of calling a Const tional Convention. Such a conven would enlist men of a higher calibre t any Congress could hope to attract: the ample of the New York Constituti Convention proves that much, if it pr nothing else. Jurisconsults who would gard it as a gross insult to be nomin for the House of Representatives, or for the Senate (remembering the He and Bleases there), would feel it an h to be summoned; they would recall George Washington presided over the convention, and that among its mem were Hamilton, Franklin and R Morris. And there would be time, wit other business in hand, to hear all th lifters, utopians and Muggletonian length, and their critics with them, insuring a show in the grand manner, laughs in it as well as roars.

The chief conflict before the conven I daresay, would revolve around the ten amendments—the Bill of Rights. of them have now been emasculated a beyond recognition by judicial soph and two more, the Ninth and the T seem destined to go the same route Tenth, indeed, is supported today by one American statesman of any dig the Hon. Albert Cabell Ritchie, L Governor and Captain-General o Maryland Free State and of its depe

ds, atolls and rum-barges in the Chesa-
e Bay. Congress is against it, the
-Saloon League is against it, and the
hodist Board of Temperance, Prohibi-
and Public Morals is against it, so I
ose it is fair to assume that the Su-
ne Court, as in duty bound, will pres-
y give it its death-blow. Thus with the
th also. Both were intended to be bul-
ks against oppression, and both are
led for that chute which lately saw the
d, fatal passage of the First, Fourth,
h and Sixth, to say nothing of the
rteenth.

III

natural prejudice, as I may have
ed, is in favor of the Bill of Rights. I
eve that it is inherently wrong, not
ely legally wrong, to subject peaceable
zens to "unreasonable searches and
ures," to give transient theological de-
ons the force of law, to make equity a
ice for depriving men accused of crime
he right to trial by jury, or to evade
old rule against double jeopardy. More,
elieve that it is foolish, for doing such
ngs quickly breaks down public con-
nce in the whole judicial process, and
makes for doubt, fear and unhappiness.
nd it impossible to imagine a civilized
ple remaining easy in mind and spirit
er a legal system which fills the land
h irresponsible (and often criminal)
es, snouters and *agents provocateurs*, and
es special privileges at the bar of justice
thugs in the government uniform, and
verts the courts into machines for
aking down the constitutional guaran-
s, invading the common rights of man,
l providing sadistic shows for frenzied
atics.

But I am not disposed to argue, in the
nner of the Prohibitionists, that my
vate notions in this department should
ve the force of law. It may be that the
jority of the American people hold to
trary notions; it may be that I am wrong, and even sinful. All I argue is that the question ought to be settled, frankly and finally—that the citizens of this imperial Republic ought to have a chance to decide, through spokesmen chosen for that purpose, precisely what they are in favor of, and that what they are in favor of ought to be clearly set forth, and then enforced impartially and honestly. If they believe in the guarantees of the Bill of Rights, those guarantees should be restored to reality, and suitable penalties should be provided for their invasion, whether by judges or by other public servants. And if they believe that the Bill of Rights is buncombe, then it should be removed from the Constitution, and some other statement of the fundamental rights and duties of man —say that to be found in the Methodist Book of Discipline, or in the rules and regulations of Sing Sing Prison, or in the historic decisions and *obiter dicta* of Judge Webster Thayer—should be put in its place. What ails us now is a confusion in our fundamental law. The Bill of Rights says one thing, but according to the courts it means exactly the opposite. A citizen, reading it, gets a false and dangerous sense of security: it tells him plainly that this or that thing cannot be done to him. But that very thing is done to him every day.

The way out is to revise the whole Constitution—to rewrite it realistically, and in the light of what is now currently taught and believed about the rights and duties of the citizen. I am no prophet, and hence do not offer to forecast the nature of that revision. It may be that the American people, thinking it over soberly, will resolve to restore the Bill of Rights; it may be that they will scrap it as archaic and ridiculous. I am not sure. But of this I am certain: that a free people, asked to give up their ancient liberties, ought to have a fair chance to say yes or no, and not be rooked of them by a process suggesting that whereby a three-card monte man operates upon the husbandmen at a county fair.

H. L. M.

ELEGY IN A MALTY MOOD

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

New York mourns its lost beer-trails. Wines, brandies, gins, whiskeys it has in quantities—and qualities—to make the stomach sick. Its face and neck are sicklied o'er with the red cast of methylated boils. But its beer is gone. Gambrinus has taken to using the needle. A bottle of needle-beer sells for from fifty to seventy-five cents. Six bottles will efface all memory of God, honor, family and buttoned-up decency in otherwise lovable and loyal souls. And the stuff that is not needled is draught slops that lie like a dead weight on the dear kidneys, which bark and yelp for help. Home brew? It is made in dirty crocks in dark cellars and darker tenement rooms, and drunk while still green; every bottle means you are one hour nearer the end of your insurance premiums. Gins and Scotches, as bad as they are, are better bets than most of the beer now to be had in New York. I speak as a *maestro*, not as an amateur. Volstead killed the brew that laid the golden souse, and the mellow suns that shone in seidels have sunk in a sea of poison and pollution.

Make no mistake—New York wants the old-fashioned saloon back. It wants the mirror wherein it can watch the slow transformation of its poker face to wreathéd smiles and wanton jests. It is bent on getting Louis and Gus and their white aprons out of the speak-easy trenches, if not before this Christmas, then before some other Christmas. It dreams, talks and thinks of planting its belly once again against good old American timber, as they used to say in the Pigs' Knuckles Era. Its right leg has generations of cell-memories enshrined in it of being hoisted joyously on to a shining rail. Every beer-lover is conscious of t atavistic leg habit and of its fierce, hid rage at being balked. He wants to see more the little swinging-doors, so B. V. D. drawers—eternal symbol to of the vocal and mental undress bey He wants the sand on the floor, the ch and *Leberwurst* at the end of the bar, and little round pretzel-bowl to nibble and re-whet his dying thirst. And dirty old bar-rag—more beautiful no memory's hollow halls than the w plume of Henry of Navarre. Now he sults the calendar or feels out the wea to find when Spring has come; but in grand days of the saloon he knew it by appearance on a sudden miraculous da four words flashed from thousands of m casements: "Bock Beer" and "May Wi

The hypocritical sop that the wets thrown to the drys, "The saloon is forever," is heard by New York lovers, the Kit Carsons and Stanleys o great beer-trails of Manhattan, with to in cheek, if not finger to nose. No buddy believes it for a moment. He Al Smith first, last and all the time; H Al should be nominated for the Presid and pussyfoot on beer (full-strength mestic and imported beer, drawn fro wood!) he will lose New York. The thirsty of that town do not care a ha the head of a baldheaded eagle wha thinks about the international debts Russian boycott, the theory of evolu or the pitiful cry of the hog and v interests of the Dakotas. What int them is release from Prohibition, v means, concretely and down to cases mestic and imported beers in corner

ns, the disappearance of which was
l with the final collapse of democ-
nd the rise of boils. The near-beer of
y bears about the same resemblance to
the millions of beer drinkers of New
want as a melted horsehair sofa does
gushing barrel of Kulmbacher. The
me saloon was a crime-dissolver, an
xchange, a public confessional. Ask
nd Louis, priests of a million secrets
were absolved in "Have one on the
."

II

gin-mill and the beer saloon—of
h there were about fifteen thousand
e greater city before the invasion of
oths and Vandals from the swamps,
cks and cow-pens of the West and
—the gin-mill and the beer saloon
ged to two entirely different genera.
gin-mill was an evil-looking, cheer-
bare boozing-ken, wherein a pair of
yes and cyclopean haymakers stood
een a bar and a mirror which looked
the public comfort station of all the
n the world. Beer was seldom drunk
ch places. They were the clearing
es of rot-gut. They survive to-day in
York, multiplied a hundred-fold, as
-easies. The old German beer saloon
the antithesis of a gin-mill. The bar-
r's face was a fat beam of light. His
ors were chalked with delectable ten-
dishes. There were often tall stools for
eer-buddies. The bar was lined from end
d with goblets filled with amber gullet-
es, their tops encircled with immacu-
evanescent collars of foam. Home and
her were never like that! New York
always beer-conscious, is so yet, and
ill always be. To Bryan and Wheeler
their visible and invisible abettors the
was always, and still remains, the
and wine Anti-Christ, if not the
ch and rye Beast of the Apocalypse.
en there were the great beer-halls,
skellers and open-air beer gardens.
ow's!—magic word! Merely to pro-
nounce it now before a beer-loving New Yorker causes an auroral suffusion of his face and a blush of pleasure to his gizzards. Lüchow's!—immortalized in song and story, for it was Lüchow's great beer emporium in Fourteenth street—Irving place begins at Gramercy Park and ends at Lüchow's, not only the end of a street, but once upon a time the dock for all beer-going souls who sailed and sailed and sailed in boats of glass and stone—it was Lüchow's of which the poet sang the crashing song that fired the beer drinkers of the whole English-speaking world, "Down where the Würzburger Flows!":

> Down, down, down where the Würzburger flows,
> flows, flows—
> Everyone knows, knows, knows.
> Rhine wine it is fine,
> But a big stein for mine!
> Down where the Würzburger flows!

It was the national beer-anthem of my youth, and the bit I have just quoted rings out in my mind like wild bells to the now sadly blue sky.

James Huneker immortalized Lüchow's in "Steeplejack." August Lüchow is indexed in the book along with Mozart, Byron, Chopin, Gautier, Swinburne, Schopenhauer and Shakespeare. "I took a walk and got as far as Lüchow's," says Huneker. He was always walking and never getting any farther than Lüchow's. All beer-drinkers' walks ended at Lüchow's. Huneker and Lüchow, indeed, were almost interchangeable terms. Although Lüchow himself is now safe in the bosom of Gambrinus, Huneker's name is always mentioned with reverence by his successor, Mr. Eckstein, along with those of the other celebrated patrons of the place, which sound like a Who's Who of genius. There were De Pachmann, Anton Seidl, Ignace Paderewski, Vance Thompson, the De Reszkes, Leopold Godowsky, George Luks, William Glackens, Rafael Joseffy, Heinrich Conried, Victor Herbert, Georg Brandes, Edgar Fawcett, Antonin Dvořák, O. Henry, Max Alvary, Emil Fischer, John Quinn, William Butler Yeats—the list irks and dazzles. It

was in Lüchow's that Huneker threw a seidel of Pilsner into DePachmann's face because the "great Chopinzee" called Joseffy an unprintable name. Lüchow himself was one of the party and led the bizarre Vladimir to the lavatory to rid him of the Huneker-Pilsner douse. (Huneker later told me that he always regretted having named DePachmann "the Chopinzee.")

Lüchow opened his place in 1882. It was dedicated to beer. In all the years I frequented it, I do not now recall ever having seen a highball or a straight whiskey on the tables or at the bar. It would have been as incongruous a sight as Bishop Manning tending bar. There are one vast room and a number of smaller rooms on the first floor. Somehow the big room always conveys to me the mirage of vast thirsts. It is a room that has always been wall-lined in my beer-mind's eye with casks and shining spigots. For thirty-eight years a quartette thundered Beethoven, Liszt, Brahms and Strauss (*the* Strauss, Johann) to the gurgle and deep Rhineflow of millions of quarts of Würzburger and Pilsner. The orchestra still thunders from the Steinway and the Strads, but the gurgle and the guzzle and the flow of Würzburger and Pilsner have become cautious lip and throat wettings of depressing imitations suggesting the Gowanus Canal.

It was in Lüchow's that the Bohemian Society and the Society of Authors and Composers were organized and met for years on the second floor, where vast problems of enchanting blah were settled in skuttles of imported suds and to the yelp of George Luks' hoarse Ride of the Pennsylvania Dutch Valkyries from the top of a table. Blessed freshet!—now dissolved in the runnels of near-beer. The Steinway room, also on this floor, was of, for, and by the Steinway beer-boys. Mention of it will recall to all enlightened beer-drinkers the name of "Baron" Ferdinand Sinzig, of the house of Steinway, and the Würzburger and Pilsner ace of aces. Sinzig was from Cologne, and wherever imported beers were drunk in New York he was known. He passed away, God be praised! before Blight descended on the land whose lil was achieved (so 'tis said) by a gentle who left his Mount Vernon stills and to do the job. Sinzig could drink beer solid week without sleep. Pounding Liszt, Bach or Debussy on the piano would exhaust the bungs of Lüchow then start uptown, seeking for more s to annihilate. With his long, flo moustache, his slouch hat, his broa his hair that flowed into his ears an his collar, his eyes always a-twinkl anecdote ever on his lips, he was th carnation of beer heartiness. His fa *mot* was "Schopenhauer is a local iss

August Lüchow was the greatest factor that the American kidney ha had. He was the American agent for burger and Pilsner. His whole life given to putting America on a Ge beer basis. His place in Fourteenth st now a cenotaph buried in a Sahara.

III

I have before me as I write a bookle should be filed away in Washington the original draft of the Bill of Righ other such obsolete documents. I large booklet of sixteen pages, beau printed and illustrated, and from it dangles a small black seal on a cord st "Hofbräu Haus, New York." It is a t year old beer-and-eats menu presen me lately, with some pardonable l mose gutterings in both our thro Herr Schmitt, who has charge, i Janssen's absence, of the famous the pre-Volsteadean beer-parched at way and Thirtieth street, "opposite Theatre," as this most precious of n incunabula saith. Almost everythin has been written in America since except checks—has been written tongue in cheek, including Dr. W declaration of war, the Volstead l "Abie's Irish Rose." But not this nated ritual of the gullet! It is a l love, conceived and wrought by the

lsner. Merely to look at it whets and the appetites of the present popun of the Ginmillennium. Perpend:

er Bräu Pilsen—light, bitter, slightly veiled.
ünchner Hofbräu—dark, sweet, creamy.
ürzburger Bürger Bräu—a little lighter in color n the Münchner; not quite so sweet.
ürnberger Tucher Bräu—called the Burgundy of beers; very dark, creamy and full of character.
ollowing the old German custom, as it was in days when Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs nk in Nürnberg's famous inn, the old bell in *Schenke* is rung whenever a new cask is tapped.

ting with my cronies in the Hofbräu annexing imported sausages with kraut, and half-liter steins of delisly kept Pilsner, I have heard the old ell ring a thousand times. There is no satisfying sound to your real beer tic. On Saturday nights the ringing almost continuous. For the Hofbräu s, like Lüchow's, was not a preparschool. They were post-graduate ses. August Janssen opened the place 98. He says he knew I was to arrive in York in 1899, fresh from my conquest irty thousand quarts of Peter Schemm's , in Philadelphia—a beer, by the way, came nearer to the great German beers any that has ever been produced in erica. Old Peter so loved his brew that l he committed suicide by leaping into gara Falls it was sold to only one out of y ten saloons in Philadelphia.

Ir. Janssen made his establishment—it still is—one of the show-places of v York. It was dedicated to Fine Beers t Right. In this pious work he spared expense. It is a replica, inside and out, he famous inns of the medieval towns München, Nürnberg, Leipzig and Frank. A trip through its rooms is like an ursion into the soul of the muzzy, ny, Devil-be-damned past, when Beaker, gon and Bung were the Trinity of priest peasant and all good swizzle-nicks. wainscoting in one room is from a ee-hundred-year-old Nürnberg church, ne of the stained window-glass is dated 8, and there is a clock to be seen that is years old. There are burned-in pictures the walls of singing lobsters, their faces mad with satyric glee, and of grotesque maidens of eld, soaked to their crowns of glory in wine. There are dancing steins, fat serving wenches who know not Parsifal, cocks that crow "Let there be drink!" and sly eyes that peep at you from tangled grape-vines.

The Hofbräu Haus, in a word, is a Cathedral of Bibulous Joy—that was. To sit in one of those half-darkened rooms, as I have lately done, produces in me the identical emotions of quiet ecstasy and peace, mixed with a soft and pensive melancholy, that I get when I sit alone in St. Patrick's Cathedral long after the service is over, as is my wont. And, indeed, the service *is* over in the Hofbräu Haus, as it is everywhere else in my country 'tis of thee.

IV

Terrace Garden! My psychometer registers a tremendous quake of joy in the breasts of thousands of New York beer-drinkers at seeing those two words. I can even hear the burbled sighs of old grand-dad—*he* knows!—for Terrace Garden, at Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue, was one of the oldest uptown open-air beer gardens in the town. My mother has told me that she used to visit the place on her trips to New York during the Civil War.

The garden was an immense affair that ran through to Fifty-ninth street. In a patronage of many years I have never seen anything but beer on the tables. It was a family drinking-place, sacred to the stolid bourgeoisie and their progeny, even unto the third generation. The diapered generation was given sips from the glasses and steins of the elders and allowed to nibble the mystic pretzel. The band played German and American airs, but no one ever paid much attention to it. Terrace Garden was, every Summer night, a beer gabfest, a box-plant grove of laughter that billowed its way up to the bead-winky stars. Domestic beers were drunk there in vast quantities—a nickel a glass, ten cents for a huge seidel or stein, and the honest

Heinie always threw in a basket of small pretzels free. In dark and remote corners of the gardens one could hear four or five good beer-pates exgurgitating, *pianissimo*, some old German air or maybe "In the Gloaming, O My Darlink!" The building still stands, shot to hell by the illicit plum-brandy and whiskey distillers of the Western Farm Bloc and the Southern corn-mule rot-gutters.

Scheffel Hall, at Eighteenth street and Third avenue, was also a famous beer-hall in its day. It was patronized by the literati from Irving place and Gramercy Park. A seven-course dinner was to be had for forty-five cents—without water. If anyone —literatus or illiteratus—had ever ordered a glass of water in Scheffel Hall, Billy Allaire would have had him ejected. I was a regular attendant for many years at the services in the hall. An anecdote sticks out.

I spent an evening there with Murray Schloss, amateur Socialist and culture-hound *de luxe*. The conversation ran to poetry. After my tenth seidel I delivered my well-known dithyrambic glorification of Swinburne straight in the face of Schloss. He called Swinburne a lyrical loon and solemnly announced that Rudyard Kipling was a far greater poet. I quit the bird.

The following night, while I was seidel-ing alone in the hall, Jim Huneker blew in. He squatted with me and ordered three seidels *pronto*. I told him that Schloss had pronounced Kipling a greater poet t Swinburne. Jim threw himself back, chest expanded like an athlete's, his li gray eyes narrowed to a slit, his right doubled up for battle, and bawled at

"Didn't you smash the — — — — —

At Ninety-eighth street and Broad there stood Unter den Linden, an oper beer garden like Bob Tagg's of ble memory at Franklin street and Fairmo avenue, Philadelphia, where we usec fish for minnows in the fountain after night. Unter den Linden was only a ne borhood garden, but no doubt it wil remembered by all those who have t elled the great trunk lines of beer in v is now the Volsteadean Pompeii.

Pabst's Harlem Casino, up in 1 street, Feltman's at Coney Island (w the caterpillars dropped into your se but who cared?), the Atlantic Garde the Bowery (where they threw in pret *Leberwurst*, pickles and a whole vaude show with a five-cent beer), Schm rathskeller in Fourteenth street, Mad Hoburg's at Third avenue and Fourte street (where Sadakichi Hartmann da his epileptic boleros with a full s perched on his Gargantuan head t A. M.), the Zumpraellatten in Thirte street, the Kaiserhof, Mock's, Buck's

But I simply can't go on. It is to we only strong men with home-brew ki can weep over the emasculation of a

OFFICERS OF THE COURT

BY HORACE A. DAVIS

ɜFT to themselves, lawyers have always tended strongly to metaphysics. In medieval days they spent their f energies elaborating doctrines of real te, first wrapping estates so tightly in tape that nobody could convey them, then, by inventing fictitious persons intricate processes, undoing a trifle of mischief they had accomplished. Of so ie value was their work that after per- s a couple of centuries of legal tinker-, the whole complicated structure was pt away by statute. Again, no more n a hundred years ago, generations of r solicitors in England had evolved a tem of pleading so elaborate, so in- ate, so artificial, so cumbersome that merits of a lawsuit were wholly sub- inated to the manner of its presenta- n. Once more the whole structure had be swept away by statute. In this coun- we have been less fortunate, for in many tes procedure still exerts a strangle- ld on litigation. In New York, for in- nce, he is a bungling craftsman who ınot so entangle the simplest case with ɔtions and appeals as to string it out er three or four years, if not to smother entirely. This situation, strange to say, he outgrowth of a statute whose authors onounced it so clear and simple as to ed no interpretation! Thus the lawyer of day is as much engrossed in winding red ɔe and as expert at the art as his pred- ɛssor of the Sixteenth Century.

The reason for this is fundamental. It es back to the character of mind pos- sed by men naturally attracted to the v. There are many kinds of mind in the ɔrld and they may be classified in many different ways. One rough cleavage is into practical minds and formal minds—those that concern themselves with substance and those that concern themselves with manner. The practical minds obviously have been of the greatest assistance in establishing man's physical welfare. They include the tillers of the soil, the builders, the merchants and carriers, the scientists. The formal minds have developed culture. Beginning with artists, they range downward through critics and teachers, clerks and bookkeepers to individuals so purely concerned with form that it is difficult to discover any real benefit they are capable of conferring on mankind—such as grammarians and bridge players. And sad to say, it is in this lowest category that belongs the dignified attorney at law.

For the law itself is nothing but a systemization of the rules of social life. In medieval times it was mostly an unwritten recognition of the customs of men in the limited contacts of that era. Now it is mostly a written codification of the rules of civic conduct in its ever more complex relations, still based chiefly on the customs of the day in commerce, property holding and personal relations. It is an abstraction, a formality. A man justifiably becomes a lawyer only because he has a mind so nicely adapted to these formal problems that it functions joyously when picking its devious way among contingent remainders and into the doctrine of *caveat emptor*. And so the lawyer, busying himself with the form of a formality, is twice removed from real life.

The attitude of mind that finds expression in such formalism is not only waste-

ful; it is positively harmful. A man whose whole thought is engrossed with codes and problems of how to conform to them —or often, unfortunately, how to evade them—loses all sense of reality. Instead of searching for the substance of things and the meaning of events, he hunts for precedents; instead of trying to analyze, he tries to classify. Anything new bewilders and frightens him. Instinctively, he resents any phenomenon which does not fit in with his scheme of the universe. When new laws of nature are discovered he struggles to make them conform to the old—shapes steam to hand and horsepower, electricity to steam. What he will do with radio and the airplane remains to be seen, but it is certain that the conquest of the air will cause much anguish to minds accustomed to the medieval theory that the owner of a plot of ground has proprietary rights in the atmosphere above him.

When the novelty is a social instead of a natural phenomenon, the lawyer does not submit tamely. Instead he denounces and resists it. He resents a new economic force with a vigor equal only to that of the man of property whose privileges are being brushed away by the sweep of social development. He refuses to admit that the great changes produced by industrialism have new significance, that women and children in industry are any different from men, that labor may combine and demand a greater share in the output, that centralization of production follows an economic and not a statutory law. His world is the pastoral village of Queen Anne and his rules to govern it lie in the sacred pages of Blackstone.

Take, for instance, the case of a workman injured in a factory. It was not the legal profession which evolved the modern doctrine that each industry must take care of its own wreckage. On the contrary, the lawyers and the courts exerted all their energy and acumen to prevent the discovery and application of that doctrine. They first applied the familiar rule of contributory negligence—that if the workman had any share in causing the accident might not recover compensation for injury; they next invented the hig artificial and unsound rule that if the a dent was caused by some other workm —a fellow servant—the employer was responsible; finally, when the state t the matter into its own hands by enact laws for the compensation of the unfo nate victim through compulsory insura they attacked the statutes on the gro of unconstitutionality and in some St at least compelled amendments of State constitutions in order to make th valid. All told, the lawyers were resp sible for a delay of just about one hund years in the solution of this pressing highly important social problem.

The instance is typical. Every ste social progress has met the same resista from lawyers—not because they hate t fellow men, but because they hate cha It is the inevitable reaction of the for mind. At their best, lawyers are of about as much value to society as an a of cross-word puzzle fans; at their all frequent worst, they are a deadly dra social progress.

This obstructive attitude of the l profession has the greater significanc cause lawyers have always had a we in the community far beyond their me and social deserts. Their training as baters makes it easy for them to take lead wherever their fellow citizens ga whether at the town-meeting or at tavern; and the same qualification given them a commanding influenc politics and a predominating share o litical office of every description. Mo all have they increased their authorit constituting the select class from w judges must be chosen. In the theory o government and in the hearts of a d cratic people, judges occupy a most portant and exalted position. They one of the three great branches of the s ranking equally with the executive legislature. Thus, controlling exclusi one-third of the government and furnis

ge proportion of the personnel for the
r two-thirds, lawyers have to an ex-
dinary degree dominated our whole
rnment.

t just in so far as our Presidents, our
tors, our Congressmen, our Justices of
Supreme Court and all our host of
officials are lawyers, they are unfitted
e public servants. By nature and by
ing they are formalists. They look
at the shape of things. They are
d and conservative—not only unin-
ted in what is new, but prejudiced
nst it just because it is new. Such men
not what the nation needs as officials.
eeds clear-sighted, open-minded men
examine into the substance of things,
se thoughts are directed to human
es, and who welcome what is new for
good they can find in it. The lawyer
made himself a grave public question
tically as well as economically,—so
e, in fact, that his very existence in-
s challenge as a public menace.

II

question, then, is whether we can
re this great army of solicitors, proc-
s, advocates, barristers, counselors and
rneys, as they variously call them-
es. That depends upon whether they
der to the community any essential
vice. It would be an endless task to take
one by one the various activities to
ich lawyers devote themselves under
guise of professional work. The only
ctical way to answer our question is to
ve straight at the heart of the matter
setting down in untechnical language
h valuable service as a formal mind
th legal training is really adapted to
der to the community. It will be easy
ugh to check back later as far as pa-
nce will permit, and determine whether
classification is fair and complete.

Tested by this harshly practical cri-
ion, the essential legal services prove
be singularly few. In fact, there are
y four:

1. To ascertain estates in property;
2. To draft and interpret statutes;
3. To draw solemn documents;
4. To facilitate the just settlement of disputes.

There are no others. And these few are likely to diminish rather than increase in both number and importance.

1. *To ascertain estates in property.* Society is not yet ready for absolute simplicity of titles to property. In chattels, to use the legal term, there has never been much complexity of title. But in real estate there has been and still is infinite confusion. At first there was the feudal system, and scarcely were we well rid of that and all the complications it created when the unearned increment began to exert its subtle influence. The modern tendency to split up the ownership by leases and temporary estates, so that the immediate owner or his heirs may share in the prospective increase of value, is at the moment probably increasing the confusion of titles. Also there have always been and long will be trusts of various sorts, and mortgages. There is, to be sure, a slight tendency toward a simplification of estates, and from time to time some of the most grotesque tenures are abolished by statute, but progress in this direction is slow and uncertain. There is also some tendency toward simplifying transfers of land by requiring registration under public scrutiny and with official certification. Although vigorously opposed by the legal profession, this system of public registration, usually called the Torrens system, has taken root, in a mild, permissive form, in many States and is apparently growing steadily. Meanwhile, lawyers are needed to trace the devolution of land titles and ascertain the ownership of the various permissible estates. True, the most important part of this burden is carried now by title insurance companies, but they in turn are composed chiefly of lawyers.

2. *To draft and interpret statutes.* It is a curious fact that so little have lawyers appreciated their close and vital connection with statute law that our principal

law-schools have given but slight and desultory instruction in the interpretation of statutes, and none at all in drafting. Until within the last dozen years we have taken it for granted that any man could draw a statute and we have suffered from the effects of clumsy, unintelligent and at times even dishonest legislation. Of late years some States, notably Wisconsin, have awakened to the fact that the drafting of statutes requires wide knowledge and expert training and have provided the machinery to furnish such assistance. Naturally, those best fitted for the job are lawyers. To lawyers also falls the task of telling the simple-minded citizen what all the great mass of statute law means. With codes at every corner and the Legislatures of forty-eight States and the Federal government pouring out new laws by the thousand every year, society cannot escape the duty of delegating to some members of the community the task of keeping track of legislation and advising individuals how they are affected.

3. *To draw solemn documents.* Comparatively few people have the gift of clear expression. Lawyers are trained directly to clear thinking and the accurate use of language; and their advice to persons who desire to set down some thought in writing is a proper social function. The common legal documents are wills, deeds and contracts. All of these tend to become standardized. There are forms at every stationer's for wills, conveyances, leases, mortgages, and contracts of sale. Certificates of incorporation can also be purchased in blank, while such documents as insurance policies and bills of lading are absolutely rigid in all their formal parts. The chief function of the lawyer in his documentary work consists in making an accurate and intelligible record of the agreement of two persons attempting to engage in some joint enterprise.

4. *To facilitate the just settlement of disputes.* The settlement of disputes has always been and always will be an important function of the state. In all civilized communities it has been in charge of a judi department headed by judges recru from the legal profession. In so far a lawyer's training teaches him to th clearly, it is good preparation for a juc ship; but in so far as it teaches him form ism, it is the worst possible. To se judges without legal training would, h ever, be too much of an experiment present, and for the future it will proba be easier to change our law-schools t our judicial system. We may grant, th that judges are a useful product of legal profession. Attorneys also ar necessary part of the judicial machin in any but the most primitive courts. T have the task of preliminary investiga and orderly presentation of the controve

III

This brief list completes the tale of esse services rendered by the lawyer to community. Of course it covers onl small part of the average practitio business; but his other activities wi found on analysis to be non-legal, essential or anti-social. The settlement management of estates, for instance, lucrative branch of the average law practice, but it requires only the funct of an accountant and a banker an rapidly being absorbed by the trust c panies. The organization and reorga tion of corporations is strictly a busi affair. And incidentally it may be n that the men who make a great finan success in the law almost without ex tion earn their fees by giving advic commercial and industrial problems. little law they require is supplied by cl who consider themselves well paid $3500 a year. Among the other mem of the bar who do not really practice are the patent solicitors. Their statu that of scientific experts who descri technical language the inventor's d and its mechanical, electrical or chem operation. Trial lawyers and the group of counsel who write briefs

ıe cases on appeal are for the most
: engaged in anti-social work, and so
h many minor groups, such as the
ialists in taxation. The reason why
r activities are anti-social will more
rly appear if we pause for a moment
:onsider the lawyer at his theoretical
:.

h their most exalted moments lawyers
wont to refer to themselves as officers
he court. Rather an empty phrase now-
ys, unfortunately; but with a genuine
most important implication, for law-
s at their best are and ought to be pre-
ly that—officers of the court, with their
and only allegiance to the state.
cers of the court are public officials and
uch should be devoted to their country
exclusively and loyally as a major-
eral or an ambassador. Their sole aim
uld be to promote the public welfare.
curacy in workmanship, justice as be-
en conflicting interests, tolerance and
mon sense in all social questions, no
tter in what direction they may tend;—
se should be their standards of service.
uppose we take lawyers at their word,
ke them officers of the court and de-
ve them of all other functions. Under
s system the lawyer will have no clients.
will act impartially for whomsoever
ks his advice, usually for both parties
a contract and often for both parties to
ontroversy. He will accept no retainer,
fee. The person seeking advice will pay
state a fixed fee and the state will pay
lawyer a salary. In this way the lawyer
l avoid prejudice and entanglement in
vate schemes; he will have no private
ations with his customers. Receiving
fees, he will have no personal interest
the solution of any question submitted
him and will be able to give it that dis-
erested consideration required in order
live up to the high ideals expected of
n.

How the scheme would work in detail
n best be described by reviewing our
t of proper legal functions—and perhaps
ne improper ones:

1. *To ascertain estates in property.* The new scheme will fit the Torrens system perfectly. To have land titles approved by public officials will in itself make them a matter of public concern and pave the way naturally for public registration. Inevitably it will tend to a healthy simplification of estates, for without the spur of a conflict of interests with a large fee rewarding the successful attorney, the lawyer will lack incentive to waste his time discussing whether a possibility of reverter may be devised. However, while the title business is controlled by insurance companies, it may be necessary to let them employ a staff of experts who, though trained as lawyers, will not form part of the official corps.

2. *To draft and interpret statutes.* Already the lawyers regularly engaged in drafting statutes are public servants in the employ of the Legislature or of some State institution. The new plan will make no change. For those engaged in interpreting statutes the change will be fundamental. The lawyer will primarily represent the state. It will be his duty to regard the spirit as well as the letter of the law, and when the business man seeks advice on a plan of action condemned by statute, to warn him that what he proposes is illegal and that he must conform to public policy. No longer will big business boast that it hires the best legal brains in the country to drive holes through the law so that it can accomplish what the Legislature tries to forbid. No longer will attorneys advise how to evade taxation, or where to incorporate with the least obligation, or how to get the easiest divorce. It may be argued that our statutes are often unsound and unduly restrictive;—that it is for the best interests of the community that they should not be strictly followed. But the answer is that in no case should they be evaded. They should be obeyed (or in some cases openly defied), and relief from an unhealthy condition sought at the hands of the Legislature which created it. And moreover, it is not too much to hope

that when honest devotion to the public interest prevails in both the drafting and the interpreting of statutes, the quality of our legislation will greatly improve.

3. *To draw solemn documents.* In drafting wills, declarations of trust and other documents, the entire policy of which is dictated by one individual, the official lawyer will function like his brother of today, except that he will not advise his customer how to evade death duties and other obligations to the state. In contracts he will require the presence of all parties in interest, will ascertain from careful questioning their exact purpose and whether they are in accord on all essential points, and will then reduce their agreement to the plainest possible language. He will call attention to the contingencies likely to arise in the proposed undertaking, so far as his experience and learning enable him to, and will see that the parties agree what shall be done in such event or are satisfied to make no provision for it; but he will not allow either party to gain an advantage over the other by slipping in a joker, or by leaving out some obligation which ought to be expressed. His functions in this branch of his duties will closely resemble those of the French *notaire.*

4. *To facilitate the just settlement of disputes.* In the handling of disputes, including criminal charges, the official lawyer will again differ most radically from the privately retained attorney. His first aim will not be so different in theory, for it will be to learn the facts; but even here his search will practically take a somewhat different slant, since he will be concerned only with the ultimate truth, and not with what facts best support his customer's claim. When in possession of the truth his duty will be to urge a just settlement, first on the parties, and then, if they are still unreconciled, on the court. Whether the case be civil or criminal, he will have no incentive to help one side rather than the other to win. He will not achieve glory or political preferment by framing a murder case against an innocent man; he will not get an extra large fee some new business by cajoling the ju or misleading the judge into an unfair c cision. Especially will the endless rigmaro of motions and proceedings disappear, t burden of the courts will be enormous lightened by dispensing with unnecessa papers and arguments, and cases will ta hardly more days to settle than they n take years. Appeals will not be permitt except in extraordinary cases. The wh system of intermediate appellate cou will be wiped out and the final appe will be few and far between.

All this may be predicted with c fidence because, in the first place, when lawyers are solely concerned with rend ing justice, they will do everything p sible to bring the parties to an amica agreement. If that is not possible, then litigants can come promptly before court with the lawyer for each side be ing every effort to prove the truth and e equally intent on finding the just set ment. In every case, civil or criminal, lawyer will act in a semi-judicial capac By the time the question is ready for ju ment it will have been virtually passed by three judges. With no effort to d and no incentive to entangle the case, t will simply be no need for motions proceedings; and unless the judge hims is in doubt or some important questio public policy is involved there will b need of appeal.

IV

The time of the courts today is about n tenths occupied with rulings on quest of evidence. Note that: not the proo the claim, but *how* to prove it. This is mere matter of form. The French, wit any rules of evidence, approximate ju quite as nearly as we do. With both intent on getting at the truth, we should need no rules of evidence. Disp would resolve themselves into very classes—those where there was frau one side, where there was an honest d ence of opinion, and where the que

how much weight should be given to set of circumstances as against another. s founded on fraud would soon dis- ear, because the claimant's own lawyer ld be as keen to uncover it as would opposing parties. So, also, fictitious nces and dilatory tactics—perfectly itable today, though essentially fraud- t—would no longer avail.

onest difference of opinion does not to much litigation unless it is accom- ied by bad feeling. When the opposing ies respect each other it is usually easy arbitrate their differences. When the osition is accompanied by suspicion or ice, the court must get all the informa- it can, and no matter how much ill ing there may be, there should be no on for not accepting the trial judge's sion as final. So where there has been accident, an unforeseen occurrence or a violation of somebody's rights, the stion, Who should bear the loss? often uires judicial decision. There is no son in any of these cases why the pro- dings should be cluttered up with rul- s on evidence and appeals. With lawyers court all engaged in the search for th and justice, a speedy, untechnical ring and decision should and ordinarily uld be satisfactory to both parties. Even disappointed litigant wished to nurse grievance, there is no reason why the mmunity should encourage him. When als are no longer regarded as sporting nts he could not insist that he had not d a run for his money. Above all, the posed plan would abolish the per- ious system of contingent fees—a sys- n which gives the lawyer of today a ancial motive to instigate litigation and complicate it in every possible manner order to frighten or weary the defendant, gardless of justice, into some settlement which the plaintiff's attorney shares.

The radical change in the lawyer's atti- le would inevitably result in a vast de- ase in litigation. In this country court endars are always clogged, cases take ars to reach trial, and more years to be disposed of on appeal; and yet our only remedy is to appoint more judges. We should not need one-tenth of the judges we now have if the officers of the court were all engaged solely in the quest of truth and justice. The criminal courts as well as the civil would be less and less crowded as the community adjusted itself to the fact that speedy conviction of crime would follow in regular course, for rich as well as poor, when no attorney could be privately retained to outwit the state or throw sand into the gears of the judicial machinery.

An apparent objection to turning all lawyers into salaried state officials is that it would cost too much. But make no mistake about this: society is today paying the upkeep of the great army of lawyers, and incidentally getting little or nothing in return. The corporation with its legal staff, the business man with his annual allowance for legal expenses, recognize their burden and pass it along to the public in the increased price of merchandise. The lawyer produces nothing. He lives at the expense of the community just as certainly as though he were paid a salary by the state and you and I were taxed to supply the public funds. The expense of the proposed plan would be no objection even if the community were obliged to support as many officers of the court as it now supports lawyers. But it is easy to foresee that the expense will in fact be much less.

The first effect of nationalizing the profession will be to drive frankly over into business that great army of so-called lawyers whose real occupation is giving business advice. The exodus will include many of the most distinguished members of the bar, whose advance in the profession has been marked by a steady decrease in legal activity and an ever-increasing attention to problems of commerce and industry, especially finance. At the other extreme, the shyster and the tax specialist will be out of jobs. It will be cheaper for the state to pension them in some Lawyers' Snug Harbor than to pay the toll it now pays in mischievous litigation and evasion

of the law. Practically, however, some could be put to work in the various white-collar jobs of the government, even if not strictly legal. Clearly the number of officers of the court needed to perform the strictly legal functions required by society would be very small. It is a matter of guesswork to say how few would suffice; but as we should inevitably start with more than we needed, having on our hands so many members of the bar unfit for other occupation, we could safely limit the number to one for every twenty thousand of population until the present generation of lawyers was disposed of and we had a chance to estimate our needs on the basis of experience. In other words, all we need do now is to cut off the supply of new recrui for fifteen or twenty years.

So far from expense being an objectio the economy in legal outlay to the co munity would in itself be a strong arg ment in favor of the change, for the would be a saving all along the line— the decreased number of lawyers, in t reduced legal machinery, and in less was ful litigation. Officers of the court witho clients and without fees! Surely somethi worth striving for! Instead of an army wasters whose vocation it is to teach how to live and die with the least retu to the community, we should have a sm group of officials devoted to seeking tru justice and the public welfare.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

SE pastel from the celebrated Los eles *Times:*

here never has been a greater nor a higher civ- ization than that which now stands proudly on the soil of the United States, and no civi- zation has ever been more faithfully typified its best works than by some of our great ms. . . . There is nowhere on earth a more hristian civilization with the precepts of love, arity and generosity to mankind underlying s official and social life. There is not a more ientific civilization, nor ever has been, and ience is just a measure of man's success in in- rpreting God's handiwork. No nation has ver held a civilization with equal genius, pro- portionate energy, or comparable democracy of ocial wealth and justice—and the film center's ork as a whole is symbolical of this greatest nd highest of world civilizations.

Methodist Board of Temperance, Pro- ition and Public Morals captures the vies:

Profanity, ridicule of the clergy and all sneers t the Federal Constitution, particularly the rohibition Amendment, have been banned rom films produced by members of the Asso- iation of Motion Picture Producers, Inc.

GAL news from the charming town of nge:

The Rev. N. F. Jensen, former pastor of the Emanuel Evangelical Lutheran Church at Orange, and his friend and organist at the hurch, Mrs. Matilda Grote, wife of a promi- nent Orange merchant, charged with "indis- cretions," have been freed of all blame after a three-day trial in the county court. Mrs. Jennie Jensen, in her court action, charged her hus- band with "taking several bites from Mrs. Grote's sandwich at a picnic party while re- fusing to take even one from hers."

GEORGIA

OUBLES of the golfers in the grand old vn of Columbus:

To the Honorable Board of
County Commissioners,
Muscogee County, Ga.

GENTLEMEN: By direction of the Governing Board of the Country Club of Columbus, I would call your attention to better police protection, if possible, of the property of the Club.

As the cost of enclosing the 120 acres of property is prohibitive, the Club property is an inviting place for disorderly trespassers, who drive over the Golf course, use the woods for immoral purposes and create disorder around the club house. More recently, drunken parties have gone in naked in our swimming pool, after midnight, causing us to change the water at great expense.

Your consideration of the situation is respectfully invited with the hope that we can have some practical aid.

Very truly yours,
F. B. GORDON, *Pres't.*

EDITOR W. B. TOWNSEND in the celebrated Dahlonega *Nugget:*

It is reported that a few months ago when it was believed that a certain man in this county was on his death bed, another person who he was owing thirty-five cents, sent after the money. Such is life.

AUTHORITATIVE theological news in the eminent Macon *Telegraph:*

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Tuesday of this week, very early in the morning between midnight and day, after and in the midst of prayer and thanksgiving and apparently under high inspiration and part of the time seemingly under the control of the Spirit, these, among other things, were spoken through me:

(*I. God is Love*)

"I am love. I am the God of infinite and everlasting love. I am the King of pity and compassion. I love the whole creation. I love everything. I am deeply in love with my people.

(*II. God, the Holy One and the Healing One*)

"I am the Healing One. I am the Holy One. I am the Holy One of the holy people. I am good, I am King of kings and Lord of lords. I am all and in all. I am everything.

(*III. Pouring out of the Spirit upon all flesh*)

"I am pouring out my Spirit upon all flesh. I am giving the keys to my people. I am giving the Holy places to my people. I am giving everything to my people.

(*IV. The Lord's Coming*)

"I am to come in my people. I am to come in everything. I am coming in the clouds of glory.

(*V. The Leader of His people*)

"I am going to lead my people. I lead my people. I give them my own Holy light. I am living in the holy people. I am living in the holy kings.

(*VI. The peace makers*)

"I want my people to be peace makers. I want all my loved ones to be in one mind and one spirit. I want my people to be one.

(*VII. Against war and capital punishment*)

"I am against war. I am against capital punishment. I want everything done in the most loving way.

(*VIII. Good news to the whole world*)

"I want the knowledge of my love given to the whole world."

J. R. Moseley.

Macon, Ga.

ILLINOIS

Advertisement in the Chicago *Tribune:*

EXTRA SPECIAL BARGAIN

Conover Welte Mignon grand, $2,750 instrument. Has seen very little use. Customer obliged to leave city account of bootlegging. Will sell for balance due. Address S W 140 *Tribune.*

Inauguration of another indoor sport by the Men of Vision of Danville, the old home of Uncle Joe Cannon:

To demonstrate a bullet-proof vest, James Letts, a salesman, stood up before the Rotary Club here and had a policeman fire a revolver at him. The bullet struck the vest, lead splattered about the room, and three persons had to be treated for minor wounds.

IOWA

Mrs. Lora S. LaMance, eminent lecturer, speaking before the sixteenth annual convention of the W. C. T. U. of Linn county, as reported by the Cedar Rapids *Evening Gazette and Republican:*

Mrs. LaMance characterized the Prohibition law as "the second biggest law that man has invoked since time began." The first big law, she declared, was the Ten Commandments.

KENTUCKY

The editor of the Calloway *Ledger* appraises a candidate for Governor:

Mr. Beckham is a blooded animal, bred in the purple and of aristocratic lineage. He is real show stock, whose royal coat glistens in the noonday sun. For exhibition purposes he can take the blue ribbon at any fair. For general utility, not so good. He is handsome, amiable, graceful, and of charming personality—a gentleman to the manner born and truly representative of the South befo' de wah, when Rastus did all the work and the white gentlemen pursued the lines of least resistance. The type doesn't fit in at all in this age of progress and development. Governor Beckham, however, would know exactly how to enter into and back out of the drawing-room of Buckingham palace or Windsor castle. He would, if elected Governor, uphold the romance and traditions of the old, old Kentucky—the old South of the long, long ago. The Governor's mansion would be a gathering place for the beauty and chivalry and gay gallantry of the Blue Grass section. A hospitable home where even the humblest citizen would be welcome and receive royal treatment—where the Governor himself without doubt would carry his tired and dusty guest down into the cellar and fix up something refreshing with his own hands.

Public notice in the Louisville *Leader*, popular Aframerican journal:

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, am hereby divorced from the bonds of matrimony with James Lewis, and am restored to all the rights and privileges of an unmarried woman.

Pearl Lewis.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

Official dithyrambs by Professor Alexander Geddes, by the grace of God poet laureate of the great city of Baltimore:

Some of the folks who like to roam
Away from the dear old Baltimore home,
Are glad enough to return once more
To a celebration at Baltimore.

Our real attractions prove the best
Besides New York and all the rest.
And when it comes to home or joy,
Old Baltimore brings back the girl and boy.

Some cities might seem greater far,
While travelling in a touring car;
But when one dreams of days of yore,
One wants to go home to Baltimore.

So carry me back to old Baltimore,
From North, South, East or West never more
Might I stray away from the city I love,
Because it's as dear as the mansions above.

MICHIGAN

Recreation of the academicians of State university, as disclosed by an advertisement in the college daily:

SLICKERS ORNAMENTED

I have a complete line of designs which I would be glad to engrave with oils on slickers at reasonable prices. Call at 715 Monroe street and see my assortment.

Monograms and Mythological Figures a Specialty

Dial 4053. N. W. Hi

MINNESOTA

æsthetic passion in Minneapolis, as ribed by the eminent *Tribune:*

. R. Rogers, president of the Civic and Commerce Association, pointed out that the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra has a payroll of more than $250,000 a year, and added that "it Minneapolis' job to see that such payrolls do ot get away from the city."

MISSOURI

ANGELY naïve news item in the celeted Kansas City *Star:*

lbert R. Jones, 5701 Mission drive, an oil producer, has been elected to the board of trustees f Lincoln and Lee University, Bishop E. L. Valdorf, chairman of the board, announced ate yesterday. This brings the total contributions to $1,342,041.62.

LESIASTICAL handbill from the great city t. Louis:

DOES IT PAY TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

Is the Topic for Discussion at the
EVANGELISTIC
MASS MEETING
at the
TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH
3200 Washington at Compton Ave.
DR. S. A. MOSELEY, *Pastor*
Sunday, at 3:00 P. M.
THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKER

DR. BENJAMIN J. PERKINS, OF MEMPHIS, our National Pastoral Evangelist, who is in charge of an eight days' meeting, will be the principal speaker. Dr. Perkins will also preach at 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M.

A CALL FOR RELIGIOUS BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN

The business men and women, regardless to race or color, who know the real value of religion and the proper relation that business and religion should sustain to each other, are called upon to be present and speak out just a few minutes on the above subject.

Upon your arrival kindly pass your business card, or your name and address, to Pastor Moseley, who will preside as master of ceremonies, under the supervision of the Holy Spirit.

DR. S. A. MOSELEY, *Pastor.*
W. E. WARD, *Secretary.*

NEBRASKA

RTUOUS reflection of the eminent Lincoln *rnal:*

The adventure of Lindbergh, the thrill it gave the whole world, serves to remind us that the deepest experiences of life have no relation to the sex theme.

NEW JERSEY

SPIRITUAL advertisement in the Clifton *Journal:*

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN WITH A VISION

There is no business or profession which offers greater opportunity for Service (spelled with a capital S) to Mankind than the Profession of spreading the Gospel of Life Insurance.

We can use a few Ladies and Gentlemen in Passaic, Bergen, Hudson, and Essex Counties as our representatives in this field.

DEANE & SAXE
GENERAL AGENTS
The Midland Mutual Life Insurance Company
Room 412 Lawyers Building
Passaic, New Jersey
Tel. Pass. 9395

NEW YORK

SOCIAL service provided by a well-known Manhattan bastile of worship:

FREE *LECTURE* FREE
by
J. L. WOOLSEY
for Men and Women
THE REJUVENATION *of the* FACE
Your personal appearance is worth the cost of effort

Learn how to remove lines, sags and wrinkles by developing the muscles beneath the skin.

Rejuvenate the face and reëstablish the normal contour and expression of youth.

Learn to do with your own fingers what the plastic surgeon accomplishes only with a knife.

Come and spend an interesting and profitable evening. This lecture followed by three class lectures.

MANHATTAN CHURCH
Broadway at 76th Street New York

NOTICE circulated among the æsthetes attending the Stadium concerts of the Philharmonic Orchestra:

We would respectfully request that the audience refrain from throwing mats. While we appreciate and value the spirit and enthusiasm which prompts these demonstrations, in view of the fact that personal injuries have resulted, we feel sure that the audience will refrain from this form of demonstration in future.

STADIUM CONCERTS, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA

ECCLESIASTICAL placard prominently displayed on all the fences of the lovely town of Durham:

DANCE

EVANGELIST

JOHN C. COWELL, JR.

Calls for all Undertakers, Ambulances, Doctors, and Red Cross Nurses to be at the

LIBERTY WAREHOUSE

TABERNACLE

Rigsbee Ave.

DURHAM, N. C.

Wednesday Night, 7:45 P. M.

To Take Care of All the Dead and Wounded Dancers, Card Players, and Theatre Goers

Everybody Invited

SUBJECT:

"UNMASKING THE MODERN DANCE"

Cowell Will Skin—Ramsay Will Hold

FROM the celebrated Burlington *Daily Times:*

Lee Scott, a young white man, took issue with a preacher in the pulpit at the Baptist Association at Gilliam's Church yesterday when the preacher was illustrating his sermon with a personal experience in which his brother was struck down beside him by lightning.

Apparently the speaker was rounding out the point that the Lord used discretion in taking his brother in place of himself, leaving him to do useful work in the ministry, for he said, according to evidence at the hearing before Judge W. Luther Cates, "I think the right man was hit."

Whereupon Lee Scott stirred in his seat, half rose, and injected into the tense atmosphere this, the court said:

"No, I think the Lord made a mistake. I think the lightning struck the wrong man. It should have got you."

For the utterance Judge Cates fined him $10 and the costs.

NORTH DAKOTA

MORE evidence that the West leads the country in Big Ideas, as set forth by a dispatch from Grand Forks:

Governor A. G. Sorlie has asked barbers to talk to their patrons about State industries, improving opportune moments between the scrapes of the razor and the snip of the shears. "Barber shops," the Governor says, "are practically newspapers in their dissemination of news."

OHIO

THE rewards of a Christian in the pious town of Pomeroy:

Several months ago Frank Foley, formerly in the automobile business here, returned and paid several thousand dollars worth of legally cancelled debts, which he told creditors he considered honorable obligations. Now he is in jail for eight months charged with liquor violations.

THE Cincinnati *Times-Star* uncovers a crime in that great city:

It was 11:40 P. M. Saturday, and the family of John H. Strubbe, 222 Oak street, was preparing for bed. The door bell rang. Strubbe answered the call. He opened the door and saw a man standing on the porch.

"Got a chew of tobacco?" the man asked Strubbe.

The police were notified and Sergeant Crellam and Patrolman Grossman went to the neighborhood. They arrested a man registered as James Goodman, 57, 2649 Bellevue avenue. He was identified by Strubbe.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Hon. Harry A. Mackey, treasurer of the great city of Philadelphia, as revealed by the West Philadelphia *Times:*

Mr. Mackey is a member of the Elks' Luncheon Club; Fourth Estate Square Club; Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America; Lawyers' Club of Philadelphia; Old Guard of State Fencibles; Order of Liberty Bell; Pennsylvania Housing and Town Planning Association; the Cedar Avenue Improvement Association; City Club of Philadelphia; Optimist Club of Philadelphia; Sixtieth and Market Streets Business Men's Association; Siegel Home Town Improvement Association; Philadelphia Forum; Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, B. P. O. Elks; Grand Fraternity Branch No. 300; Hamilton Council No. 841; Fraternal Patriotic Americans; Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; Koran Grotto No. 54, Mystic Order of Veiled Prophets of Enchanted Realm; Keystone Automobile Club; Keystone Commandery No. 48, P. O. S. of A.; Lu Lu Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; E. Copp Mitchell Lodge No. 605, F. and A. M.; Philadelphia Lodge No. 54, Loyal Order of Moose; Melita R. A. Chapter No. 284; Mary Commandery No. 36, Knights Templar; National League of Masonic Clubs; Osage Tribe No. 113, Improved Order of Red Men; Philadelphia Boosters' Association; Edwin A. Shubert Council No. 728, Order of Independent Americans; Philadelphia Forest No. 10, Tall Cedars of Lebanon; Washington Camp No. 672, P. O. S. of A.; West Philadelphia Square Club; West Philadelphia Shrine Club; Forty Strolling Golfers; Pennsylvania Varsity Club; Penn Athletic Club; Seaview Golf Club; Veteran Athletes of Philadelphia; American Association for Labor Legislation; . . .

THE Rev. Charles S. Poling, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, as reported by the celebrated *Christian Telegraph:*

The pastor stated that, according to Scripture, Heaven would cover over 1,150,000 square miles, that it would be ten times as big as Ger

any, ten times as big as France and forty times s big as England, and that on the basis of the umber of people to the square mile in the city f London, the population would be 100,000,-00,000—seventy times the present population f the globe.

LIC notice in the Du Bois *Courier:*

n regard to the scandal that is traveling over ne country in the neighborhood of Union ownship about Harris Kirk and my wife is ot so, and I am very sorry that I made that istake, but I demand, by law, that there be othing more said about it but put the blame n me.

* RALPH LUCE.

VIRGINIA

v a 100% American expressed himself he columns of the sanctified Boston *script* on the day of the celebrated hery:

he [Sacco-Vanzetti] case resolves itself into a udied effort to make light of American fun-mentals. It is the last gun fired at ancient New ngland institutions, and particularly an effort relegate to the trash pile all the credit that as been awarded to New England for the great rt it played in colonial and in modern times the establishment of American institutions d in the formation and preservation of the merican Union. It is the last effort to graft on American institutions the Bolshevistic prin-ples of Russia, the irreligion and immorality Europe, and the utter destruction of home d fireside.

The condemned men should be reprieved til after the crops are all in, and the Gov-nor of each New England State should adver-e a homecoming week, and a great conven-n of red-blooded Americans held in Boston. me New Englander once wrote a book en-led "Southern Federals," showing that over o hundred Southern white men fought in Federal Army during the Civil War. The thor should write another book showing the centage of Southern people of today who of New England ancestry, which is enor-us, stretching from Maryland to Texas.

And on the day of the execution in Boston, th the city filled with Mississippians and ans, swear in 25,000 of them as policemen, l if any red shows his head put a bullet in n and throw his body into the Charles river. e writer of these lines has never visited the ne of his ancestors in New England, and re are thousands of other Southerners who waiting for the chance of visiting New gland. All we want is the opportunity.

Arlington, Va. LEROY STAFFORD BOYD

WASHINGTON

ESIASTICAL advertisement in the Seattle *Times:*

"WHERE IS HEAVEN?"

Professor Everson will tell the exact location of Heaven, what its inhabitants look like, their occupation, whether children grow up, if we will know one another, why Heaven will never grow tiresome, if we will feel bad because some are missing, and if we can enjoy Heaven without them. There will be clear, understandable answers given. "If Professor Everson gives it out that he will answer a question, he always does it."

BIG TABERNACLE, MERCER, EAST OF WESTLAKE
Sunday, 7:45 P. M.
Doors Open at 6 P. M.

WEST VIRGINIA

OMINOUS public notice in the Logan *Democrat:*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, J. E. Davidson, whose post office address is Verdunville, West Virginia, and whose occupation is Clerk in the Y. M. C. A., will apply to the Circuit Court of Logan County, West Virginia, for a State license to carry weapons as prescribed by law.

J. E. DAVIDSON,
By Counsel.
Chafin & Estep, Sols. 103—2tcx

HAWAII

THE progress of free inquiry in the former haunt of the dreadful anthropophagi, as revealed by a reader of the Honolulu *Advertiser:*

The writer has twenty copies of a journal that contains two special Bible lectures, "Is Man Immortal?" and "What Is Beyond the Grave?"

These copies can be had free by addressing P. O. Box 681 for same.

Among those who need not apply for a copy are scientists, doctors, lawyers, Modernists, Fundamentalists, preachers, etc.; because the knowledge might interfere with their business, and make them less efficient in fooling their fellow mortals.

JUST TRUTH.

ONTARIO

THE spread of American culture in Ontario, as revealed by a Toronto dispatch:

Peterborough's city council tonight passed a by-law forbidding firemen to use profane language while fighting fires. Those who do so will be discharged.

The sponsor of the move argued that citizens could not enjoy being spectators if the fire fighters cursed.

A TEXAS CHAIN-GANG

BY ERNEST BOOTH

The fluttery old lady standing in the aisle exhibited her too-prominent teeth in a hideously Puritan smile. I was about to deal another hand and continue with our whist game when she extended a tract and admonished the four of us to read it and be saved ere our souls were damned by the colored pasteboards. Over the rumble of the car wheels, my partner, a buxom matron whose acquaintance I had made on the train, raised her voice, "Oh take it, and get rid of the little busybody." I did—both.

A few moments later I was again preparing to deal when another voice and presence intruded from the aisle. He was tall and angular, and would have resembled Abe Lincoln but for his Simon Legree moustache.

"It is a high misdemeanor to play kyards in the State of Texas, suh. It is my duty to arrest you. I am a county officer, and a complaint has been lodged by Mrs. Whithers, the lady who will appear against you."

At the next stop, in company with the officer, I left my train acquaintances and proceeded to the County Bastile. The Christian lady of the tracts followed. The day was Friday and the hour not yet noon. The legal formalities having been observed, I was taken to court and arraigned before a dumpy and malevolent individual who was addressed as Your Honor. In the sweltering heat of his Star Chamber he appeared to my hostile gaze as a swollen idol about to burst.

I admitted my offense, plead my ignorance of the law, and asked for a minimum fine because I was *en route* from Los Angeles to Hot Springs, and eager to continue r journey. The dear little soul who h lodged the charge fluttered to His Hono dais. A whispered monologue ensu "She's president of the Sisters of the Wh Crusade," someone enlightened m "They're cleaning up gambling just now The sister turned from the judge and flash a triumphant look at me. His Honor m ped his bald dome, clenched his gums gether, hitched up one strap of his gallus and glared at me. Then, in the same t as the old maid used in saying, "If I h my teeth I'd bite you!", he made his p nouncement:

"You have flagrantly violated the l of this State. Ignorance of the law is excuse. Although warned several tim you persisted in your gaming until stop by an officer of the law. That you are n resident citizen aggravates rather t minimizes your offense. It is the judgem of this court that you be s-s-s—" his lac teeth now suddenly betrayed him, an cover his confusion he shouted, "Nin days on the road gang, hard labor! make an example of you, young fell Take him away, Sheriff."

Over my protests I was escorted gently, effectively, to the cell-tier. My tempts to reach an attorney, my storm at the injustice of my predicament, raving in the blinding madness which sessed me, resulted in my being throw actually thrown—into a cell. The resi bedbugs must have chortled as the clanged shut. The floor was slimy, there arose a stench which almost stran me. Pounding on the iron door with fists brought an answer: a bucket of w

d through the two slits in the door.
, I subsided from exhaustion.
ad been some twenty hours in that
when the door was opened.
ome out here, dude!"
ggering and slipping over the scum,
ned the light and stood blinking
dly. Two men confronted me. One a
cate of the Simon Legree of the train,
vith eyes that seemed chiseled from
, flecked ice. The other was a vicious-
ng, cross-eyed man who snarled from
een thin, straight lips. His words fell
ough he bit them off and spat them out.
iere he is, Captain. Thinks he's a
n *hombre*."
e captain flicked one finger in the di-
on of some stairs. "Git goin'. Tougher
are, the better I like 'em."
valked to the floor above, and was
cuffed to an enormous Negro. Another
n-gang guard stooped to shackle our
together. He 'lowed to the captain
we wuz set. Another flick of the finger
the raucous instruction to git goin'
Legree started us toward the street
. My companion, from past acquaint-
with our impedimenta, had developed
ng stride. His first step upset me, and
by clinging to him did I save myself
a fall. A passing attorney, attracted
he apparition of a Hart, Schaffner, and
x suit in such surroundings, paused
le me. Quickly I sketched my plight
implored his aid. He wrote my name,
opposite it—Camp Number 4, Chain-
g.
iving a topless flivver, with his hench-
seated beside him, the captain cast an
sional backward glance at the Negro
me in the back seat. Heat waves rolled
om the road to spread over the fields.
the current of air produced by the
jouncing was a relief to me after
enervating sweltering of the previous
t. My hands were grimy. In the daz-
g light my clothing presented a revolt-
appearance. The Negro wrinkled his
—and moved as far from me as the
kles would permit.

Ten miles passed while I remained sunk in my misery. Then the big black waxed loquacious: "Suah is a mighty fine capt'n at this camp." He had raised his voice to insure its carrying to the occupants of the front seat.

"You've been there before?" I asked, listlessly.

"Suah has. Onct fo' gittin' drunk—an' this time fo' one dollah an' costs." He regarded the captain mournfully.

"One dollar and costs? What crime is that?"

"It's lak thisaway: Ah ain't got no dollah, an' costs is fo'teen dollahs mo'—an' 'at's why I'se gwine out heah." He spread a huge, calloused paw palm upward, as if the gesture offered an explanation.

Eventually, I got it straightened out. He had been arrested for being drunk a second time, fined one dollar, and ordered to pay the heavy court costs. Lacking the necessary fifteen dollars, he had been ordered to the chain-gang to work it out at the rate of fifty cents a day. "I'se a workin' man, too," he added. "An' ah takes mah money home ever' payday. But now ah don't know if mah ole woman 'll pay me out or not. . . . Wished ah did."

II

The car turned from the highway, followed a dirt road for several miles, and again turned, lifting clouds of dust from a deeply-rutted lane through some fields. Then, abruptly, it rattled from any semblance of traveled road, crossed some packed gravel and shivered to a stop near a large and dirt-streaked oblong tent.

A solitary officer was seated on a chair, tilted back against a shrub near the tent. It was a Saturday afternoon and I wondered at the absence of signs of life about the camp. To my left was another, smaller tent, half-boarded-up and noticeably cleaner. A sway-backed covered wagon, with three steps spilling from its rear exit, vomited two Negroes. As they approached our car I saw that they were clad in faded,

torn overalls. They bowed and grinned to the officers.

"Gittin' out!" snapped the captain to us. Awkwardly we descended from the machine. Tossing a key to one of the fawning blacks, who bent to unlock the leg-shackles, the captain produced commitment papers from his inside pocket and in the dialogue which followed I was introduced to humor as it is practised "in Texas, down by the Trinity river."

"What are you out here for, nigger?"

"I'se out heah fo' gittin' drunk," my companion replied.

"You're just a God-damned liar. You're out here to work,"—then, as though belched from a shotgun—"ain'tcha, nigger!?"

"Yes sah, Captain, I'se a good worker, too."

"Better you are. What's your name, nigger?"

"William Jackson, sah."

"No, it's not William Jackson!" snarled the captain. "It's Grasshopper—an' when I call you, you wanna jump!"

"Yes sah, Capt'n!"

The Negro who had released the shackles returned the key to Simon Legree. The other officer vanished into the smaller tent. Legree glanced at my commitment paper, and elected to make a speech in the drawling accents of the ignorant Southerner:

"Now, you're out here to serve your time. I didn't send for you—but git this straight: I'm the Captain—an' you take orders from me. You want to get everything out of your head but one thing, an' that's WORK! If you got any notion you ain't, I'll change it for you—quick. There's only one way you can get along with me, an' that's to work—hard! An' we don't have no trouble with you bullies out here. There ain't no trouble out here—except what I make—savvy?"

I nodded.

"Git goin' to that tent,"—indicating the long, dirty one with the officer near one end—"an' remember I'm boss here."

The guard at the entrance arose slowly from his position and took a step ba ward. A long, ugly revolver was suspen from his belt. He, too, seemed cast in same mold as the captain. The Negro side me lifted the tent-flap. I started to in with him, when I was assailed b frightful, sickening odor. Blinking my e I jerked back and heard the ominous cl of a revolver being cocked. "Git in th an' take them clo's off!" came raucou from the guard.

The reason for the deserted appeara of the camp was made evident as I ag breasted the tent entrance, and begar discern what was within. A long logg chain extended from a sturdy mesq bush outside the tent and came thro the wall. Branching from it inside, legs on a centipede, were other, sm chains, and to the ends of them welded huge leg-irons.

These leg-irons, I observed quickly, locked about the ankles of forty Each man was lying on his side, facing Their faces held the look of expect common to dogs long-confined. Their and beards ran riot. Their clothing ragged and filthy. While I stood swa in the opening, I was shoved violently ward, and fell almost over the feet o nearest man: a bearded Negro who shriveled until every joint of his seemed swollen.

My handcuffs removed, I disrobed t underwear, and was thrown a blue without buttons or collar, and with sleeve torn to shreds, and an enor pair of torn and patched overalls. Pu the overalls on, I almost slid through leg of them. Then came two shoes was size twelve, heavily hobnailed terribly scarred from hard usage; the was half as large, but with the fo half cut away above the sole, enabli to wear it like a sandal. I was permit retain my hat—a lightweight pa Holding the overalls bunched-up, t would not trip on their long ends, I bled over legs and chains to a desig place between what at first appeared

thy St. Bernard dog and a black cocker-
niel, but which, on closer inspection,
ved to be two men. The guard followed
and instructed me to lie down upon
back and hold up one foot. I complied,
he clamped a leg-iron about my ankle.
n he returned to his post outside.

III

jail I had left paled into insignificance
de this. Sweltering in that tent were
n who had not shaved or bathed decently
months. An open half-barrel, forming
aky latrine, dominated the center of
floor. Sweat poured from the wretched
ies of the men, and putrid morsels of
d added to the stench. Under my head
a small roll of blankets. For a moment
as on the verge of a faint; then two
ious bites on my hot, moist neck stung
to action and I slapped at my attackers.
ored fifty out of a possible hundred: my
id came away with a dull red smear on
finger. As I turned to look for more
min, my chain rattled.

"All right," came a drawl from outside
tent, "if you don't quit that movin'
und I'll come in there and give you
nethin' to move 'round about!"

"Better take it easy," cautioned a voice
m the Bernard on my left.

Looking closely into the tangled shock
hair which almost covered his face, I
cerned a pair of blue eyes. The cords in
neck, where it joined his torso, were
it as he held his face close enough to
isper: "He'll shoot you in a minute ef
u make any noise."

I remained outwardly silent, but writhed
an inward turmoil. For several minutes
ought a losing fight against the vermin.
. I had not eaten since the previous
rning. The rough and filthy boards of
e floor became more irksome with each
ssing moment. Perhaps a quarter of an
ur passed. Then I sought relief in a sub-
ed conversation with the Bernard.

"How long have you been here?" I
ked him.

"Five months—six months—I've lost track." He was peering over my shoulder, watching the tent-flap for the first sign of the guard. In response to other questions I learned that he had been sentenced for stealing a pair of shoes from a store, and had been given the limit of eleven months and twenty-nine days. He had tried to escape shortly after arriving, and exhibited a withered arm as a tribute to the guard's marksmanship and his own failure to "make the brush."

Still watching the flap, he commented on the other men. A Negro opposite me on the chain had been out to the gang three times. I looked at him and saw a short, gorilla-like body surmounted by a head which seemed to be composed of fuzz and two enormous white eyeballs. His mouth was opened and the teeth were yellowed and broken. He had bare feet, with torn and claw-like nails marking the toe-ends. He was whispering to a young white boy beside him. The white boy exhibited a mane of curly hair which had been long neglected, and his chin was marked by a sparse, virgin beard. His face was darkly tanned. The bronze color extended in a large V down his chest. He was naked to his waist and in contrast to the burly black he appeared like a consumptive. The Bernard informed me that the lad had taken an automobile for a joyride and was doing ninety days.

Soon I noticed that a subdued air of expectancy hung over the various men—particularly the blacks. Then the flap was thrown open. The two Negroes I had first seen materialised, and my informant ceased talking. The first Negro had a box suspended before him by means of a strap over one shoulder. From this he took a tin pie-plate and a spoon, and handed them to the first man in the line. He then proceeded down the length of the tent, repeating the process. The other Negro followed, carrying a bucket. He ladled out to each man about half a pint of cold canned tomatoes. The first Negro reappeared with another box, and distributed a piece of stale corn-

pone and two heavy, hard, horribly uneatable biscuits to each man.

The plate given to me had a streak of dirty black scum about its upper edge. The spoon was indented with teeth-marks, and its handle was broken off, leaving about an inch with which to maneuver it. There was no salt offered, and the tomatoes were flecked with rust from the bottom of the pan.

I might have imagined that I was hungry, the moment before—but the desire to eat had now left me. Narrowly I averted an enforced trip to the open latrine. The Bernard lapped up his ration with an avidity almost ghoulish. Greedily he snatched my proffered plate. The other men sopped up with the biscuits the last remaining drops of juice in their pans. Some even tilted the tins and licked the bottoms in their ravenous attempts to fill their stomachs. Feverish eyes followed the smallest of fallen crumbs; eager fingers pursued and captured the particles of bread. My Bernard combed his fingers through his beard and inspected the nails in his search for a last morsel of food.

The Negroes reappeared and collected the pans and spoons, counting them into the same box whence they could be again distributed, and, from all indications, without being washed. Lassitude was reflected in the relaxed attitudes of the men. I reclined on one elbow and offered a prayer that my last-minute effort at the jail to get a lawyer would soon show results. I tried to visualise a night spent in the tent —and shuddered.

"Do you stay here all day?" I asked the Bernard.

"Haw, this is a treat. Usually we work till 'bout four o'clock on Saturday. But the captain was in town, so we rested since noon. Ain't seen that gravel pit yet, have you?" He leered at my negative nod, then continued, "It's right over back of the corral. An' no preacher can ever scare me about Hell no more—I've lived in a sure-nuff Hell down there. No shade, no water to drink,—nothin'—'cept loading gravel-wagons and diggin' gravel. An' the guards set in the shade of a bush up 'bo the rim of the hole and throw rocks at y when you don't work fast enough to su 'em. But you're lucky you got here tod —we don't work 'til Monday now—'ce for cleanin' up a bit this afternoon."

"Pipe down!" rolled stentoriously fr the opened flap. The guard strode to t first man, flicked a finger as though calli a dog, and the prostrate man raised h manacled leg. The guard fitted a key to t lock, and after releasing him, dropped t leg to the floor. The next man raised l leg and called a number. The guard selec a key and repeated the operation. Up reaching me, he paused as I remained m tionless. "Gittin' it up!" he command I raised my leg. "What the hell's t matter with you!? When I say 'Gittin' up'—you raise it an' call your number!"

"Number?" I was bewildered. The flash of anger swept over me and I c sidered the notion of wresting his g from him. Seeming to anticipate some s action, he placed his heavy boot on stomach. With considerable heat he peated my question, "Number? Yes, nu ber! What'd I tell you yore number when you come in?"

"You didn't tell me anything abou number," I asserted.

"Like hell I didn't!" His pressure u my midriff increased. "Think you're tou eh? Well, bully, I'll take some o' that you!" He threw most of his weight on foot pressing me down. I twisted sudde and almost upset him. With catlike agi he recovered his balance and whipped gun from the holster. Before I could t back or attempt to rise he had swung butt of the gun effectively upon my j Stepping back a pace he called to ano guard "Jes' watch this!"

"This" consisted of implanting his s several times in the small of my back. T resuming his pose with one foot upon stomach, he repeated his original quest "What's you-all sayin' yore number Bearing down with his weight he

ted, monotonously, "Yore number is—
e number is—yore number is—eighteen!
't it? Eighteen's what I said. Now—
at's yore number?"

Eighteen!" I gasped.

Why in hell didn't you say so? Now
at's yore number when I ask?"

Eighteen," I responded.

An' don't fergit the 'Capt'n' what goes
h it. Stick yore hoof up here, Eighteen,
I'll turn you aloose." He unlocked my
and flicked his finger toward the tent
rance. "Git goin'!"

he Bernard joined me a minute later.
e'll pick up all the chips and trash and
ta clean up, now. Best if we start near
captain's tent, an' do a good job—
use he likes it thataway."

IV

her men emerged from the tent under
watchful eyes of the guards—five in
nber—and were set to work raking the
ound, removing wheels from gravel-
gons to grease the axles, or currying the
rses in the small corral. I was experienc-
considerable difficulty in holding up
overalls, as long usage had worn away
original shoulder-straps, and the single
and of frayed rope replacing them was
dequate. Stopping to make them secure
th a bit of wire the Bernard handed me,
vas commanded by one of the guards to
op it, and told that if I again tried to
uggle wire into the tent he'd blow the
p of my head off. I wasn't going to be
cking any locks while he had anything
say about it.

The sun caused little heat spirals to
hirl from the dust about me, to dance
addeningly before my eyes. My throat
as parched. Twice I stumbled, and the
flection from a piece of tin patching—one
de of the cook wagon—dazzled me almost
the point of insanity. A forge heat rose
ound me like a blast from a furnace. I
yed with the idea of refusing to work,
d while debating between lying in the
nt and weaving about in the sun, I broached my notion to the Bernard.

"Refuse to work!" He was astounded. "Why, you can't. There ain't no such thing as refusing to work. They'll beat you to death!"

I scorned his evident terror. Having never been beaten to death, I did not believe that I would be now. But just as I reached a point beyond which I could force myself no further, and was prepared to make my declaration of independence, the work ceased and I was herded with the others into the tent.

After the hour in the open air, the close interior was doubly foul and repulsive. Lying in my accustomed place I turned my face so it was nestled in the crook of my arm, and regretted that I had lost the opportunity of being beaten to death—or at least to unconsciousness, for that, at least, would have made me oblivious of the hideous, gagging stench that stifled me.

A muttered "Git it!" roused me, and raising my head I saw the two Negroes who acted as chef and waiter carry a wash-tub half-filled with water, and set it beside the latrine. The Bernard shook me and whispered. "Peel off yore clothes, an' git ready. We're in the next bunch."

"For what?" I queried, indifferent to what torture was about to be inflicted upon the next bunch.

"To take a bath."

Stark-naked, six men were clustered about the tub, blacks and whites. Each one stuck one foot into the water, and splashed what he could of it up his legs. Cupping his hands I saw the Negro who had come with me scoop some water from the tub and spread it over his face and neck. Another attempted to follow suit but the guard called from the shade of the bush outside the tent, "All right—gittin' back!"

The men melted away from about the tub and fought for space with which to dry themselves on a huge towel composed of flour-sacks sewed together in a crazy-patch-work fashion. Rising with the second group, I halted near the edge of the

tub and was instantly hedged away from getting one foot within the charmed circle. I did not regret it. I saw a piece of yellow lye soap passed from hand to hand. Some of the more energetic worked up a lather on their legs.

To wash was a herculean feat. One foot was put into the tub, water was splashed to the thighs, and the first foot was withdrawn and the other quickly substituted. Soap was smeared wherever water had moistened the skin. If a candidate for a bath shifted awkwardly when he removed the first foot, he lost his position and was crowded out. About two minutes was allotted by the guard for each group to complete its ablutions. By the time the second bunch had backed from the tub in obedience to the guard's order, the water was filthy and floated a dirty, yellow, abominable froth.

The Bernard returned to his place beside me and removed the lather upon his limbs with the remnants of his underwear. The last six men had to content themselves with wetting their feet and hands. Their toweling was a futile gesture. The patchwork of flour-sacks had been twisted until it began to resemble a thick, loosely-woven rope.

"Git set!" called the guard, and immediately started his round of locking the men into the leg-shackles. Opposite me he paused. I held my leg up and called, "Number eighteen." He paid me no heed. Tired from the strain of my unnatural position I allowed the leg to fall. Instantly he snarled, "Gittin' it up!" I did so. Again he appeared oblivious of it. Lowering my leg after a minute had elapsed was the signal for another snarl, "Gittin' it up!" Once more I raised it and called out my number. "Sure it's eighteen?" he snapped. I nodded and he fumbled with his keys, as though in futile search of the proper one. My back ached, my eyes burned, the down-rush of blood seemed about to split my head asunder, and in a reckless mood gendered by my physical misery I allowed the leg to fall and closed my eyes.

V

The Bernard was shaking my shoulder. I forced my eyelids open a fraction of a inch. The gloomy quarter light betokened evening. A Negro was distributing pans and cups. Indifferent as to whether or not I received a share, I dozed off once more. I was startled from my coma when the pan and cup rattled to the floor close to my face. Pushing them from me, the Bernard shook me. "Git yore food. Don't miss nuthin'."

The second Negro poured another half pint of cold tomatoes into the pan, and a moment later my cup was filled with some brackish liquid. Parched from thirst and my long fast, I attempted to swallow a mouthful. My throat was grateful for the moisture. In small sips I managed to down half the coffee, tea, burnt bread, or whatever the brew was.

Silence reigned after the pans were collected. The two score men lay or squatted upon the floor, and in the darkness which seemed to creep up from the filthy boards I sensed a gathering of thoughts. No one spoke in words, but the exchanged looks shouted volumes. The white lad and the big Negro, lying side by side, seemed to carry on a conversation with their eyes. The eyes of other men seemed the only indication that they were alive. At long intervals a chain would clink faintly, and the strident voice of the guard would pierce the tent-flap with a malicious warning, "Cut down that noise!"

Peering along the row of forms, I saw eyes catch and reflect the small beam of light that struck down from a bull's-eye lantern suspended near the exit. Like the orbs of jungle beasts, those eyes shone through their matted coverings of long hair.

"Git 'em down," said the guard. Chains clanked, forms stirred, the rolls of blankets which served as pillows were unrolled to form pallets. Taking my cue from the Bernard, I turned on my side and arranged my ragged blanket and piece of sacking

might recline. Immediately I was thed with the revolting odor of . The sack was sewed over the blan- form a sort of pocket. Taking off my and overalls, I crawled into this from ottom. For a moment I held the idea ng myself in sleep, but instantly hun- of bedbugs and other vermin attacked So I crawled from the shroud and d the next half hour in useless en- rs to rid myself of them. That bed one device by which the Lord neg- l to try Job's soul!

ng a bit, Capt'n?" a plaintive Negro inquired.

nce from the throne. I could hear the hing of the man awaiting the answer. the whining of numberless mos- es I heard several dampen their lips their tongues. Perhaps ten minutes d. Then, in a drawl that was heavy condescension and venom, "All right g, you black bastards."

onceded victory to the bedbugs, and d flat upon my back, moving only the iron about my ankle bit too in- tly into the flesh.

mournful, dirge-like tone came the Negro's plaint. "There is trouble . . . e is trouble . . . O Lawd, there is ble on the deep blue sea." Other voices ed. The Negroes sat and swayed in hm to the long-drawn-out "Trouble trouble . . . trouble . . . There ain't n' but trouble fo' me-e-e!" Over and they repeated the verses. "Trouble" lengthened until it filled a full minute he singing. A full, warm baritone ned out. It was surprising in its rich ity:

Yondah comes ole Bud Russell
With his transfer-chain . . .
He's gwine to take us
Back to the pen again . . .

hen into the chorus "Let the Midnight ial shine down its ever-lovin' light me!"

That Bud Russell," said the Bernard ne, "is the man that's been takin' men il for twenty years. Never uses no gun. Just chains 'em on a long chain. Gathers 'em from all the counties and delivers 'em at the pen—thirty—fifty—sixty at a time. Ain't never lost a man, neither. Them niggers sure sing 'em 'bout that man. They just shiver an' shake when they even hears he's comin'."

The singing was cut on a refrain as though a knife had severed the throats of the singers. From the guard had come a rancorous growl. It contained no word that I could decipher, but its effect was instantaneous. After that the least sound from the guard—a shifting of his position upon his chair, the clearing of his throat, the scraping of a match to light his pipe—brought the men to attitudes of tensed expectancy. Their actions were like those of a condemned man who awaits the first audible indication that those who are about to accompany him on his last fatal walk are approaching. I lay in a half-waking, half-drowsy state. I could neither sleep nor remain awake. Between slapping or scratching or turning on the hard bed I passed another hour. Then from the far end of the tomb came a hesitant request "Gittin' up, please, Captain?"

VI

An unconscionable long time passed. I imagined the guard had dozed off to sleep and had not heard the question. The man rose, and in the dim light I saw him stand erect. The movement caused his chains to shatter the stillness. The flap was jerked open and in stepped the guard with his revolver ready for use. The man dropped whimperingly to the floor. "You black ———!" snarled the guard. He strode to the shivering figure, administered several vicious kicks, and heaped hideous imprecations upon the unfortunate.

The tent was again quiet. The same voice made the same request. The guard ignored it. Renewing his supplication, the man whined, "Please, Capt'n, gittin' up to the barr'l, sir?"

The demands of nature, so evident in the

man's plea, became insistent; in desperation he turned upon his side, when the guard drawled, "Git it."

Several times as I drifted in my semi-delirium the same scene was enacted.

A discordant and nerve-racking din brought me to consciousness early on Sunday morning. Someone was beating upon a steel triangle uncomfortably near my head—just outside the tent. The voice of the captain (all the guards seemed to be of that rank, something like a Mexican army with nothing lower than a general) informed us of the hour and purpose of the noise:

> Raise 'em high, bullies,
> An' leap on the rock!
> It ain't quite daylight,
> But it's fo' o'clock!

Blankets were rolled up. The pans were passed. Syrup distributed. There was a large fire blazing between our tent and the cook-wagon. Its red light filtered through the canvas and gave us the aspects of lost souls in an antechamber of Hades. Grotesque figures were shadowed on the tent-walls and sloping roof. Moans and groans and sighs of hopelessness interspersed the desultory conversations within. Calls and servile laughter reached me from the officers and the two Negro trusties about the fire.

"Yas suh, Capt'n," was uttered with a monotonous regularity. We were permitted to rest our heads on the blanket rolls, or drift into sleep. But after daylight any man who seemed to be sleeping too soundly was aroused and tormented by the guards. Their only pastime lay in plaguing the prisoners.

Noon came and passed with no offering of food. No opportunity was offered for washing. At four o'clock more syrup and some half-cooked rice were thrown into the pans. Then night, and a repetition of the preceding evening. The Negroes sang; men clanked their chains to the latrine. I had been in the tent thirty hours and not once had the barrel been removed.

Made desperate by the thought of another night's confinement, I tried to
one of the captains telephone to D
and engage a lawyer for me. Refused
I asked permission to buy some tob
Approximately three hundred dollars
been taken from me at the time of m
rest, and put in care of the officers wh
brought me to the camp. After cons
able bickering I was informed that
ten dollahs I might git yo' some." I si
an order on a page torn from the gu
notebook, and two hours later I
handed about two ounces of some st
tobacco labeled "Nigger Hair." In te
and smoking quality it had been appr
ately named. Ravenously beseeching
give them some of it, the men created
a commotion that the guard threaten
shoot blindly into the tent. In sile
distributed the Nigger Hair, and resi
myself to what the morning would b

When the guard approached me
breakfast, I informed him that I w
and in need of a doctor's services
mediately. I reasoned that if I could
the ear of one of the medical profess
could establish contact with the ou
world. The injustice of my sentence
kled. I counseled the idea of aggrav
the guard into shooting me in the leg
were not too seriously wounded I w
not regret the pain. Anything was
than a continuance of the horrors o
tent.

With the thought of the work i
gravel-pit goading me, I refused the
nard's advice and claimed sickness.
guard threatened me, then, "'Low
capt'n'll tend to you-all when he co
The others left the tent, and amid a
fusion of orders and dull thuds w
sounded suspiciously like pick ha
struck on shoulders, they marched av

My ankle was raw where the iron
rubbed away the skin. The gathering
prevented me from sleeping. The day
warm with that close, oppressive
which bespeaks a Texas sun. Wa
crunched from the pit and rumbled c
the road.

About eleven o'clock two Negroes en-
red, carrying Grasshopper. He was sun-
ruck, and they dumped him on to the
oor with callous indifference. The cap-
in who had brought us both to camp
tered a moment later. He had been ab-
nt from the camp until that minute, and
on seeing his two most recent charges
ithin the tent he paused; in all my years
jail experience I have never seen so
alevolent an expression as that upon the
e of this guard. Bending only long
ough to secure the shackle about Grass-
pper's leg, he straightened up and sur-
yed me. "Sick?" He spat out the word.
'll learn you how to be real sick!"
Grasshopper stirred, and Legree turned
him. The Negro's eyes blinked and he
de an effort to raise himself, then re-
ed on his side. Legree shouted to one of
trusties, who bore in answer a pick-
ndle. The captain accepted it and the
sty vanished.
'Play sick on me, will you! I'll show
u what being sick is!" Again Grass-
pper strove to rise. He seemed to recog-
e the captain and sought to forestall
impending beating by struggling to
knees. He weaved from side to side, his
s wide in terror. His lips moved but no
rds came; his head jerked about as
ough he essayed to swallow some ob-
cle lodged in his throat. A creature
molated and about to be made a victim.
The captain, his face distorted by rage,
elded the pick-handle like a bludgeon.
the Negro groveled and moaned for
rcy, Legree's frenzy mounted. It attained
zenith when a particularly vicious blow
shed against the black's skull, and
od gushed from his nostrils and mouth.
inging the club idly, Legree regarded the form of the inert Negro, then spat tobacco juice upon him. Still retaining the crimson weapon, the captain strode to where I lay. "Still too sick to work, bully?"

I sensed that he had appeased for the moment his murderous lust.

"Yes—I want to see a doctor."

He regarded me silently, as though considering some inward problem. He glanced at the battered Negro, then drawled, "Well, all right. County doctor will be here 'bout noon. That nigger is sun-struck —savvy? He fell down and a gravel-wagon run over him 'fore we could carry him to this tent. Git that straight—he's sun-struck!" He took a few steps toward the tent-flap, then wheeled about. "Bully, you *bettah* be sick when that doctor tells me 'bout you!"

VII

I *was* sick when the doctor examined me. The whiffs of gas I got during the unpleasantness in France have puzzled better doctors than the veterinary who informed the captain that I was on the verge of collapse.

It was necessary to take the yet unconscious Negro to a hospital. Chained to him, I reached the county jail. There I at last got a lawyer, and he appealed from the sentence imposed upon me. The Superior Court set an appeal bond of five hundred dollars. Some friend of the attorney's posted the bond—in consideration of two hundred of my dollars.

Two months later, in the calm and sedate city of Chicago, I learned through the medium of a letter from the attorney that the sentence had been set aside and a fine of twenty-five dollars imposed. . . . All this in the Year of Our Lord 1924!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Biology

HEAT OR HEREDITY?

By Emmett Reid Dunn

More and more the processes of living matter are shown to be of the same order and subject to the same laws as those of so-called dead matter. Protozoa and tadpoles react to light, and the brighter the light the faster the reaction. The mathematical formulæ involved in these reactions are the same as those which apply to photographic plates. The hearts of cold-blooded animals and of the embryoes of warm-blooded ones beat fast in a warm temperature and slowly in a cold, and the change in tempo may be expressed by an equation which was long ago worked out for ordinary chemical changes. Fruit flies, as Pearl has shown, can go through the whole process of living, reproducing and dying under a fairly wide range of temperature, but the business takes considerably fewer days in a heated place than it does in a cool one. Life for the flies is the same. All the natural events take place, and in the usual order, but heat speeds the tempo and cold retards it. The series may be immutable, but the time involved may be formulated, changed at will, and predicted. A short life and a merry one or a lengthening of gray days, twenty years of Europe or a cycle of Cathay—either may be given or taken away from these lowly creatures by the furnace man.

Even stranger than this are the effects of heat and cold on the higher forms. In these the series of events are not only hastened in their appearance by heat and delayed by cold, but the order in which they appear may be altered. There is no great or obvious difference between a fast-living fly and one which travels more slowly along its inevitable road to de but Hubbs has shown that those f which lead a fast existence in tropical differ in many ways beside their leng life from those which lead a slower e ence in the cold waters of the North in these forms all the parts of the bod not respond in equal ratios to the sti of heat and cold. The shortening o life process advances the appearance o organ much more than that of ano with results which are striking significant.

In the development of an animal the egg to the adult form there are invo two things: growth (increase in size differentiation (increase in complex These two processes usually alterna period of growth without differenti being followed by a period of differe tion without growth (sometimes ev decrease in size takes place). The ra these processes, as I have mentione under control of the environment. O your animal developing at a given and if you raise the temperature he o ops faster. This is easy to do with blooded creatures, whose temperatu that of their surroundings, but hard c possible with warm-blooded ones, w temperature remains constant within of thermos bottle whose insulating su is composed of their hair, hide, feathers, and whose more active efficient mechanisms produce heat of own. But there is reason to believe even these warmed-blooded animal not wholly enfranchised from che law, for the heart-rate of embryo c responds to temperature changes ex like that of a young salamander. A culty arises in all forms because the a

chanism changes during differentiation, d the various rates change with it. A veloping animal becomes a new mecha- sm, a new chemical combination, with ch event in differentiation.

But both growth and differentiation are der the same general laws. Conditions nich alter the rate of one alter the rate the other. Hubbs' work on fishes brings light a somewhat paradoxical situation. finds, as everyone already knew, that velopment is in general faster and shorter tropical seas than in northern waters. t he also finds that, in most ways, rthern fishes are more developed than thern ones in spite of the slower rate. wly developing, cold-water fish have re vertebræ, smaller heads, smaller eyes, l more modifications and ornamenta- ns in the nature of cirri, plates, spines, ., than the more rapidly developing rm-water fish. Thus any comparison of two groups by an evolutionist would d to the supposition that the southern es were more primitive, less specialized, n the northern. But laboratory experi- nt has shown that one can be converted o the other and vice versa by changes temperature during development. Why es the slower northern fish get further ng than the quicker southern? Why es the tortoise beat the hare?

The answer is that the accelerating con- ion, whatever it may be (heat is not unique cause), brings on inhibiting tors which cause differentiation to cken and stop. The accelerator not only eds up the course of development, but also puts on the brakes sooner. These kes are to be found among the hor- nes which constitute a peculiar factor the make-up of many animals. The rtebrate mechanism consists of many nplicated and interacting parts, each mposed of thousands of living and more less independent cells, the liason between nich is maintained by two lines of com- nication. One of these systems of com- nication is sufficiently obvious to have racted attention from the earliest times, although the details of its working are yet obscure. I allude to the nervous system, with its various receptors by which the creature is informed of both external and internal conditions, and its long nerves by which this information is passed either to a central registry and depository of knowledge, the brain, or to the glandular factories and muscular shock troops which are appropriately known as effectors, or to both. The other set has been only recently discovered, yet, strangely enough, it seems to be intrinsically of a simpler nature.

This second set is made up of a number of glands, known variously as ductless or endocrine glands or glands of internal secretion, which means that their contents are emptied into the blood stream rather than into the mouth, stomach, intestines, or eyes, or on to the surface of the skin. They are in a sense effectors because they often act on information from the nerves, but the chemicals secreted by them have a much greater general effect than that of the other effectors, for they influence the whole or most of the countless parts of the individual man or beast. That influence, benign or malignant, has to do with our growth, our personalities, the rate at which our life processes are carried on, and our emotions.

These glands have received much publicity of late, but their importance has not been exaggerated. Our knowledge of them and our ability to control them have, however, been much overemphasized in the press. Some of them are known to function steadily throughout life; others are in operation only during youth; while still others begin to function only in maturity. The thymus is especially the gland of youth; the gonads or sex glands belong to maturity. The thyroid has to do with metabolism, or the life processes in general, but is especially important in connection with growth. To a large extent the chemical secretion or hormone of one gland is normally checked or balanced in its effects by the secretion of the others.

Thus a deficiency in the secretion of one gland may have a result much the same as an oversecretion by another.

Experimental work on animals has shown the tremendous influence of these glands on growth. The processes can be speeded up or stopped completely by various injections, feedings, or extirpations. Most remarkable is the fact that the transformation from tadpole to frog, a metamorphosis involving little growth but great differentiation in a short time, is utterly dependent upon an efficient thyroid gland. Tadpoles deprived of this gland will never become frogs unless they are fed chopped bits of gland. And normal tadpoles fed thyroid will transform long before they would do so if not given this unusual diet. Similarly, the sex glands secrete substances which are responsible for the appearance of all the obvious external sexual characters (usually called secondary). If testis and ovary are exchanged, an entire sex reversal takes place.

The action of the hormones affords an explanation of the curious paradox in development described above. Either one gland ceases to function, or another begins. Under acceleration, early development is speeded up, but later development is retarded or stopped because inhibitors of development have been even more accelerated. This fact plays havoc with many of our conceptions of the course of evolution, for it shows that an anatomically "primitive" beast may be only a case of arrested development. There is here no natural selection, no inheritance of acquired characters. Hundreds of generations of mutants may have gone toward producing a creature of infinite complexity, yet if a warm current accelerates his development the outward and visible signs of that complexity may never appear, and a simple "primitive" animal will reproduce and die and no one ever know what mute, inglorious genes have lain concealed beneath his unprepossessing exterior. The idea here is not exactly a new one, yet the scientific elucidation of it is sufficiently novel.

Obviously there is a way out. The en
crines themselves and the relative ti
of their appearance in development
not emancipated from the tendency
variation and mutation. And this,
course, has normally taken place. So
great majority of anatomically primi
types are primitive in all senses of
word and not throwbacks or atavism

Application of the foregoing to Ma
entirely hypothetical, but a few suggest
may be made. Much exaggeration conc
ing glandular types of man has
published, yet there is perhaps some t
underlying it. Keith has put forward
suggestion that the chief races may
correlated with different glandular
tivity. Thus the common symptom
adrenal deficiency is an increase of
mentation in the skin, and this may m
that the Negro is a low adrenal t
Excitability is the mark of superabun
thyroid secretion, and so perhaps
Mongol who "smiles when the white
riles" may be lacking in thyroid. T
is more soundness in applying gland
criteria to Bean's anatomical type
Man: the Hypermorph, a slim typ
which all the features are long and nar
the Mesomorph, a stocky build with l
broad features; and the Hypomorp
dwarf with all characters short and br
These types are not all found in all r
Whites are mainly Hypermorph or M
morph; Mongols may be all three; Neg
are either Mesomorph or Hypomorph.
Hypermorph type is best developed
the sea, and thus not only corresp
anatomically to the medical high thy
type, but is found in regions where t
is most iodine, the basic constituent o
thyroid hormone. The Hypomorph
is occasionally found in the white
as a pathological freak, the Mongo
idiot, and the picture which this
presents is sometimes considered as
nected with thyroid deficiency. Here
glimpse the possibility that the anaton
and psychological traits of a race may
be hereditary at all, but solely due t

eased or decreased activity of certain nds, depending on whether the environ- nt contains sufficient quantities of a gle primary element. This is exag- ated, but may contain a germ of truth. o far as the rate of development is cerned, it is well known that the more pical races mature earlier than do the e northern. Vague hints have from e to time been cast out which lead one suppose that some have thought the thern races to be less developed, less lligent, more primitive, more infantile. ny of these notions are correct, it may hat the more rapid development has lerated the inhibiting factor, as in Certainly the greater sexual dimorph- (in beard, skeleton, and other char- rs) of the Caucasian seems correlated h his slower growth. The infantile omorph type (dwarf) is found nor- ly only in the tropics. The influence limate on man is an old subject, but just possible that it works in a more subtle, more all-pervading way than has ever been supposed, and not necessarily solely through natural selection or through providing a favorable environment.

To come nearer home and to consider one race, it seems likely that the age of puberty is the time when the inhibitory factors begin to work. We have all been amazed and some of us have been scandalized at the results of the Army Intelligence Tests. Yet it is quite apparent that they show the average mental age of the American male to be the same as his age of puberty. Arguments enough, most of them somewhat acrid, have been based on the possible mental inferiority of women. If real, this inferiority means simply a lower mental age—and women arrive at puberty two years earlier than men. These are merely suggestions, but it would seem relatively easy to compare the results of mental tests on adults with the ages of puberty of the same group. The results might be very interesting.

Linguistics

YUGOSLAV SPEECH IN AMERICA

By Louis Adamic

F ALL the Bohunks—which includes the Poles, Slovaks, Czechs, and other ern and Southeastern Europeans whose it is, along with that of the Italians, icans and Negroes, to perform most of dirty work of the United States—the o- or South-Slavs are perhaps the larg- ingredient in the Melting Pot. They o be found in high numbers—running total of nearly two millions, though a l half of them are still carried in official rican statistics as Austrians—in the t mining regions of Pennsylvania, , Illinois, West Virginia, Colorado, Mexico, and Arizona, on farming s in the Middle West and the West, in York City, Chicago, Cleveland, Pitts- h, Cincinnati, and other industrial rs, in the woods of Maine and the hwest, on fishing smacks along the coast of Southern California, and on countless construction jobs all over the country.

Yugoslavia, as we find it since the Hapsburg Empire went the way of all things, is made up of three distinct though very closely akin nationalities—the Serbs (which includes, besides the Serbs of Serbia proper, the Montenegrins, the Macedonians, and the Mohammedan Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina), the Croats and the Slovenes. The Serbs and Croats, comprising the greater part of the new country, speak the same language, the Serbo-Croat, but the former use the Cyrillic and the latter, like the Slovenes, the Latin alphabet. The difference between this Serbo-Croat tongue and the Slovenian speech is perhaps no greater than between the German of Vienna and that of Hamburg. Thus linguistically the Yugoslavs are practically one people; their respective claims to being separate nationalities are laid, in the main, upon historical or traditional and religious bases

which it would be irrelevant to discuss here.

In the old country, I am informed, there is still considerable ugly feeling between Croats and Serbs as well as between Serbs and Slovenes, stirred up, for the most part, by the rivalries among the political demagogues and professional patriots, and by the holy clerks of the Catholic and Greek Orthodox Churches. This feeling prevents the three peoples from mingling freely and intimately with one another, and thus gradually merging into one nation. But in the United States there is among them little sign of this separateness. Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, while still hanging on to their respective labels, join together in the same singing societies, debating and reading clubs, and benevolent lodges, and if a mixed group of them are gathered in the proximity of a few gallons of bootleg wine, they are apt to wax sentimentally eloquent, and even poetic, over the things that their three-in-one nationality means to them. In a word, for the purposes of the present article, the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are one people.

Considering that this Yugoslav population in America is relatively meagre and, besides, is spread out all over the country, it is small wonder that its vulgate, within the last thirty years, should have undergone considerable changes. The Yugoslav immigrant, as a rule, learns the American language as well as his new environment permits him—in some cases very well indeed—but at the same time he keeps up with his native Slovene or Serbo-Croat, insisting, for purely sentimental and selfish reasons, that his children learn it, and resenting, on occasion, any attempt to corrupt it. Simultaneously, however, he goes on building and using, perhaps unknowingly, a third language, fashioned from the materials of the first according to the genius of the second.

Thus, referring to the greatest country in the world, the American Yugoslav is not likely to say *Združene* or *Zjedinjene države*, which are literal Slovene and Serbo-Croat translations of United States, rather *Unajne štec*, or *Jus* (U. S.) for s And the holiday commemorating the of the nation becomes *Džulajevo* Day), after the manner of naming c holidays in the old country. A hou him is *hauz* or *gauz;* a kitchen, *kič* bucket, *boket;* a stove, *štof;* a plate, *f* pitcher and picture, *pičer;* a shovel, a spoon, *špuna;* a fork, *forka* or *fork* basket, *bosket;* a bowl, *bol;* a garden *garten gec;* upstairs and downstairs, and *daštez;* a bed, *bet;* a needle, *nitl;* car, *kara*. Shoes are *šuhi;* house sli *hauz* or *gauz šlipari;* bloomers, *br* rubber-boots, *robarbuce;* overalls, *ober* sweater, *švidar*, and a blouse, *bluza*.

In the morning he *brekfešta* (breakf picks up his *lonč-boket* (lunch-bucket) to the *majna* (mine), finds his *partnar* ner), and then spends the rest of th *vurkati* (working). In the mine the all sorts of *basi* (bosses) who *basirajo* him. Every so often there is *peda* (pa and he gets just enough *moni* to p *bord* (board), get a *šat* of *viska* (sh whiskey) at the nearest *špizi* (speak- maybe go to a *tenc* (dance), and po put a few *toleri* (dollars) aside for a (rainy day) or the forthcoming (strike). In this *kontri* (country) a must *roslat* (rustle) to make both meet.

Should one accompany an Ame Yugoslav housewife who, beside t care of her *hosban* (husband) and ha new *bebi* (baby) once a year, keeps a a-dozen *bordarjev* (boarders), on her trip to the *market* or *štor* (store), on see her purchase *potetus*, *redič*, *onjenc*, *epuls*, *pičus*, *kebič*, *kreps*, *vodamalone* *seleri* (potatoes, radishes, onions, c apples, peaches, cabbage, grapes, melons, and celery). On the way butcher's she will probably remark things are terribly *spensif* (expensive one had better watch these *štorkipar* they were *krukani* (crooked) as a always trying to slip one *štuf* that w or *enži* (n. g.), whereas she *lajka* t

r *bordarjem gut štuf* (likes to give her arders good stuff). And at the butcher's e gets some *porčops* (pork-chops), *šteks* eaks), maybe a few *rebec* (rabbits) or a ung *luštar* (rooster) or two, and a little *smit* (cat-meat). At the *društor* (drug-ore) she buys a *fizik* (physic) for the *bebi* d is half tempted to blow herself to an *krem soda* (ice cream soda).

Arriving home, she orders the wailing *i* to *šerap* (shut up), and tells two of her ler children to cease their *fajtanje* (fight-g) and *garjep* (hurry up) to the *rejrod ds* (railroad yards) with the biggest *ket* in the house and see if they can't k up some *kol* (coal). And so on; there indeed, hardly an everyday word that not thus taken from the English lan-ge and refashioned to fit the Yugoslav gue.

Very interesting, too, is the manner in ich these immigrants Americanize their names. Often they choose Anglo-Saxon nes, or what appears to them to be glo-Saxon names, whose sound or spell-or both resemble the original Yugo-v patronymics. Thus Oblak becomes *Black;* Miklavec or Miklavič, *McClautz;* rin, *O'Green;* Črček, *Church;* Jakša or šič, *Jackson;* Bizjak, *Busyjack* (!); Oven, *Owen*, and Stritar, *Streeter*. Not infrequently they translate their names into literal or near-literal English equivalents; as for instance, Černe into *Black*, Belko or Belič into *White*, or Podlesnik into *Underwood*.

The influence of this new American-Yugoslav language upon the literary forms used by Yugoslav-language newspapers in the United States is as yet only slight. So far I have noticed but a dozen or so of words that have been admitted into the news and editorial columns, *e.g.*, *majnar* and *majna*, *farmar* and *farma*, *štrajk* and *štrajkar*, *štor*, *viska*, and *lota* (lot). There are one or two humorous columnists who go further in this direction, but they are exceptions. Once I met a West Virginia Negro who, having worked with Slovenes most of his life, spoke quite fluently a Slovene dialect and could read the Yugoslav newspapers. But no more than a dozen Yugoslav words have been taken up by any considerable number of native Americans, and most of these are obscene or profane. At the moment I can think of but one that is printable: *potica* (pronounced *potitsa*), the name of a kind of cake made in Slovenia, a poor imitation of which has come into vogue in Chicago and other Mid-Western cities.

BODY'S BREVIARY

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

FIRST WEEK

I

Monday. Body mind and conscious mind. The conscious mind running alone is a motor running and driving no wheels. I am tired of the futile drone of my conscious mind running alone, of the vain irritation of gray matter in the cortex of my brain. I want to sink into my larger self and live happily in my lower centers. Let "the long intestine keep its rhythm," let "the fine cilia lining air-pipes keep moving like fields of grain." Let my whole being be suffused with the content of vegetative processes,—absorption and elimination, metabolism and catabolism.

II

Tuesday. It is good to swim against the stream, to pit one's force against the force of the current, defy the rapids and leap the falls. It is likewise good to lie passive, to float downstream with the current, follow each curve of the fallow lands and into the warm reaches of salt water. With the stream or against the stream, all creatures obey the dominant stress of life, fulfilling their destiny. . . . Fate is full of contradictions. The sons of Prometheus have grown mighty defying the gods. They have hung their walls with trophies torn from the reluctant grasp of Nature.

III

Wednesday. The study of body is the discovery of soul. For the soul is a flower of that stem. Because I knew not the body, I questioned and mistook the soul. I cut it from its stem and set it in holy-water in a crystal bowl. It kept a momen fragrance, but in the morning it was l dead bird, crumpled and shriveled, a for nothing but to be thrown from window.

IV

Thursday. Work is better than play work is toward an end and seeks a summation. Play is preliminary wo trying of powers, action without pur . . . The end of work is unimportant it gives design to action; it gives cohe to life, and significance. It binds tog yesterday and tomorrow.

V

Friday. Be not too much concerned wit consummation of your wishes. If achieve your end, so much the bett you achieve it not, it has already g and given design to your action. An end of action is action. . . . Unsucce work may be successful play. . . . B overmuch concerned with the con mation of your wishes.

VI

Saturday. When I have done good wo will take pleasure in it. When I baffled and obstructed, I shall know t matters nothing.

VII

Sabbath. Irony is a sharp blade, a weapon of defence. Where there is no to defend, it is a dangerous tool. It is i cause of love that I whet my bla irony. Love and aspiration are the b and breath of life. When I slaughter t like Saul, I turn the blade upon mys

SECOND WEEK

VIII

onday. We grudge at life because we are willing to pay the price of admission. . . lmission, quotha? We must keep on ying throughout the performance. Every y, every minute, we must pay. . . . Well, not the spectacle worth it? Is not the me worth it? Color alone would be orth it. Smell alone is sufficient—the ell of linden blossoms across the tennis ld. And beyond smell and color there are ve, which comes higher, and thought, ich costs so much that we have little t for love, for color and smell. Well, at is life . . . and do I understand you to fer a state of not-being?

IX

esday. We are receivers of stimuli, and ponders. How terribly they beat in on us! Demanding response, adjustment. e sun we could well bear. We have ired ourselves to color and to smell; instinctively draw down the blinds of senses. But thought is a tyrant, in- uating itself into our moments of reverie l visceral subsidence into calm. Most rible of all are people, with their in- ation, their challenge to response. If I ght be silent for a year, I should be saner tainly, and perhaps wiser. If I were not ncerned with others' opinion of me, I ld talk and not be distracted; I could be nt and suffer no embarrassment.

X

dnesday. Why must I be so much con- ned with others' opinion of me? People ght not to expect more of me than ure, and nature expects no more than I give. My heart is good; I like people; ely they will know this without my ling them, without my seeking smiles l blandishment. I will turn my face to m and they will open their hearts, and they will love me. But I wish them to nk that I have gifts, that I am clever? ely I have gifts, though not the gifts I might have chosen. Say I have not wit, nor humor, nor gayety; say that I have not a memory stored with knowledge to make them wise. But I love life, and I love thought; then my face will light up with interest in what they say. I shall catch the ball they toss me and pitch it back again and catch and throw it back. And so they will be happy and not be bored, and not think ill of me. (It would not be human not to wish them to think well of me!) And if I tire, if my mind flags and I seek solitude, they will not miss me—there are always so many others to play at ball with.

XI

Thursday. For us the table of life is spread profusely. Our greatest labor is to choose among these lavish offerings. Cramming is the mother of under-nourishment. Gobbling makes no bones. The paths open out in every direction. Every way is good; but all ways together lead to distraction. Let me choose one path today and follow it through, whether it lead through forest or meadow, up the mountain or down to the water. And I will take my time, as eternity does, to ripen her fruits. *Ich geh' nicht schnell, ich eile nicht, durch Dämmergrau, in der Liebeland!*

XII

Friday. A little music suffices me. To the musician it is his element in which he lives. He rides upon it as a bird rides upon the air. To me it is a tip of flame. One song of Strauss, one movement of Mozart, is enough to set me burning for the day. It is enough to set all my dreams to music. Against Wagner and Beethoven I must defend myself; I must defend myself against Titian, against Milton. I would not be consumed to cinders; I would not be drowned in a butt of malmsey.

XIII

Saturday. What is this complaint of the demands of life? Life besieges you with claims? You could lie down like a tired child? . . . For heaven's sake, why don't you lie down? . . . Understand this well:

Life makes upon you no demands whatever. Life sends you an invitation with no r. s. v. p. If you are besieged with claims, they are all of your own invention. Nature makes no demands upon you. Nature has taught you to seek food, to make love, to shun the fire. If you don't mind the fire, Nature will let you burn without a qualm. If you have no need of love, Nature will get along without your progeny. You have bread and water and shelter from the wind. You have an ash-plant for snakes and marauders. Very well, you are ready for life's invitations. Nature taught you to relish your dinner and go to sleep with the sun. Who taught you to lie awake and whine over the demands of life?

XIV

Sabbath. Henceforth I mean to make much of myself. I look upon myself as a man of parts. I am not Socrates or Einstein, Conrad or Rembrandt, but I am the microcosm and the center of this world. Roses languish in my parterre, but I have a way with nasturtiums. They nod their curly heads all over my sand-heap and fill my house with shrill blasts of merriment. Behold, I am a man of parts! That was a good thing I said this morning, though somewhat too subtle for common apprehensions. This set of tennis I lost, but one good stroke amiably colors the whole evening. They say that Betelgueux has a circumference of 200,000,000 miles, or, swollen with heat and gas, 400,000,000. Perhaps it was diameter and not circumference. But that is all one to me, who have never glimpsed that distant star. What is Betelgueux to a man of parts? What is it to one straw-colored nasturtium?

THIRD WEEK

XV

Monday. Now that I am a man of parts, my body secretes juices faster, enzymes and hormones, ferments and exciters. Metabolism goes merrily and my body takes shape like a statue of Hermes. My arteries sing as they carry blood to the
of my toes, and up and down my sp
column the nerves purr with placid
tentment. This it is to be a man of p
to make much of myself. . . . And
that I make much of myself, I make m
more of others. I am better company
that I am at peace with myself.

XVI

Tuesday. But, you say, people make
mands. . . . What claims have people u
you so long as you do them no harm? W
right have people to upset the balanc
tween you and the world? If you
taken a wife, you must give her food
shelter. If you have begotten children,
them and let them learn the lesson
Nature. . . . And as for a good exa
what better example can you give
than that of a man at peace with his w

XVII

Wednesday. Consider this Dutchman i
picture. Placid he sits with his pipe
bowl under his vine and fig-tree. His
on the ground, his garters loose and s
ings down. He talks with his friend
tween long silences, exchanging an
proverbs. He laughs little, and needs
sleep, for he consumes but little ne
power. He is man as he should be,
seems to have solved the riddle of li

XVIII

Thursday. But he produces nothing a
good for nothing. He does not pay fo
keep. Is there no demand that we sh
be good for something? . . . Ther
nothing anywhere that makes su
demand. Life demands nothing, but
ample occasion. If there is something
crave to do, by all means do it. Th
your privilege. But why plague yo
with imaginary claims?

XIX

Friday. It is the privilege of the pi
grow a hundred feet high and spr
million needles, to make scented sha
man and beast, and give the wind a

irument of many strings whereon to play
s ceaseless symphony. . . . It is the priv-
ge of man to build bridges and fashion
llects. It is his privilege and pleasure.
. It is the privilege of the potato plant
drain the soil and grow potatoes; the
ivilege of the potato bug to fatten on the
ves of the potato plant. It is the privi-
ge of the wheat to shoot up seven feet
d cover the prairie; and the wheat rust
dart its fibrils through every stem and
use the wheat to shrivel and die. Nature
ers a fair field and no favor.

XX

turday. Have you not learned that noth-
g matters? The ephemera rises at sunset
m an imago in the water, with the rising
the moon; she mates and drops her eggs,
d before sunrise she is a wisp of lifeless
ngs, a speck of débris on the wan sur-
ce of the water. The mason wasp shoots
th her stinger to paralyze the spinal
nglion of the spider; she drags the
ider home and lays her egg within its
dy and seals it there with mud as in a
mb. The egg hatches, the larva makes its
al of the spider, digs its way out, and
ves within the tomb the empty shell of
e spider. Such is the way of life, and
thing matters.

XXI

bbath. To me it matters whether I suffer
in or pleasure! To the spider it matters
nen the mason wasp pierces him with
r stinger. To the ephemera it matters
at she find her mate in the moonlit mist
ove the water. . . . Very well then! Let
e ephemera find her mate in the moon-
ht. Let the spider give a wide berth to
e wasp; let him spin a citadel impreg-
ble. . . . And as for you, do you build
ur bridge; fashion your collect and take
light therein. Go to it happily, and
ild fiercely; but let it not plague you
th the plagues of Egypt. Consider the
ies of the field; they toil not neither do
ey spin; and yet I say unto you that
lomon in all his glory was not arrayed
e one of these.

FOURTH WEEK

XXII

Monday. Why were you given eyes, my friend, and fingers to touch, and throat and tongue formed for the shaping of words? So that you might behold and feel, and give voice to the wordless soul of things. It was not for nothing that you were spawned upon the waters of time. From eternity the soul of things dumbly craves the word that shall give it full being.

XXIII

Tuesday. All the ways of things are words. The marriage and divorce of atoms, and every potency and pungency of the elements, single or mated. The ocean is tireless in his invention and combination. The fluttering down of leaves is one word, and the tightening grip of a woman's arms. Every word of man is a constellation, a stellar system of the words of nature. Nature needed not the words of man, but she has long sought them; they are the latest fulfillment of her eternal impulse.

XXIV

Wednesday. Do not suppose that the world hangs upon your lips. Infinite are the words that have been found. The glide of a lizard into his hole is a song. Water falling, the birth of a child, the unshed tears of a widow. The pulse and measure of a minuet are alone a complete system, a sufficient interpretation of the universe. The flapping shoe-soles of the clog-dancer, these are another system. And the soul of things is released with joy in the crooning plaint of Negroes in their moonlit cabins.

XXV

Thursday. Ohne Hast, ohne Rast. . . . Eternity has a long breath, a long unhurried pace. She will wait, never fear, for the word you have to utter; she will not miss it when it comes; and if it never comes, she will forgive you.

XXVI

Friday. All life is a curving in of petals towards the heart of Love. Brief and rare is the consummation, but that voluptuousness suffuses every thought and movement. The playful grace of children, the fierce labors of manhood, the tranquil reveries of age, are petals curving in to the heart of Love. Anticipation, experience, memory, who shall tell them apart or say which is the greater glory? Divide them and you tear up and scatter the rose of life.

XXVII

Saturday. Whatever is least conscious of Love is a celebration of Love. If I tame wild horses, if I lace the world with wires and messages, if I blind myself deciphering codes and peering after stars, it is an affirmation of manhood, instinctive ser in the shrine of Paphos. . . . All lif colored with that delight,—the lo woodsman felling trees, the mystic dr ing in her cell, the settlement-worker and efficient in the heat and confusio the slums. The compensations and limations, the very denials, are themse the creations of Love. All movement thought are suffused with that del that lies at the heart of Love.

XXVIII

Sabbath. Let me never be reconciled to p Pain is a phase of life, but it is life ou beat and striving to recover the rhyt . . . Fight away, pain! Strike out, r and left; beat away until you have ca again the rhythm of life!

THE GODS CONFUSED

BY OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

Because of the tradition that newspaper styles, like those of millinery, must emanate from New York City, e appearance of the tabloids in the metrops, and their instantaneous success, asned in editorial breasts throughout the ited States the proportions of a national amity. In Manhattan itself, the catasphe took on a poignant personal char- er among the editors of those dignified rnals which had survived the stormy ssage of Munsey.

At first, in the offices of the *Times*, the *rald-Tribune*, and the *World*, where the ssure was to be felt the most, there was inclination to regard the new fungus th gentle compassion, as a novel experint little likely to succeed. There were ws stories and even kindly editorials, shing the newcomers well. But as the *rror* followed the *Daily News*, and the *phic* the *Mirror*, something akin to ic forced its way into the evening conences of the editorial dogmatists, with ir "This is a good story" and "That's news."

For a good many years, the lot of the wspaper editor in America had been an y and a happy one. His working hours d been full of the satisfaction of an isan who knew his trade and performed with precision. Charles A. Dana, the d of all American newspaper men, had ined news as the biting of a dog by a n. Designed for lesser, simpler souls n he, it proved their invaluable yardk, confirming their belief in their own pacity to measure and understand what y liked to feel was incomprehensible to men. From the Bangor *News* to the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, men knew the phrase and mouthed it as an article of faith. International bankers, public relations counsel, novelists, continuity writers, cotton planters, and salesmen of bogus stock, boasting of having been newspaper men once themselves, made of it a reminiscent incantation, like the *Arma verumque cano* of those who have studied Latin. In the end, even the more advanced among the despised laymen learned it, and, with it, the feeling of having penetrated to mysteries of which all but them were ignorant. As a symbol of the newspaper editor's belief that news fell within hard, clear lines, easy to mark off, it took on the authority and sanctity of a litany.

Into this happy scene of security about the editorial board the tabloids thrust themselves as most unwelcome guests. It was not alone, nor even mainly, their bounding circulations which brought uneasiness. Hasty inquiries soon showed that no small number of the new tabloid readers were recruits who had never read newspapers before. Thus a circulation of one million for the *News* did not mean a proportionate decrease of readers for the tabloid's staid contemporaries. Nor was it the discovery that well-chosen, clearly printed photographs could make readers where none had been before, for that had been known a long while. It was the conclusion, reluctantly reached and never analyzed, that the tabloids had broken loose from the old news tradition, and were winning readers, advertising and profit by measuring news solely on the basis of its interest for large numbers of adult infants. That gave the old-time

editors something to think of. It shook their old professional assurance and complacency. If the intrusive gentry of the tabloids were not going to regard the old standards of news, a multitude of editors, advanced in years, would soon be as little children in their trade.

For a brief period, the more sober journals hid their uneasiness well. Only their reporters, loose on the street with the hellhounds from the tabloids, knew not whether the following day would find them in bad odor for having failed to purchase an interview with a bereaved widow, or to steal the photograph of a dead child, or to wrangle from reluctant sources some other such tit-bit. It became the humane practice to pretend during office hours that the tabloids didn't exist. Their thefts and fakes and underworld subtleties were mentioned only during social discourse and never during a meeting of the Ethics Committee of the Newspaper Club.

II

But newspaper business managers make poor ostriches, and the pretense of indifference could not be maintained for long. The appellation, "standard papers," was devised for advertising purposes, so that there might be no confusion in the public mind between the two schools. Grave editorials discussed the Tabloid Era. And about the same time, taking their cue from the editors, reporters for the standard papers began to describe in news stories the activities of tabloid reporters and photographers as a part of the "American scene." Very aloof and superior the standard papers became, but they couldn't keep off the subject. In the end an account of the tabloid machinery of reporting an event became such a vital part of a news story about it that the event itself all but disappeared from view.

The Browning case brought open hostilities. From the moment the distinguished realtor, Edward W. Browning, began advertising for young girl applicants for the office of adopted daughter until he chir his final statement to the press, mon later, he provided the perfect tabloid sto

Here was a gentleman who, to all inte and purposes, could not be libelled; w could be ridiculed, buffooned, scorned solemnly attacked as a public men whose fetid mind could be explored at l whose sexual practices and honeym antics he was only too happy to rev and from whom, as rejoinder, might feared not so much as a single letter to editor.

If they had made him to order, the t loids could not have done better for th selves. Before the lamented war, newsp practice had held suspect, as not news, information which the subject desire be published. Press agents were the c mon enemy of all editors, and only by most devious tricks, and the most gene outlay of free tickets, could even circus get stories into the papers.

The war and Ivy Lee, most eminen public relations counsel, broke down editorial prejudice to a point where p agents and their canned copy became most as welcome as an Associated P bulletin. But it remained for the tabl and the Browning case to develop the point of view to its natural conclusion them must be credited the discovery the exhibitionist who enjoys the pu exploitation of his private affairs is most fecund of all news subjects—a ge mother of news stories, capable of inf creations without a still birth in the l them.

Not unhumorously, while the stan papers preserved an uneasy aloofness, tabloids adapted to the new scheme th device of printing signed stories, w was invented by their solemn predece for the handling of scientific and his cal events. Thus, close upon the hee Carter's story of the tomb of Tut-A Amen, Byrd's story of the flight ove Pole, and the tales of Amundsen and worth, came the account by Mary Sp Daddy Browning's love yearnings.

The auction of the Spas document offers air example of tabloid technic. A re-ter for the *Mirror* and a reporter for the *ws* stood in the humble Spas home bid-g for the young woman's narrative. e gentleman from the *Mirror*, unknown his competitor, possessed a blank check y signed by his managing editor, and ers to fill it out for any amount, but ler no circumstances to fail to return to office with the Spas' signature and her son as well. The gentleman from the *ws* had but $500 in cash. The bidding n passed that point. He held up the ceedings while he made a frantic tele-one call to his managing editor. In a minutes an office boy from the *News* peared with $4,500 additional cash. But Spas eye had glimpsed the blank check l heard the words "Write your own ket." So the lady departed hurriedly for *Mirror* office, while the *News* reporter sed the cry that she was being kidnapped. With the appearance of Peaches Heenan the Browning scene, there ensued a mad amble among the tabloidicians to be the t at the bedside with fountain pen and eck-book. At last, Peaches, having fled m her Daddy, was traced to a hiding ce in New Jersey by the same gentleman m the *News* who had failed to win the rative of La Spas. He had $5,000 in cash his jeans. Quietly, majestically, as be-ed one who had never seen such a con-stion of yellow-backed bills before, he shed the money before the lovely Heenan es. But Peaches, strangely enough, de-ned for any price to tell the manner of r acid burns. Whereupon he withdrew, ving obtained photographs and the rev-tion of her whereabouts without spend-g a cent.

The conventional journals of the town, th their protestations of public duty bly performed, regarded these didoes th growing perturbation. Reports of eir news-stand scouts told of steadily owing circulations among the tabloids. guely, they still hoped that the Brown-g worm would turn, and that the tab-loids would be blown to perdition by their own petard. A snappy libel suit, they felt, might well destroy this menace and make unnecessary any decision by standard editors to adopt the new technic.

The miracle was denied them. Worse, there approached the trial of the Brown-ing-Heenan difficulties, with all its promise of meaty disclosures under official approval. The impending spectacle ill-suited the old, close definition of news. Daddy's doings showed neither the iniquity of great wealth, the immorality of the younger generation, nor even the fate of innocent girlhood alone in a great and wicked city. In no sense could the portrait of a middle-aged realtor, disporting on all fours in his bedroom before his bride, be deemed to affect the amity of nations, the rise in ex-change, or the future of aviation. Daddy, in fact, was singularly unimportant. And it was unrelieved tragedy that hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers appeared to regard his sex life as highly interesting.

III

"Important and interesting" had long been the final gauges of the standard edi-tors in estimating big news. The more emphasis on "important" and the less on "interesting," the greater the dignity and prestige of the editor. "Important" had proved a happily loose term. It permitted one to class thereunder Woodrow Wilson, the League of Nations, the Geneva Arms Conference, the Yellow Peril, national prosperity, Alfred E. Smith, or the great Republican Party, according to the hobby of one's proprietor. But now there was arising on the horizon a story which held no other excuse but interest, while in the foreground the tabloids sharpened their knives for the feast.

Desperately, the standard papers sought to brush the horrid vision away. In news stories and editorials it was suggested that the trial be conducted in private, beyond the ears and winking camera eyes of the tabloids. The court ruled otherwise. There-

upon, the *World* brought up its heavy guns. Under the title, "The Big Show," it declaimed:

> The Browning separation suit, according to a decision handed down yesterday, will be tried publicly. And, apparently, under the law, the court could give no other decision. But consider where this public trial of the case will lead us. First, we shall see a court-room jammed with the machinery for reporting the scandal. We shall see reporters, sob sisters, newspaper camera-men, telegraph messengers and all the rest of a familiar company. We shall see the parties to the suit, together with their relatives and eminent counsel, basking in the light of all this publicity. We shall see newspapers filled for days on end with the great sensation. We shall see photographs, both real and composite. If the precedent of the Rhinelander case is followed, we shall see the stenographic testimony; and this, to judge from the memoirs written by the defendant in order to warn other young girls, will be unusually revolting. In short, we shall see an orgy of legalized lewdness that would be suppressed by the police if it arose in any other connection.
>
> And all to decide whether Bunny is to have a separation from Peaches! That is the great issue which is to degrade our press, public and courts. Its effect on the courts is perhaps the gravest evil of all. Bench and bar may ignore the issue as much as they please, but this kind of thing does as much to destroy respect for the law as any of the factors more often discussed. Respect for the law rests on respect for the courts; and respect for the courts, in a large degree, rests on universal perception of their dignity. It is impossible to associate dignity with the ballyhoo going on in the court at White Plains. That court, for all one knows, may have every high quality that a court should have, but dignity is a matter of appearances, and the appearances here are those of a sideshow. It is time for us to consider whether we do not pay a terrible price for our fun when our fun is a sensational airing of marital difficulties.

Under the emotion which inspired this document, there trembled in the balance for a few hours in the *World* office the momentous possibility that that newspaper would refrain from publishing any account of the proceedings at White Plains. Upon reflection, however, it was decided that a great newspaper need not go so far. A reporter and photographer were despatched to the trial to report the affair in as dignified a way as possible. As for the *Times*, it gave Peaches and Daddy, word for word, as much space as did any tabloid, but discreetly hid its shame on inside pages. The *Tribune* played the story without so much as an editorial ahem, but sought to dignify its accounts by refusing to use the nicknames Peaches and Daddy except when they appeared in the testimony. The *World*, having warned its readers, finally made room on Page 1 for the story, satisfying its sense of public duty by a careful censorship of the stenographic testimony.

Having built their perfect story and refused their enemies with it, the tabloids might have been expected to find great satisfaction therein. But such was not the case. The *News*, hitherto the unquestioned leader in tabloid technic, discovered it had lost appetite for the game. Its longer lead and the prestige of its one million readers had apparently brought upon it a desire for greater peace and more respectability. But the pace of the Browning case admitted no such fatty degeneration. The *Mirror* took the dizzy lead, with page-one headlines, such as:—

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N

Further, the *Mirror* published all the testimony, save for a few dull words omitted in favor of more exciting asterisks. Not to be behind reeled the *Graphic*, with composite photographs of the eminent realtor in various poses with his puffy bride and their heir-producing gander, and with such humorous observations as "Honk! Honk! The shoe-bird shronk."

Rumor has it that the *News* increased its circulation by 200,000 during the Browning trial. The *Graphic* is reputed to have put on 250,000. But the inspiring leadership of the *Mirror* brought it first place with 300,000 new, if temporary, readers. Whereupon, behold the *News* on Monday, January 31, 1927, in the following editorial and spiritual doubt:

> There are a number of clean and enterprising plays in New York this year. Fred Stone's "Criss Cross" is one example. But never before have such filthy plays been shown as are now running in this city. It is whispered that even worse shows are in the offing, waiting to get to theatres.
>
> It is evident that the managers won't clean

rt out of the theatres of their own free will. rhaps they can't. Anyway, they won't. So a nsorship of stage plays appears as the only lution. This city can't stand such garbage on stage much longer and hold up its head in the tion.

Mr. Lee Shubert, being questioned on this int, once said: "Well, if you have a censorship the theatre, why not for the newspapers? ewspapers dish out as much dirt when there is spicy trial on as plays ever do. You sell the news- per to any kid who has two cents, but you have pay $2.20 up to maybe $9.90 to see a brothel erating across the footlights. That puts it be- nd the reach of kids. If censorship of the eatre, why not of the press?"

To which our answer is—well, why not?

In this Peaches-Daddy Browning trial some of e publications reporting it have gone so far be- nd the line of decency as to seem insane. Like e ravings of John McCullough or the spewings the Gadarene swine.

Far be it from us to pin a lily on our coat. The *ws*, also, has gone too far. But the point is this: long as there is more money in more smut me theatrical manager will be found to go a p farther than before.

As long as there is more newspaper circulation more smut some presses will be found to roll t the smut.

Some unusually ruthless manager or editor leads e parade toward smut's farthest boundary line. ne others—or many of the others—follow. They ay follow reluctantly, but they do follow. litors are people and all people will do things der the stress of competition which they will t do ordinarily.

We see no end to competition in the New York wspaper field. Hence, we see no end to the smut rade unless the authorities intervene.

We hate bureaucracy. We hate the suppression free speech. But unless the minds of the children New York are to be drenched in obscenity it ems to us that a censorship of the press as well of the theatre must come.

The censorship, of course, should extend only matters of common decency. Free speech as to blic affairs must be as free as now.

The Postoffice Department at present maintains sort of censorship of newspapers in regard to e lottery law. That is unimportant compared this question of decency. If the Postoffice De- rtment is instructed to do so, it can quickly cut t flagrant indecency from the newspapers with tle disturbance and without creating a new reau.

These suggestions will at first seem radical to her publishers. But we believe if they give the atter thought they will see that such a censor- ip would not bother the papers which wished stay within the liberal bounds of decency. It ould restrain only those that wanted to go be- nd the limit. And in the long run, even these ould profit from being held in check.

Great joy bounded into the hearts of the ndard editors at this show of weakness the Devil's camp. For a moment the more naïve may have even hoped that the tabloid era was on the wane. But soon the *Graphic*, brought into court, was acquitted of a charge of obscenity and Satan, in the guise of the *News*, recovered his poise. Not again was he to waver, except for one brief hour, months later, while an "early pink" edition sold on the streets bearing an editorial white feather. It was hauled in before the second edition appeared.

IV

After the Browning case there was a lull, but none of the standard papers would ever be quite the same again. The perfect tabloid story had come hard upon the revival of the Hall-Mills case, which had been the single-handed work of the *Mirror*. Already the standard papers, before the trial of Daddy and Peaches, had been forced to eat tabloid crow. Though they had sought to disregard the accusations against Mrs. Hall and her relatives as the product of odoriferous journalism, the new habit was already too strong upon them. The arrests brought them down on the story, clamoring, and they exploited it during the subsequent weeks as no tabloid was able to do.

Arrests, even by the decaying standards of the most respectable journals, constitute news. Thus the Hall-Mills affair became both official and respectable. In the glottology of standard editors, the Hall family, by being arrested, no matter if at the instance of a tabloid, had "crossed the public conscience." So it became not only the opportunity but the duty of reputable newspapers to join the orgy. The fullness of this reasoning was demonstrated beyond dispute by the *Times*, with its circulation of thousands in the public libraries throughout the land. It devoted to the Hall-Mills testimony more space than it had ever given to any other story in its history. During the good or "hot" days of the trial three full pages were filled by the stenographic account of the proceedings. In wordage the *Times* outstripped the three tabloids combined. Its circulation gains

were tremendous. Yet on April 3, 1927, it produced the smug specimen below:

> During the past six months the circulation of the New York *Times*, certified in the statement required by law on April 1, reached the highest figure in its history. The total daily average for net paid circulation, 414,990, represents a gain of 22,000 over the highest previous total for six months. The whole is a matter of public interest as well as of private satisfaction. This steady growth of the *Times* has taken place at a period when many newspaper standards have seemed to be upset. It has been a time of all kinds of flashy experiment. In the turmoil kicked up by and around the new tabloids it may have seemed to careless observers that the only road to journalistic success lay along gigantic headlines, grotesque attempts at humor, and almost entire disregard of the really interesting news of the world.
>
> As against all this the steadily increasing approval of the New York *Times*, shown by a widespread gain in the number of its readers, is an indication of the true sentiment of intelligent people which the newspaper world cannot afford to neglect. It should be pondered by those in the profession or planning to enter it. The case is one calling for serious study and comment in schools of journalism. No one will claim that the trend is all one way, but no one with his eyes open can deny that in the success of the *Times* is a proof that those who think it all one way—and that the way of irresponsible journalism dealing only in "features"—are mistaken. The demonstration is complete that a large public desires a newspaper that preserves its sanity in the midst of clamor, that seeks and prints news which counts from all parts of the world, and that does not insult the intelligence of its readers by assuming that they cannot read or understand anything not in big type or in a picture, and that their daily desire is to be amused or scandalized rather than informed.

V

Many newspaper workers are pleased to call their trade a profession. Editors, reporters and copy readers alike view their tasks for the most part through a romantic haze, in which they see literature and public service mingled in happy union. They are frequently charming, shiftless folk with an abhorrence for commerce and its ways, and as long as they are able they delude themselves with the belief that literary merit and high principles are the goal for which at least some newspapers strive.

It is thus not easy for them to grasp the significance of such a term as "starting point of manufacture," which the *Herald-Tribune* used in the published diagrams its new plant to describe the City Roo It becomes clear to them only on such occasions as the appearance of a tabl reporter on the scene, with his poc bulging with cash with which to p chase news or photographs. When the genuous newspaper employé observes purchase of a reunion picture of N Snyder and her daughter Lorraine for small sum of $200, split between the r tives and county officials, and disco that the same photograph, sold to o papers, will net a profit of $500 or m the real basis of his trade becomes m apparent.

The effect upon the layman of the rev tion that newspaper publication is no form of commerce and not philanthrop even more disquieting. It leads him, of into dour denunciations. He deems newspaper workers to be privy to a gantic conspiracy. Following the trai Upton Sinclair, he breathes dark storie the vicious suppression of news and exploitation of other material for p alone. Certain unpleasant facts seem to him out.

It is true that big stories, heavily pla bring circulation and advertising; du the run of banner headlines from the ginning of the Snyder trial to the arr of Byrd's plane at Ver-sur-mer, one n paper showed an average increase of culation of 45,000 over the previous period. It is true that all this tempts n papers into vast excesses, such as buil the Lindbergh story into a gigantic ed of news print, and the deliberate pu ing up of interest in heavyweight fights and other such affairs. It is true editors follow the trail of the largest culation, regardless of their protestat of virtue, and suppress or play down st which they believe might engender tility among their readers. Thus e newspaper office in New York has kn the true story of Lindbergh's relations his mother—that what they had descr as admirable Anglo-Saxon reticence

more than a mutual dislike—, yet not per has published even a hint of the state of affairs. And thus half a dozen ers in New York and Boston, each esting its desire to get at the truth of Sacco-Vanzetti case, declined to pub- the results of a ballistic examination ch indicated Sacco's guilt; most of all, paper which had sponsored the ex- nation in the belief that it would blish Sacco's innocence!

ndeed, the Sacco-Vanzetti case all but royed the remnant of sanity left among standard papers. For months the Boston ers played down or completely ignored efforts of the defense to free the men, he theory that any case which aroused n controversy could only bring diffi- ies upon the paper which so much as lished the news. Surely a curious doc- e—that the very interest of a multitude eople in a news story destroyed its news ie! The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* alone ng American newspapers published the nkfurter analysis of the evidence which claimed the innocence of the convicted n. The confusion brought in by this gest of news stories led to the attack of *Times* upon the writings of Heywood un in the *World*. Not since Munsey's ch put an end to his signed absurdities Page 1 of the *Evening Sun* has there been nore curious document than the ex- nation published by the *World* of its sequent suppression of Broun's views. nnounced that its policy was not to rfere with the "fullest possible ex- sion of individual opinion to those of special writers who write under their n names," and then went on to say t, "exercising its right of final decision o what it will publish in its columns," ad "omitted all articles submitted by Broun!"

n the face of such goings-on the prot- tions by the standard papers of their lanthropic purposes make them very nerable to attack. Thus the *Graphic*, as most self-conscious of the tabloids, its opportunity to fulminate about having "the heart and courage to stand by *every* plank in its own platform,"—on the same page which showed Plank No. 10 of that platform to be: "Harmonize automobile laws with the speed allowed by enforcement officers!"

VI

The commercial character of the American newspapers is nothing new. Half a century ago or more they were, for the most part, still the personal organs of men who were willing to pay a deficit for the privilege of exhibiting their views in public. But since then they have comprised an industry run for profit. Should they be judged on any other basis than the pants business or any other commercial enterprise, just because men like to throw about them a fictitious aspect of romance? It doesn't seem so.

Perhaps, in essence, they play the rôle of a public utility and should be under the same control as the street railways. But they are not. And until they are, it might be sensible of laymen and newspaper workers alike to regard the trade through less romantic glasses. A reputation for attacking public wrong is a tangible and profitable asset for some newspapers, just as a public belief in the high quality of his wool is an asset for a pants manufacturer. Other papers sell their product with less emphasis on the integrity of their views, just as other pants manufacturers point less to their materials than to the fancy cut of their pants. Should a newspaper be judged harshly when it fails to carry its crusading spirit into fields where it would not add to circulation and would injure profits? And should the editorial stuffed shirts who are driven to chicaneries about their papers' consciences be deemed a dangerous species, or should they win instead a little laughter?

Certainly no gentler, more well-meaning folk may be found than the grave-toned editors of the "reputable" press. Representatives of Southern States in Congress

do not feel their responsibility more. They are merely engaged in child-like make-believe. If, during even their present confusion, they can maintain a little longer the notion that they are engaged in a profession, should one berate them?

Theirs, it would seem, is unhappiness enough. They fumble for the old assurance of the Dana days, and achieve no greater sense of security than this proud pæan of the *Times*, published the day after Lindbergh returned:

> Newspaper workers who labor to present to the public accurate and complete accounts of human happenings may well have found in viewing the crowds yesterday some justification for their toil. For those millions gathered and cheered a young man for an exploit of which their only knowledge was gained from the press. "Newspaper talk," which so often receives the sneers of the disaffected or the cynical, was the sole cause of the vast assemblage.
>
> Recently an oratorical prize was awarded to a young person who attacked the newspapers for inaccuracy, bias and general mendacity. Often statesmen confronted with the press accounts of a fact unpleasant to them have announced that they don't believe it; that the only evidence they have had of its occurrence was through the newspapers. And then they have turned haughtily to something else.
>
> Well, did Lindbergh really fly from San Die to St. Louis, without stopping? Did he then from St. Louis to New York without stoppin Did he then span the Atlantic and land at Bourget in Paris without stopping? Was mobbed by admiring throngs, did he wear that b rowed suit, did he receive homage and decoratio from Kings and Ministers? Did he return on t *Memphis*? Was he the center of an amazing dem stration at Washington? Was it really he w was yesterday the guest of this hero-worshipp city?
>
> Few who saw that parade and cheered t young paladin had seen him take off from t Long Island field. Still fewer saw him in Euro Not many had beheld his triumph at Washingt The information which animated those v throngs came from the press. The press in gener and as usual, reported faithfully these tremend happenings, and it pursues the same care and votion in reporting others of far less consequen and much more ephemeral.

Once I knew an elevator operato feeble intellect but tenacious delusions worked in a parish-house. His masterp was the conclusion that the late war a myth of the newspapers to inspire gre circulation. With the collapse of the s wart *Times* into broken-hearted appeal such as he, let us be charitable to the in their confusion.

DEADWOOD THE DREADFUL

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

A SHORT gulch, narrow but tortuous, slashes its way in a generally north-easterly and south-westerly direc- under the pine-dark northern summits he South Dakota Black Hills. Toward bottom of it, about the middle of the century, a few acres of timber died of e obscure arboreal anemia, or because, when it was clear, they never got the e sun after three o'clock in the after- n, or because Sioux hunting parties ted a forest fire trying to warm them- es from the August frosts. By 1875 the d trunks plunged in an inextricable gle down the 60% grades of the more otiable precipices, and tangled the k at the bottom in a riot of impassable rder.

he prospectors who hurried past in the mer of 1875 manifested the artistic ap- priateness of the obvious by naming the e Deadwood Gulch. These prospectors e carrying 100-pound packs of grub and ipment, and hunting gold in a hurry in nfamiliar and peculiarly complicated ain. They were doing their best to ge varmints—the Sioux who were shoot- at sight for this invasion of their hunt- grounds, and United States cavalrymen o were virtuously conducting arrests deportations to protect the Sioux in r reservation rights. Thus the most cious place-name in the American dime- el epic was probably devised and pre- ed for posterity chiefly because its steners lacked the time to stop and re- nber their favorite sweethearts, Civil commanders, Congressmen, and prom- nt citizens back home.

y the Spring of 1876 Washington had broken with the Sioux, the cavalry had stopped chasing the prospectors, and Deadwood Gulch was getting notorious as the most promising gold strike on the continent. With the early immigration came one of those rare social coincidences, a prospector with his family. The daughter of the household, a sixteen-year-old of buxom charms but irreproachable morals, was named Elizabeth. In their romantic confusion at beholding a comely virgin who was neither in the dance-house nor the temperance reform business, the miners promptly honored her by naming the settlement at the lower end of the gulch Elizabethtown. But very soon, from a few rods further up the gloom, Deadwood City spread around it, incorporated it, and annexed it as Los Angeles pounces upon a new movie colony out San Bernardino way.

Without telegraph or rail connections, the fame of the town spread. It was reachable only by bull-train or horseback from all four directions through country in which the Sioux were rampaging on the campaign which was to wipe out Custer and his men. Yet with the first thaw Crook City depopulated itself to get there, and the metropolis of Custer demoted itself from a miners' capital almost to a ghost town. There were forty cabins in January, and a brand-new city in April, with 3500 population in June and 5000 on hand for the centennial Fourth of July.

Long before Summer the outlanders were arriving: men who were perhaps bound for the Black Hills anyway, but had heard of the riches and enticing name of Deadwood and came a little faster. Long-haired strangers, now gray, and with a "thar's

gold in them thar hills" accent, appeared suddenly on the streets after washing for gold for twenty-seven years in California canyons without ever succumbing to total immersion themselves. Nevadans rolled in with the crisp fighting manners of the Summer deserts, and, toward the local pebble deposits, the blasé air of men who had worked on the Comstock lode. Over the high plains from the Northwest the bull-trains poured freights of Montanans, grim from incredibly cold Winters and the dour labors of purifying morals from Spokane to Gallatin valley by the Vigilante method. Denver contributed its quota of disappointed ore experts. Cheyenne, and Sydney, Neb., rising supply centers on the Union Pacific, sent their hordes of discharged section hands, cowboys eager for a change of occupation, ambitious bartenders, and even drummers.

From the East and Northeast, by the Sioux City-Pierre and Bismarck trails, came prairie farmers disillusioned about the Greenback Party—the current Farm Bloc—and eager to drown their economic woes in gold dust and excitement. Professional ex-Confederates blew in from everywhere, ready between drinks to damn the Yankee *Schrecklichkeit* for their ruined plantations at home. Persons from the Eastern States arrived in their Sunday clothes, with carpet-bags and wary intentions of uplifting the moral standards of the town to those of a Western Reserve county seat. This disposition, in California's palmy days, had got them dubbed, after their ancestors, Pilgrims. In Deadwood it was usually, after the town's syllabically redundant manner, pronounced "them God-damned Pilgrims."

For each miner, professional or dilettante, real or amateur, there was a camp-follower. Saloons, by the best spoken recollection, were a going feature of the town's social life when nothing was there but forty claims and the January blizzards. From then on they blossomed in numbers and magnificence with each turn of the calendar toward Spring. The shrewder gamblers deserted Custer and Crook City be the prospectors with their heavier t kits and grubstakes could get moving, so beat rival contingents from Cheye Denver and Montana into town by a n gin of hours.

Dance-houses were booming with savagely Freudian rhythms of the w and polka and the equally potent com cial exhortation, "Lead your partner the bar, gents," before the first vic peeped. Over the red-hot stoves of t and cabins fortunate miners gossiped low tones of the charming and unexp edly cultivated ladies one could meet dollar-a-drink liquor in the parlors Madame So-and-So. The Chinese arr all but ahead of the gamblers, and the as soon as established, had an Asiatic urb fully equipped with wash-houses, taurants, strange games of chance, incredibly inexpensive shops.

The place resounded with greetings an Arkansas Club picnic at Los Ang There were Iowa farmer reunions, federate and Union regimental reun and California gulch reunions at e saloon and around every prospect ho Main Street. Faro dealers who had not each other since their last friendly g was broken up by a gunfight in Tucso '67 met and got, after their professi custom, silently but glassy-eyed dr Kitty the Schemer and Madame Mousta the queens of mining-camp female blers, greeted each other with the ic thusiasm of rival candidates for the D. presidency. Ladies of purchasable v who had served in the same establishm and fought over the same raw-hiders Dodge City to Boise fell on each ot necks with the abandon of boarding-sc girls after the Summer vacation. William Nuttall, famous for the pro freedoms of his burlesque troupes in Ne and Montana and for having bitten of upper lip, moustache and all, of ar streperous miner in Virginia City in gathered together a new company o nowhere and everywhere.

nally, late in June came the rumor Wild Bill was coming. And in an hour wo, or a day or two—accounts vary—n the vast slope of the Custer City came the glint of polished harness and wild shout from the outlying diggings: re he is!"

II

town was still in the happy state in ch it would turn out at 2 A.M. for a ight, and it turned out *en masse* for Mr. cock. Through the thronging and y lane of Main Street, he rode up the h, all in his immaculate buckskin suit, wo guns on his hips, his harness gaudy Mexican general's, his long blond hair mustachios flowing. Colorado Charlie r, Bloody Dick Seymour, Calamity and two nameless male hangers-on wed in his train, all similarly accou- and for this high moment all similarly aculate. The crowd cheered and loped them. The "I knew him when" boys ed about Wild Bill's horse, claiming tings from eminence, until, dusty and ted with the pageantry, everybody ped at the first saloon that was large gh and had a drink.

adwood was assembled. The West a little self-consciously, enjoying its ax. Twenty-seven sophisticating years the discovery of gold in California gone into piling up a technique of ing a new mining town, and staging ght. Men—and women—came here to v off before one another all the tricks had learned from Abilene to Walla la, and from Poker Flat to the furthest raphic reaches of Mr. Beadle's col- on. In ten years' time the old-timers ld be in Hell with their boots on or tting their lore through age and hy; the promising youngsters would formed by the pressure of civilization he penitentiaries. In fifteen years they ld be riding to the gold-strikes on a oad and would be met in camp by the equipped representatives of State and ty government. But in Deadwood, "300 miles from nowhere," with the Sioux riding about them on the warpath, with no State or even territorial government to claim jurisdiction, the veterans of a hundred minor duchies of the Kingdom of Hell on Wheels gathered for their last appearance in their prime. Here they indulged their vanity for grotesque splendors, and strutted the last refinements of their arts and sciences of living before it was too late.

Afterward were to come Leadville, Cripple Creek and the Yukon, and the mutual extermination parties of the killers in El Paso. But these were either crusades of tenderfeet or exotic outbursts in communities already manifestly predestined to Rotary. Deadwood was the last complete muster of miners and gun-packers, of card sharps and dance-house girls, of Indian fighters and experts in bawdiness, before they became conscious of the spectators and went into the Wild West show business. Here, milling around on the mucky flats which were seldom wider than a wild heave of a baseball, or climbing to their crag-perched cabins on the hills up teetering wooden stairs which the drunks rolled down at night in solemn limberness and miraculous safety, they rang the Old West out.

Yet for months the scene was so poised on a hair-trigger that nothing much happened. The various breeds of human wildcats there assembled appear to have respected and distrusted one another too much to start anything. The sporadic Black Hills towns which had been founded in the Summer of '75 while the cavalrymen's backs were turned had had the normal number of homicidal encounters and accidental encounters, but the Deadwood boom had been on for eight months before the town had, apart from the suburbs, a killing that anybody considered fit to record or remember. The games of chance went on smoothly without a single effort at pot collection by the gun-barrel, and the gentlemen divided the beauties of the dance-houses with an impeccable regard to precedence. The less experienced raw-hiders began to gloat sen-

timentally over the glories of Western comradeship, and how here was a camp where men were so noble that you could go off on a prospecting trip and leave the grub and bric-a-brac in your tent unguarded. From January to August the town was brooded over by a fellowship as genial as that of a Congress of Ambassadors.

By report of the best experts in Western neurotic tensions, it was Wild Bill himself who upset these delicate adjustments. Mr. Hickock, otherwise a gentleman of charm and inoffensive dignity, had become too famous to live. He had actually, perhaps, killed more than a dozen men in the performance of his professional duties. But he was famous, in the West's exaggerative folk lore, for having killed more than fifty, and the East, fed on dime novels, was ready to estimate the number at a hundred. Here, obviously, was a target too tempting for even Deadwood's partiality for safe balances of power to resist. The man who sent this colossus to the Nordic Valhalla would always, however he did it and whatever his errors of conduct and marksmanship before and afterward, be known as the man who killed Wild Bill Hickock. The opportunity was overwhelmingly seductive, and Deadwood possessed an aspirant in the person of Jack McCall, six years from Louisville, Ky., and tired of being kidded as a tenderfoot who was pretending to be tough without knowing how.

At first, however, Mr. McCall's ambitions were relatively low. He would have been satisfied to be known to posterity as the man who cheated Wild Bill out of $3 in a poker game. But when this feat was attempted, and Mr. Hickock replied with a careless brandishing of his left hand six-shooter and orders to McCall to get to Hell out and stay out of poker games that were beyond his tin-horn means, the great idea dawned. Accordingly on the afternoon of August 2, Mr. McCall made himself immortal by walking into Nuttall and Mann's gambling-hall and shooting Wild Bill through the back of his head.

But more was proved than Mr. McCall's mettle as an assassin, for it was now tablished that killing could be enjo there quite as safely as in any other W ern port of call. The town itself was slightly afraid of Mr. Hickock, slig jealous of his reputation, and took a pr civic pride in being the only commu hard-boiled enough to bury him. C quently, when the defendant testified Wild Bill had it coming to him becaus had similarly assassinated McCall's bro in Kansas, a miners' court gave him umphant acquittal.

Amid the frightful but totally ineffe threats of Colorado Charlie and Bl Dick Seymour—whose name, by al counts, was adopted for publicity pur only—the heroic McCall departed Cheyenne, eventually to be hanged at Y ton. But the town had learned its le It stretched itself, opened its pores concluded that at last it would be sa take a little normal exercise. Dead the restrained became Deadwood dreadful.

III

It was not that the town was ever nomenal for the number or celebrity killings. Dodge City and the Virginia of Montana did better in both respect there was a certain lack of public su for the sport. Dodge City once act hired Wild Bill to discourage it, within a little more than a year founding Virginia City's Vigilantes made the place safe for tenderfeet. I wood, on the contrary, viewed bloo tolerantly, humorously, sometimes tisanly, but on the whole with a s admiration. It feasted, as the local files show, on the sanguinary deta each murder: on how the brains wer tributed and how far the doctor h probe. It delighted in the comic by which often accompanied homicid this department, in fact, it began wi Wild Bill killing.

One Captain Massie, who had

it disagreement with Bill, was sitting osite him in the fatal poker game. n the McCall battery went off, he felt inful thud on his wrist. Actually it the bullet which had passed through Hickock cerebellum, and it hit him h the approximate force of a harshly ed pebble. But this Massie was a man romantic imagination. Without ob- ing Mr. Hickock's now permanently nless posture he leaped from his chair sh through the room howling, "Wild shot me!" It was never possible for ic opinion to accept him as anything a clownish character afterward.

d up soon on the common or public t variety of murders over gambling ments and mining claim disputes, the n developed a relish for the unusual utchery which would do credit to a ention of detective story writers. ve all, it cherished evil done in the e of the erotic motive, which its massed culinity insisted upon regarding as the humorous of passions. For example, e was the case of Ed Shaunessy. In the lee he footlights at the McDaniels Theatre heyenne, Ed had discovered that no nan on earth was so desirable as Fanny ettson, an eminent singer and dancer he time. Consequently, when Fanny e to Deadwood in 1876 to appear at the e Union, he soon followed. He arrived ctober, but unfortunately not in time orestall Banjo Dick Brown, another nted entertainer, from marrying her on public stage to the accompaniment of drinks all 'round for a record audience. n he did appear, he had the humili- g experience of being ushered down to nt seat just in time to see Mr. and Mrs. wn come on for a joint act with a quite cessary amount of embracing in it. At first clinch, Mr. Shaunessy's disposi- visibly blackened. At the second or d he lifted his prospector's ax—the ecution later insisted it was only a lle of letters, but Mr. Brown's defense luced the ax—and hurled it at the y couple.

Banjo Dick had made the error of coming on the stage gunless, but it was easily repaired. He dashed into the wings, extracted a loaded revolver from his street pants, came back to find Mr. Shaunessy still blighting the cheerfulness of the baldhead row, and shot him three times without hitting a single other member of the audience. Shaunessy died that night. But Deadwood's antic spirit so relished the slapstick wit of an actor stepping so flamboyantly out of character that when Banjo Dick was tried nine months later it acquitted him on the rational plea that he had done it "on the spur of the moment."

Common or original, lurid or lackadaisical, Deadwood cherished and protected its killers with singular affection. It did not annoy them with petty restrictions, but gave them royal privileges at the jail, speedy trials, and almost invariable acquittals. To be sure, on March 16, 1878, the Deadwood *Times* complained mildly that there had been eighteen homicides since the previous April 7, and only one conviction—a proportion, to a population of 10,000, which would allow modern Chicago a total of 6,000 murders a year! But the *Times*, in 1878, was temporarily at outs with the sheriff's office. A few months before, when this record was being animatedly established, but while its own candidate, the much press-agented Seth Bullock, was still in office, it had announced that persons calling Deadwood murderous were "unworthy of the name of men, but vile slanderers."

Deadwood, it appears, enjoyed being dangerous fully as much as Herrin, Ill. in later years. Its Vigilance organizations treated killings as a form of glorified horseplay, and concerned themselves only with such genuinely troublesome types of human rattlesnakes as horse-thieves, stage robbers and cattle rustlers. The eighteen-per-eleven-months record was maintained with admirable consistency, but the town did not celebrate its first legal hanging until 1882, and then it preserved the

rope as a notable rarity. Meanwhile, its first citizens enthusiastically collected mementoes of its heroes for exhibition in the front parlor: the guns they shot with, the bullets that were so obliging as to pass through them, the boots they died in. Lame Johnny Hurley's grave was robbed for his cowboy's high heels and the shackles he swung in after he had been so unfortunate as to encounter Vigilantes who objected to mail robbery. Photographs of a neatly turned corpse were not infrequently worth their weight in gold dust.

Even when the crime was the scandalous one of killing a woman, the press and the public were quick to recognize the killer's essential nobility. "We noticed," the *Times* reported, in a touching tribute to the perfect breeding of Martin Couck, Esq., as he was sentenced for life in 1880 for the murder of his mistress, "how carefully with his hand he gathered his long flowing beard and turned it to one side to spit in the spittoon."

IV

But the violence of Deadwood was not exclusively associated with sudden death. The town faced all the unholy sights, sounds and smells of its boisterous years with the swagger of a tough adolescent who boasts that "nothing makes me sick."

A fact often overlooked by romantic researchers is that the region wherein all men were he was also in its prime a place where men lived filthily. Hence Deadwood, which according to the testimony of a contemporary observer, looked like a collection of decaying lemon boxes in a dark alley, greeted the visitor with a concatenation of smells. New residents camped in the principal streets until they constituted a traffic problem, scattering their garbage and camp litter on the sucking gulch winds. Slaughter-houses operating within the city limits at the violent pressure demanded by the meat-gluttonous miners flaunted their best on every Summer zephyr. Because of the narrowness of the gulch flats, the crowds were unnatu thick. They were also unnaturally washed and freighted horribly with local muck and liquors. Bull trains an *caballadas* of prospecting parties picketed day-long and night-long i soupy streets, and contributed their cate essences to the July midday.

The local press raged piously again stench, but evidently in vain, since it on raging for years. As a matter of fa but the most effeminate burghers app proud of their olfactory tolerance. a Pilgrim protested, it was conside pleasant joke to tell him that he coul away from it by going down amon punk sticks in Chinatown. Arrive sides the punk sticks, he found an A habit "of gathering the intestines of f slaughtered animals, carrying the mess home, and scattering the offa miscuously over the neighborhoo custom which made the visitor "cur Maker for having been born with a n Nevertheless, this excursion was seriously recommended as a means of ing the stenches of Nordic Deadwoo relatively ambrosial.

Even in its sentimentalities and a ments the community seems to hav almost a fixation on carrion. It wa tinually digging up the victims of k Indians, typhoid, delirium tremens a various gulch fevers, months after h and carrying them, without any p sional mortician's assistance, over the tering Summer plains to Cheyenne or for shipment on the Union Pacific to s ing relatives. In the month Wild Bi killed, a Mexican rode into town dishing the head of a slaughtered which he had hacked off. A pa saloon-keeper hastily bought it, a hibited it to milling throngs unti after it had, as a local memoirist de it to me, "more than soured." when Boone May, a guard on th Cheyenne-Deadwood treasure coach ular for his spectacular ferocities, the head of Frank Towle, the road-

took it in a gunny-sack to Cheyenne him a reward, the town esteemed his in atrocity as much as his valor. It ded him as inhumanly victimized he was told that the reward for e's carcass had been withdrawn.

is zest for the macabre survives even among the town's original sophisti-. Last June an old-timer told me with how he had helped in 1878 to trans-Wild Bill's remains from Ingleside to at Moriah Cemetery. His manner ved positive exaltation when he de-ed how they had removed the lid the coffin, and he had poked his cane Mr. Hickock's cheek to test how hard is. It was hard, indeed, and hence the d that Wild Bill, as became a cow- and mining gulch Hector, had petri-n death. But my informant was con-d by his experiment that the cheek some give to it, if only a little, and so elongs to the anti-petrification group. fact, he says, has brought on hard gs from time to time between him he more romantic local historians.

the agreeable fantasia wore itself on. tever was violent, whatever was oyant, whatever was grotesque or ed a stench above the gulch's high ing shadow line, Deadwood was pre-l to enjoy. Within the first year, the s freighting contractors had invested lreds of thousands in bull-trains sched- like railroad trains, and in the cannon- stages that hurtled over the plains to enne and Sidney almost as fast as nd-hand Fords. Thus while the Sioux still being doubtfully stood off by cavalry, the stage lines became the e of the most violent road-agent ac-y known since the Plummer gang ished in Montana.

ke Voorhees in Cheyenne devised a ure coach of armor plate carrying a that was warranted to keep the rob- busy twenty-four hours, even if they ured it. The best shooting blood of ming and the Black Hills went into guard business. A road-agent was often shot to glory in the first fusillade, and now and then a captured bandit such as Lame Johnny Hurley was taken from the officers and hanged by a Vigilance Committee to settle some old private score. But escapes after capture were frequent and compromising, and when it got a road-agent in its clutches to try him, Deadwood was usually happy in turning him loose or in voting him the mildest possible penalty. The bandit haunts were well known, and their information service was constantly busy in town, looking for tips on gold shipments. Yet not once was a concerted effort made to exterminate the outfits, as the Montana Vigilantes had efficiently done within two years after the first settlement. The Deadwood hold-ups went on safely but flamboyantly until well along in the '80's. Under the curious hypnosis of its tough name, the town seemed to relish the celebrity that came of being the last place in the West wild enough to put up with such nuisances.

Similarly, it made the most of its rowdy and pornographic allurements. No fear of offended Presbyterians, no considerations of civic pride and propriety restrained its contemporary chroniclers from photographic realism. A hair-pulling fight between two drunken *hetæræ* over a free spender, the announcement that the girls were doing the cancan tonight at Nuttall's, the account of a dance-house endurance contest in which the rivals avoided exhaustion by removing the oppressive lingerie of the Lucy Webb Hayes period, was good news, in 1877. It was with actual signs of alarm for the effete state of the town that its press printed a communication from a charmer to the effect that "if there have been a lot of drunken prostitutes in Deadwood, then I for one am an exception, for I am not in the habit of getting in that condition, and no gentleman can say anything to the contrary, but that I always behave myself like a lady, even though a member of the *demi-monde*." When a newcomer, searching for a Bible to settle a bet, found one at last at Mattie

Shepherd's place, the editorial paragrapher of the *Times* was apologetic, and explained that if Mattie had only known there wasn't any Hell she wouldn't have had one.

Equally civic vanity rejoiced in the drunks. Whether they merely rolled unscathed down the 400 steps from the hillside residential district into the heart of the business section, or hung, jackknifed but unconscious, in the July sun or January blizzards, over the hitching rails along Main Street, it found them charming and symbolic of the local freedom of life. When one of them lived dangerously, like the youth who in the course of a memorable evening in February, 1877, "licked a fighter twice his size, got half his moustache pulled out by the roots, broke his finger and swallowed half an ounce of gold retort," public sentiment, far from outraged, felt indulgently that he had conferred luster on the community.

Such an Arcady naturally resented any reflections, direct or implied, on its drinking habits. The second Summer, when a logger, coming in overheated from his labors on one of the local precipices, died of drinking ice water in a saloon, his obituary did not snivel over him as an industrial tragedy. It merely reminded his heirs that no sensible man had been known to die of drinking three fingers of whiskey. From this viewpoint it savagely goaded a group of "nice" young men, betrayed by moral superciliousness early in 1878 into forming a temperance society. A few days later, when some of the members discovered the truth of the old Western proverb that since Noah's time water had tasted of drowned sinners, the town flapped its journalistic wings over the backsliders.

Even in civic afflictions, the bibulous interest was never neglected. The great fire of September 26, 1879, laid low the entire central business district. But in the newspaper accounts room was found to mention half a dozen saloons as "among the first" to sweep away the ashes and reopen under canvas, and to praise the supreme resourcefulness of the bartender who, after giving away his entire stock to faithful custo six jumps ahead of the flames, was on next morning with enough liquors ported from nearby suburban resor mix any known drink on demand easily, in fact, were its alcoholic pathies engaged, that once it was t with a horse thief. He stole the anima plausible confession, simply in ord get in jail long enough to cure a c jim-jams. There was no lynching charges were not pressed, the anima recovered, and the patient was releas the first day his health seemed measu restored.

"They come," vaunted the Dead *Times* of the Spring of '78 immigr "prepared for any crisis, war or fa wine or women, armed with gun, p bowie knife, shovel, pick and pan."

V

These were the citizens, this was pageantry Deadwood liked. And it longer than might have been supp The transcontinental railways built main lines around the Black Hills t grading, and left Deadwood in a wash, not fully exposed to civiliz fluences until the motor tourist ag that time, the gulch had given up i dirt and the town was too poor, s and broken-spirited to catch up. So l the first year of Volstead it sheltered provincially minded ancients who not understand, after the Dodge City how Kansas could have ever gone Pr tion, or why the late Col. Roosevelt s have brought a libel suit just beca newspaper charged him with g drunk.

Today a scanty 2500 amble aim about the flagstone sidewalks where the muck seethed to the cavortin 10,000. One plunges downgrade in dinginess under lowering Black thunder clouds, and with its narrow gation, its roaring muddy stream neglected store fronts of the Garfiel

hur period and its two or three early Kinley grandiosities, the place might a tableau of premature architectural ility. Or, barring the lack of an Eight-th Century steeple, it might be a New gland mill-town that had been running half time since the panic of 1893.

t gives the air of being neither up and ning in the Rotarian manner, nor wide n and proud of it like Reno—and this, through conviction, but through lack the means and the energy to be either. ritters away its emotional life on silly les, tepidly boasting that the Home-es mines up the hill at Lead City pro-ed the kale to start the Hearst news-ers and that it was the first town to t a public memorial to Roosevelt. It nders vaguely if its annual Days of '76 eant won't get it some favorable men-n in some metropolitan newspaper, or ether Dick Clark, amiable ex-police er of the '80's, resurrected as Dead-od Dick, isn't about as useful at a State d Fellows' convention as a new Chamber Commerce slogan. It asks the outlander hetically if, now that Calvin I has held the imperial Summer court fifty miles away in Custer Park, it may not make a future as a resort center by perching a Summer hotel on a nearby mountain and calling it Cool-Ledge Inn.

One night last June, when the town's leading bootlegger had just been convicted, it was my privilege to listen to a sodality of local rounders bawl out the juryman on whom they had pinned hopes of some feeble gesture of nullification. Aw hell, the unfortunate protested, the bootlegger was guilty and everybody knew it. All he could do was to get a hung jury, and besides he had to get home early to help his wife out with the new baby.

Did some allegorical old-timer with bleary eyes and prospector's whiskers neigh out a bitter "Hya, hya, hya, tell that to the marines!", and stamp off sneering the last barbaric yawp in the two Dakotas? . . . On the contrary, the self-admitted best drinking group of Deadwood the Dreadful looked at each other sympathetically, and murmured: "Yeah, that's right! The wife and kids always gotta come first."

CHURCHES IN THE MORONIC MODE

BY F. R. WEBBER

A MORON, so they say, is a person whose brain slowed down before he reached the age of twelve. His mental processes are those of a child. He is ruled by sentiment, by prejudice, by old sayings, and by things. He does exactly what he sees other morons doing, and never stops to inquire whether there is a good reason for his actions.

Young morons of the more attractive and enterprising sex are often quite charming in appearance, though sluggish in their cerebral processes. Such a moron daubs her face with rouge the color of a two-cent stamp, because she sees other morons similarly adorned. Her lips are thick with paint that matches a Woolworth sign, and she smears herself by night with scented mud. She likes jazz, and cross-eyed movie clowns, and the funny papers, and the descriptions in the Hearst press of murder trials, and pictures of herself in a bathing suit, and cross-word puzzles, and sweaters of about the same shade as a new fire wagon. She reads the movie magazines and pictures her own china-doll face upon the screen. She likes all these things, but it would be impossible for her to tell you why she likes them.

Older morons are equally in bondage to the moronic social mind. They have their hair singed because somebody has told them that each hair is like a minute rubber-hose, and that unless the ends are sealed after cutting, by the singeing process, the sap will run out and weaken them. They rub ointments into their skins, imagining that each pore is a small hole through which salves and ointments may be introduced into the blood stream. They dread to see children attain the age of t for they have been told that the sec year is the hardest. They fear Friday, will not sleep in lower 13, nor walk u a ladder, nor listen to the howling of a after midnight in the dark of the moo

In the building of the parish church this great Christian land, moronic i hold tyrannical sway. The average b ing committee, subject as it is to the ronic social mind, is dominated by wha members have "been told," rather t by anything plausibly describable as tional thinking. The most nonsensical p edents are followed simply because are precedents. No building committ able to appreciate anything with whic has not been long familiar. If the church had huge windows because it built within three feet of a butter- factory, the new church must have windows too, even though the ne building is 300 feet away.

Such slavery to the moronic social m is characteristic of the overwhelming jority of American church trustees building committees. A parallel case be found in the design of the Amer street car. The men who designed the street cars were men who had desi omnibus bodies. Now, an omnibus high wheels—so high that they reac most to the window sills. To keep wheels no more than the standard dist apart, it was necessary that the omn body curve inward under the window s Street cars, on the contrary, have wheels which are entirely under the of the car,—but these concave sides sisted for years. Many a village tra

mpany will not accept a car, even today, t does not have concave sides.

For exactly the same way the art and stery of church building, as it is prac- d in the United States, is largely a tter of imitating the past. Is the new rch very wide and very short? Then it nly because the old church which it laces was built on a shallow lot. Its cessor may stand on a plot of ground feet square, but the short, wide plan llowed.

ome years ago a fine Presbyterian church s built in the apartment house section New York. The architect knew that a nty-story building was soon to be ted on the adjoining property, so he le his clerestory windows very large, his aisles extremely low. To gain the ximum window area, the aisle arches e made segmental instead of pointed. w, in a dozen other churches in as many erent places, this design has been slav- y copied by obscure architects and ggish-brained building committees— rdless of the fact that the nearest tall lding is 200 miles or more away!

The Middle Western States are full of nge churches whose towers are pushed k into the naves to the extent of half ir area. Literally thousands of such nchbacked atrocities exist, and new s appear every year. Why? Many years an architect of the rubber-collar and o-shaves-a-week type designed a church a parish, the location of which I do not all. He made a blunder, or else the canny stees sold a strip of ground to a neigh- . At any rate, the blue-prints showed a rch just sixteen feet too long for the . To remedy matters, the twelve by lve Victorian Gothic tower was pushed k six feet into the nave, and the chancel s made very shallow. The finished church ked as if it had gone through a head-on lision and suffered at both ends. But n this stupid, telescoped design was tated far and wide, without the slight- thought as to the depth of the lot! In , many a Middle Western congregation reached such a state of mind that anything but a stove-in tower struck it as heresy. One may see thousands of such turtle-like churches today, often standing upon an acre or more of land!

The corner-tower fad, now raging everywhere, is another product of lazy mental processes. An architect designed a church of that sort years ago, to fit a peculiar local condition. The side street made a sharp bend just opposite the church, and it was found that a corner tower would result in a striking architectural feature which could be seen for a mile down the avenue. This church was seen and admired—and instantly a bumper crop of churches with corner towers appeared, usually in places where there was no diagonal street!

II

A decade ago, a famous church architect built a most excellent basilica in Cleveland. In order to create a striking architectural feature to command an avenue that swung slightly to the left a block or so away, the tower was erected back of one of the transepts. As one approaches the church from the east, this lofty tower seems to stand in the middle of the street. Now the feature has been copied wholesale on building sites where there isn't the slightest reason for it. It's a mere matter of imitating without thinking, and on a par with the act of the flapper who applies a thick coat of make-up before going to work, in imitation of some movie actress whose heavy paint is justified by the strong lights of the studio.

A building committee in a large city somewhat east of the Soy Bean Belt insisted upon a church with a deep, projecting vestibule. There is no possible objection to such a vestibule, if the design permits it. But they insisted also upon a transom over the vestibule doorway, and in the transom twenty or more square feet of glass. They had seen such a transom over a door set flush in the wall, and decided that they must have one also, even though their ten

by twelve vestibule had two side windows with a combined glass area of thirty square feet.

This craze for too much glass is one of the points upon which nearly all American church building committees are in complete harmony. They may fight over almost every other point, but every one of them agrees that its church must have about four times as much window area as it really needs.

Good design calls for a decided preponderance of unbroken wall surface over window area. In the finest churches of early medieval days, the windows were very small and the wall space very large. The result was a feeling of security that our American churches seldom possess, and a quiet, away-from-the-world spirit within. But our American building committees, like the dying German poet, must have light and yet more light, until many an American church of today looks like a Fifth avenue bus—two huge rows of windows with very little between. In vain do architects argue that light strikes downward at an angle, and that small windows, well overhead, are more effective than large windows with sills so low that the devout worshipers may watch the license tags on every automobile that passes.

The building committees do the wrong thing almost as instinctively as a sexton uses bad English. They insist upon placing buttresses where there is no structural reason for them, and pare down their clerestory walls to cigar-box thinness in order to pay for the buttresses. They decide upon steel roof-trusses on the theory that one hundred dollars is saved by so doing, and then keep six carpenters busy for five weeks encasing those trusses in seven-eighths inch pitch pine, in order to make them look like honest timbers. They support their low-pitched roof with steel trusses of ordinary bridge design, and then go to great expense to suspend an elaborate set of hollow hammer-beam trusses under them, in order to imitate Henry VII's chapel, or something else that some Students' Tour tripper has admired.

The art editor of a leading Clevela newspaper called me up one day and desi a few words of appreciation in regard two local churches which are equip with a complete array of flying buttress In vain did I protest that these flying b tresses were mere stage carpentry—t true flying buttresses presupposed a he stone vault, and a logical system of l loads and balanced thrusts, such as may find at Reims and Amiens. A fly buttress system, attached to a church w a light wooden ceiling, is about as log structurally as a feather-weight cripple ing to support himself with a pair crutches made of bridge timbers. But editors and Summer vacationists adore ing buttresses, and become incoherent their tumble of superlatives as they scribe the poetic sweep of stone, flung out over the aisle roofs from nave wal buttress. They forget that there should logic back of them, and that no medi builder would think of doing such thi without good reason, and that in this ticular case the reason was the need of ing up and grounding the terrific outw thrusts of heavy stone vaults.

The long, steep flight of entrance s which old ladies and fat men are commo compelled to climb when they appro the sacred precincts offers another evid of moronic thinking. What is the sens climbing up fifteen steps into a chu and then turning to the right, and climb down seventeen steps into the basem Large basement windows are the c of most of these useless entrance st Most building committees and rural ar tects hoist the main floor of a church s feet above grade in order to gain a row of basement windows, each on which is three feet wide and six feet h They forget that a window six feet v and three feet high lets in just as m light as a window three wide and six high. The former requires seven entr steps; the latter fourteen or fifteen.

If the architect suggests dropping basement windows entirely out of sig

ht wells, as is done in all residential and nmercial buildings of the better sort, church building committee at once be- nes panicky with horror. Light areas? ıy, newspapers will blow into them, ow will collect there, and bad boys will ap into them playing hide and seek! ver! So they cause the old ladies and eezy gentlemen to toil up the steep ent every Sunday, rather than ask the ton to remove a few papers half a dozen ıes a year.

Almost any kind of argument satisfies the rage building committee or parish meet- , so long as it is foolish, and does not beyond the grasp of a twelve-year-old in. A large church was being built out ndiana. I was asked to give an opinion reon. I found a church with the tradi- ıal exterior features, such as a long e, deep transepts and a deep chancel. to my amazement, the inside didn't fit outside. Upon entering what seemed be the front door, I found myself face to with 450 worshipers! The altar was at wrong end of the church. I entered by ıns of a corner vestibule, and found my- standing beside the pulpit!

Upon inquiring the reason for this ex- ordinary arrangement, I was told that ıe clever person had suggested it on the und that, at funerals, the casket could carried before the altar without having truck it all the way down the center e. For the sake of four funerals a year, y turned the inside of their church ng end to.

III

ınother Indiana town there is a church ose floor slopes upward toward the altar. on going to one's pew, one has the ısant sensation of ascending the gang- ık of an Atlantic liner. A pastor who cribed the church to me explained why was done. Once a year, on Saturday in y Week, the Ladies' Aid Society met scrubbed the church floor for Easter. en the floor was not entirely dry by ter Day. When the new church was built, somebody suggested a floor that sloped toward the main entrance, in order that the water might run out immediately and trickle into the street. When I asked why they didn't scrub the church on Saturday morning instead of Saturday afternoon, I was told that they never thought of that!

A sloping floor indicates a lack of thought, regardless of the direction of its slope. A few years ago a certain congregation was stirred to a pitch of excitement that suggested an impending air raid, and all because of a sloping floor. In this case it was the old-fashioned, idiotic floor that slopes toward the altar. They had such a floor in their old church, and some of the people wanted one like it in the new one. A referee was called in from afar, and asked to adjudicate matters. When everybody had stated his argument, the referee called for a steel tape, a stout cord and a level. The cord was stretched the length of the old church and carefully leveled. The pews were found to be 33 inches apart, and careful measurements showed that the sloping floor gave each person an advantage of just seven-sixteenths of an inch over the person ahead of him.

The question was raised: Why ruin the architectural lines of the new church for the sake of a mere seven-sixteenths of one inch? Why tilt five hundred people, when it is simpler to elevate the clergyman a step or two, and yet get the same effect? Why go *down* to the altar of the Lord? Do we place a public speaker in a depression, in order to see him more clearly? Must we dig a ravine, in order that we may range ourselves along its sides, or is it simpler and saner to ask the speaker to mount a slight elevation?

These arguments convinced a majority of the committee, but the village blacksmith still roared his disapproval, and the proprietor of the Sugar Bowl Sweet Shoppe assured his colleagues that any fool could see that a sloping floor was the only logical thing—because the old church always had a sloping floor.

The most trivial reasons will win an un-

thinking committee. It reminds one of the small boy who detested rolled oats. One morning he demanded to know just why he should eat rolled oats. He was told that oatmeal makes small boys grow up to be very large, fat men. That satisfied him. He ate his porridge without a murmur, for his eight-year-old mind never stopped to consider whether it was desirable to be a very large, fat man. He had received an answer, and he was content. Almost any kind of an answer will satisfy an eight-year-old mind.

The parish meeting that insists by unanimous resolution upon having a false ceiling suspended ten feet below the true ceiling, is led to do so because somebody has assured it that dead air acts as an insulator. The members do not think more than one jump ahead of them, or they would probably inquire just how little or how much dead air is a good thing. If a two-inch layer of dead air is a good insulator, they figure that a ten-foot layer is just sixty times as good, because ten feet is sixty times two inches.

Such worthy people swelter in Summer, and stick to their varnished pews. In Winter the sexton heaves coal all night, and has trouble in getting the church comfortable by half after ten. Had the dear folks placed an ordinary thermometer between the false ceiling and the roof, they would have discovered that a layer of dead air ten feet thick, under a slate roof, causes the mercury to rise to 120 degrees in Summer, and stay there. That huge pocket of air, heated to 120 degrees, acts as a great radiator. But when Winter comes it is as cold as the outside air, and must be thawed out slowly before the church below will get warm. But try to convince any parish that is accustomed to a false ceiling! All arguments about dead air pockets, and dust streaks on the plaster, and stains from leaky roofs, and the cost of decorating plastered ceilings fall on plugged ears. The old church had a false ceiling, and the new one must have one too, regardless of these new-fangled ceilings of V-jointed planks and exposed roof timbers!

It is difficult to get church committ away from the idea of substitutes. Imi tions, shams, false structural devices a make-believe methods are so familiar them from long acquaintance that it usually a waste of words to try to m them see the beauty of truthful buildi They will insist upon pillars of lath a plaster, and spend enough money trying make them look like stone to have bou real stone from the start. They will m pinnacles and crockets of galvanized ir and erect scaffolds every three years in or to keep their hollow ornaments painte look like genuine stone.

Such congregations will scoff at a Ro Catholic parish which buys a holl plaster image of Our Lady, paints h vivid blue, dips her in glue and then sp kles her with sugar to make her spa when the flood light is turned on. But scoffers will turn away from this te scene and go home to their Protestant, ic American church, and place imita flowers on the altar, or elaborate w carvings around the top of their pul made of sawdust and glue. In the ma of sham devices, there is no difference tween Jew and Greek, or Protestant Catholic.

A puzzling thing about many build committees is their horse-jockeying a tude toward their architect, and tow every craftsman. A seating man pointe a magnificent new church not long ago said bitterly, "Every man that tou that job lost a lot of money." It was t They persuaded their architect to do work for less than the actual cost of overhead, and then made him dona memorial window beside. Their glass had to turn to doing plain rectangles residences, in order to make up his de Their organ man lost money, their w carver was called in again and agai make changes, and the verdict of ev body was that they were good buyers

Men who are painfully honest in t private business will often stoop to meanest tricks if the church profits fi

lly thereby. One of their favorite devices that of demanding free colored sketches m everybody, at the sketcher's expense, d then awarding every contract solely the ground of price competition. They get that an architect must pay profes- nal colorists for his water-color sketches, d that a sketch of a memorial window en eats up all of the glass man's profit. ch demands for free sketches are one of e terrors of the church architect's and ftsman's lives.

Sketches mean little, even at best, unless re is a committee composed of trained signers to judge them. A church that ks fine on paper often looks entirely ferent when erected on a prosaic street ner, especially if the bids have run gh, and the architect is ordered to revise daylights out of his design. In the case a window, a water-color sketch is al- st useless, for it is attempting the im- ssible. Even the most clever painter not make opaque pigments, on opaque per, look like light filtering through ined glass. Chartres Cathedral always lters three or four men, trying in vain, y after day, to record on canvas an ink- g of the magic of her windows. It has ver been done, and it never can be done.

The habit of many church building com- ttees of refusing to pay for things which y cannot use has caused many an archi- t to sneak down the back street, lest he et his creditors face to face. A well- own church architect stated a few days o that a Methodist congregation in a all town had asked his firm to prepare ns for an elaborate new church. The ls ran high, and the plans were returned. e congregation refused to pay for them the ground that it was unable to use m. The architect was a thousand or two llars poorer, but charged it up to profit l loss rather than go into court and gain ad reputation.

Some months later a Middle Western per came out with the identical design, dited to a cheap local firm of architects! e congregation in question had kept the drawings long enough to have a copy made of them. It then built a church after the same design, but with plaster arches and columns, cut stone made of roofing tin, and shams and substitutes everywhere!

Such church trustees are not, perhaps, intentionally dishonest. They are simply the victims of childish reasoning. If the butcher sends a porterhouse steak when they ordered lamb chops, they simply return the steak and ask to have it taken from their bill. If an architect mails them plans for a $500,000 church, when they expected to have all their wants carried out for $300,000, they return the drawings and ask to have the account against them cancelled. They do not stop to think that the butcher cut the steak in three minutes, and can easily sell it again, whereas the architect had to pay draughtsmen and designers for three months or more, and probably has three or four thousand dollars of his own invested in a set of drawings that he cannot sell again, except by the rarest good fortune.

IV

The fault is by no means confined to the church committees. Many an American architect well deserves all he gets. We have many good, honest, conscientious architects—men of thorough training. But it is only too true that the country was victimized for years by a horde of adventurers who posed as experts in ecclesiastical design, but who were nothing more than third-rate carpenters. Such men, in the days when State licenses, examinations, and the ethical code of the American Institute of Architects were not in force, were allowed to grow fat and bibulous at the expense of honest Christians. As a concrete example, let me relate the case of a man whom I will call Jerry Steppenfetzer.

Jerry was a poor excuse for a carpenter, but one day fortune smiled upon him. He was handed a large roll of blueprints, and asked to give figures. It was a lowest-bid proposition, and Jerry got the job. He

built the church, and was allowed to keep the drawings. He bought a drawing board, a set of cheap draughting instruments, and a bottle of Higgins' ink. He reproduced the drawings, working out schemes of several different sizes by the simple process of either lengthening or shortening the church.

Other churches came his way, and he was usually the low man. He became prosperous enough to work out a set of twenty floor-plans and pen-and-ink renderings, and to have zinc etchings made of them. He issued a small paper-bound booklet, showing his twenty different schemes. Several half-tone pictures of his completed churches also appeared. In the back of the book were a number of page advertisements of pews, steel ceilings, patent rolling partitions, and stained glass substitutes of one kind or another.

Soon Jerry was inserting paid advertisements in the denominational papers, in which he styled himself a "Specialist in Ecclesiastical Architecture. Catalogue Free to the Reverend Clergy." The rev. clergy often availed themselves of his offer. It simplified the task of building churches, for a post card brought his catalogue of stock designs, and ten dollars brought a set of blue-prints and mimeographed specifications.

There were many Jerry Steppenfetzers thirty years ago, and many booklets of stock plans in circulation. It was men such as Jerry who made it possible for church building committees to think that if a set of drawings was not suitable, or cost too much, they might be sent back and payment refused. All Jerry needed to do was to sell them to somebody else!

Nowadays most States have abolished such untrained architects by law, requiring State examinations and State licenses. Jeremiah and his ilk have gone the way of the self-trained doctor and the lawyer whose only claim to the name lay in the fact that he had bought a few second-hand law books at an auction sale and forsaken the delivery wagon for the office stool.

The mail-order architect is all but e tinct, but the mail-order church furnish is dying a harder death. Mr. Cram, M Comes, and lately Mr. E. J. Weber ha pointed out in picturesque language t hopelessness of expecting a committee laymen to select an organ, or stained gl windows, or even an altar out of a ca logue of stock designs. They have argu that the architect ought to design eve thing that goes into a church, and th such things ought to be made by t craftsmen, selected upon the basis of th past performance. Nevertheless, many committee still sends for the catalogue believe that the catalogue men themsel would be glad to go out of the mail-or business, if only parishes might be e cated to the point of insisting upon nc ing except that which is designed especia to suit their needs.

The churches of America are improvi They are less moronic than they w thirty years ago. The horrible old Ak Plan, with the pulpit down in one cor a huge guillotine door, and an adjoin "Sabbath-school unit" that looked lik railway roundhouse, has gone the wa the horse and surrey, and bustles, and sleeves. The crying-baby room just in the main doorway, taking up $12 worth of seating space, has been loca elsewhere, or perhaps the modern b does not cry. The unspeakably vu habit, a generation ago, of locating toilet rooms just inside the main entra to the church, with conspicuous sign bad English, would shock even the r hard-boiled committee today. The bare, bleak, hideous church, with its s ing floor, curving pews, square plan, huge windows, and blue skylight o head, is no more.

Today the pendulum has swung fa the other extreme. Soaring columns, h springing vaults, a wealth of carved de color and gold, good carvings, row canopied niches filled with wicked gra images, vested clergymen, vested ch and the reverberation of Gregorian ch

y be found in almost any of the more hionable churches of the two hundred iominations that flourish in America. n a stylish Presbyterian church they ve vespers, and a robed choir sings Gre- ian chants antiphonally. Prayers are ually read out of a book. In the same , a new Baptist temple is splendid ex- ially with a most astonishing display medieval symbolism, all lit up in most geous color and gold. Only a few miles ay a Methodist meeting-house is slowly ring itself, far out in an exclusive resi- tial section of the Heights. Its interior lls St. Maclou of Rouen.

Other Protestant churches have come to front with narthexes, parclose screens, oulatories, piscinas, muniment rooms, ots, transeptal chapels and even Lady pels! The red flicker of the sanctuary p is no longer confined to Roman Cath- and high Episcopal churches, with haps three or four sporadic Lutheran mples. Eager building committees of er denominations have been known to whether there can be any objection to a sanctuary lamp, if it is understood to be strictly artistic, and not a symbol of the Real Presence. A Pittsburgh Baptist church already has the Seven Lamps before the Throne of God, and an octagon pulpit, each side of which contains carved figures set in canopied niches.

All these things, condemned by the Calvinists of a generation ago as bold, bad, benighted Romanism, are quite the fashion today. Ornamental devices that give a hint of the Stations of the Cross are coming in, and even the most rabid enemy of the sacramental system does not object nowadays to the artistic outward expressions of the Sacraments. I have seen true altars in Methodist churches, altar crosses in Congregational meeting-houses, and dossal curtains among the Unitarians.

Whether all this means that American Christians are learning to think, and that our churches are less moronic than they used to be, I cannot say. I am stating conditions as I have observed them. Only time will tell whether it is a movement or these things are mere fads of the hour.

FLAT TIRES ON THE FARM

BY W. G. CLUGSTON

No calling in the United States today offers more attractive allurements to the young man with individualistic inclinations than farming. No business can be begun with less cash, or on a shorter shoe-string, and none brings a more profitable return in proportion to the brains, energy and industry put into it. No life offers greater opportunities for maintaining a semblance of independence while solving the bread-and-butter problem; in none other is it possible for so many individuals of ordinary abilities to escape the accelerated goose-step of this industrial era while fortifying themselves against old age. There is no pursuit that offers richer, greater or more certain rewards to the general run of human ciphers.

I make this statement with full knowledge of the fury it may provoke in the ranks of the professional agricultural uplifters, and among the farm-bloc evangelists; I make it in the face of the fact that the farmers of the United States are still suffering from the post-war deflation inflicted upon them by the Federal Reserve Board. And I am ready to defend my views, even though it be proved that all other forms of industry bilk agriculture most gluttonously—even though it be demonstrated that the farmer is flim-flammed in every conceivable way by the merchant, the money-master, the market manipulator, the tariff trickster, and the political charlatan. I am willing to concede that a large percentage of the American farmers in practice today may eventually be forced into a state of peonage; nevertheless, I still insist that no calling offers more alluring attractions to the man who is willing to work for what he gets in this world—who has sufficient intelligence to criminate between the luxuries of leis and the lunacies of laziness.

As has always been the case, one of main troubles with agriculture today that it is too easy for a farmer to mak living. No skill and very little indu are required; intelligence is almost necessary. In consequence, the field crowded, and there is heavy competi from incompetents. But the farmer energy and ability, who wants the rew that these qualities should bring him, certainly get them just as easily as the in the city—and under far more agree conditions. If, being his own boss, he cumbs to the ever-present temptation let things go the easiest way, and, af little yielding, loses the habit of work altogether, it is his own fault. Th after he degenerates into one more calamity-howling clod-hopper, survi only through the grace of God and bounty of Nature, or he gives up ent and goes to a city, there to enter the r of the dinner-pail industrial slaves wh sweated by up-and-coming men dumped at last upon the dole-lists of ity. But those farmers who know ho boss themselves, and use their hea well as their hands, become the ar crats of the land, acquiring broad a building comfortable homes, putting ants to work for them, investing in stocks, and getting themselves elect the State Legislatures.

If the industry of agriculture seems low ebb among us it is only because so easy for inefficient individuals to

themselves in it, and because there o many morons on the farms who are to go on even after they have made most miserable and hopeless failures. who could not keep body and soul to- er running peanut-stands on the best ess streets of the cities, men who not make a living working for them- s in any other occupation, can go on initely running their own farms, and re will always keep them from starv- -and sometimes even make them pros- s. I do not mean to say, of course, the farmers have no real grievances. railroads probably do gouge them on ht rates, the packing houses do cheat out of some of their livestock profits, he grain market manipulators do jug- prices to their disadvantage. But I tain that if the railroads, the packers, the millers ran their affairs with as intelligence and efficiency as are found ne average American farm, they would h the hands of receivers before the d change of the moon after they d operations.

II

other industry, managed in such a , lazy, haphazard way, could hope to ve; no other business, run with so skill and science, would last through irst inventory. That agriculture is able o so—that farmers continue to run farms and make livings, despite all complaints—is sufficient proof that practice one of the easiest and best rded of callings. When they suffer it t due to anything external to them- s; it is simply due to the fact that is no paradise in this world where a can win independence without a nable diligence and industry. Even ien must go through the labor of lay- n egg before she can enjoy the pleasure ckling, and the pig that does not root y grunts with gusto.

en follow the pursuit of farming for us reasons. Many do it because they born and bred to it, and lack the enterprise and courage to try anything else. More do it because they know, despite their caterwauling, that it is the easiest and most certain way of maintaining existence. But I believe that there is a fundamental trait, prominently developed in certain families and individuals, that makes yet others continue on the farm even when economic conditions make the life unattractive.

In our human family there is a type which cannot stand close contacts—cannot endure crowds, or close neighbors. Fear, dread, perhaps an inferiority complex, fill the individual of that type with feelings of uncomfortable insecurity except when he is alone, or in familiar surroundings. A large percentage of American farmers are of this sort. They are awkward and ill at ease whenever they are forced to mingle with strangers. Compelled to visit unfamiliar places, especially in cities, they are confused and embarrassed. These traits are usually attributed to the fact that they are farmers —rustics; but I think they are rustics because the traits are so pronounced in them —because the secluded rural life is the only one in which they can feel comfortable and contented. A man who is extremely self-conscious has his own standards of comfort and the endurable life: he is more happy in a hut on a rocky hillside in rural seclusion than he ever could be living in a mansion in a fashionable street of a big city.

In this desire to be free from the restraints that go with close contacts, millions deliberately keep themselves and their families apart from the so-called mobs of civilization. The same desire furnished much of the urge that brought about the first settlement of the United States—and the subsequent Western wanderings of the fathers. To be able to live their own lives in their own sweet or sour ways, millions in every age have foregone the luxuries of civilized life, and endured all the hardships and privations of an isolated and poorly remunerated existence. Millions are still doing so today.

Then, too, there is a large percentage

of the rural population which is hopelessly cut off from free intercourse by an overdevelopment of suspiciousness. The farmer in many cases is so constituted that he trusts nobody. I will not say that this is merely a reflection of his own lack of trustworthiness; but at any rate it isolates him, narrows his mind, sharpens his prejudices, and generally makes him an enemy of the established order of society. This class of farmers is held to the soil, not by any love of independence, but by a hatred of the forms of social intercourse. It is always seeking to condemn the city dwellers to its own dreary form of existence by harsh and meaningless prohibitions. To such men every stranger is an enemy, and every city man an agent of the Devil. The extreme to which this half-pathological class can go is best shown by the savageries to which it resorts when it is in control of the State Legislatures.

But whatever may be said about the farmer's inability to endure contact with other men, he is at least able to endure himself—to live with himself; and that is more than his average mental equal in the cities can do. Baseball games, movies, pool halls, picnics, poker games and lodge meetings are not, or in the past have not been, necessary to enable him to get through his interminable days and nights. That he occupies his leisure more intelligently than the city proletariat can hardly be maintained, but certainly he passes it in an atmosphere more adaptable to intelligent uses. A shallow mind probably cannot think any better in one place than in another, and a blind eye certainly cannot see more beauty in an elm tree than an art gallery. But I often fancy that we must have more faculties than our five senses for absorbing the essence of our surroundings. Perhaps we have ways of receiving and storing up impressions that we do not know about—impressions which later come out in succeeding generations. Maybe this theory will help to explain why so many farmers' boys succeed when they do break away from their moorings and go into higher avocations.

III

But to get back to the economic ills o farmer. They are due, in large measur his laziness, his incompetency, and desire to enjoy luxuries that have not honestly earned. The one-crop farm undoubtedly at the bottom of the r and there are millions of farmers in United States who have one-crop m and are incapable of practicing divers tion in even its simplest forms. Lazin the desire to loaf, the love of a depr leisure—is chiefly responsible for the that almost every section of the coun given over to the production of one m crop, with a majority of the farmer fusing to attempt to grow anything except children, dogs and grouches.

The one-crop evil in its simplest most striking form is to be found in th wheat-producing States of the M West—that section which has been ye loudest for government aid for the and oppressed husbandman. Whea grown with as little labor as any pr that comes out of the ground. The fa sows it in the Fall, or early Spring, an after-cultivation is necessary; there is t ing to do until the sunshine ripens golden grain. The harvest lasts on week or two, and as soon as it is ove farmer can haul his wheat to the ne elevator and get his money. Then he until the next planting period.

A wheat farmer does not have to more than two or three months out o entire year—many do very little mor cept for chores and tinkerings. Yet expect to live in as much luxury as th laborer who works five and a half d days a week every week in the year. the political vote-harvesters tell them they are entitled to do so! There is n wheat farmer in any of the major wh producing States who could not be comfortably rich if he worked as hard as steadily as the laborers in the fact and mills. Some are doing so, and ma money, despite all the current bellow

wheat farmer who has any business
ment at all devotes some of his leisure
he growing of other crops—fruits,
es, and row crops, such as corn, canes
sorghums—or to such sidelines as
e, poultry and dairying. Any man who
this is practically certain of his living
nses, and when he gets a good wheat
he is able to put money in the bank,
more land, and engage in a money-
ding spree.

t country town bankers in the Wheat
tell me that not more than one out of
armers systematically provides for his
ing expenses by such activities. The
explains why there is so much hell-
ng in Kansas, the biggest wheat-pro-
ng State in the Union. The Kansas
t farmers have more leisure than they
v what to do with, and when there is
ort wheat crop that will not pay ex-
es, or a surplus that brings down the
, they go on frantic crusades, attack-
the government, upsetting political
nes, and denouncing the wickedness
e cities. If they would maintain dairy
s, and other sidelines, as the farmers
rtain other States have learned to do,
would not have so much time for
ng and crusading—and they would
be prosperous beyond their fondest
ms.

e wheat farmers are not the only one-
loafers. In the South cotton is just as
h a curse to the majority. In Kentucky,
parts of Virginia, Tennessee and the
linas, it is tobacco; in Iowa and other
es it is corn. But no crop affords the
loafer so much time for doing nothing
heat, and in Kansas some of the farm-
re actually becoming so lazy they are
g to cross their wheat with Buffalo
s to escape the labor of having to plant
seed every year! As evidence of this I
the following news item from Senator
ur Capper's Topeka *Daily Capital*,
r date of July 3 last:

> t wheat can be evolutionized has been fully
> onstrated by Ernest Aldrich, a Downs, Kan-
> man. He has been experimenting for some
> times and has succeeded in crossing wheat with Buffalo grass, with the result that he has a plant now that is as sturdy as an oak. Not only that, but his new plant has just enough Buffalo grass in it that when the seed is once sown no other seed need be planted. After his crop has been cut and put away in the bin, or sold to the local elevator, the farmer can forget all about Fall plowing, and seeding and such like. In fact there is nothing for the farmer to do but spend his money and wait until the following year and go out and harvest his wheat.

Undoubtedly many Kansas farmers who do nothing but raise wheat, and think they are over-worked, will be eager to try this new wonder. If they are successful with it they will still consider themselves over-worked, and demand that the government produce for them a self-threshing variety.

IV

As everyone knows, a wide-spread discontent exists today among American farmers. I believe the chief cause is that they are developing appetites for luxuries that are in distressing conflict with their aptitude for laziness. Also, they are being brought closer to civilization's common customs, and this is not only robbing them of their old individuality and depriving them of their independence, but also upsetting their suspicious misgivings about strangers, and leaving them in a mood of chaos and unhappiness. The urge to keep up with the procession—with the more intelligent farmers who are farming successfully and with the prosperous, steady-working townspeople—is driving a vast majority, including all the incompetents, into plights that are truly distressing. They can't keep up by following their old methods, and they haven't the brains to adopt new ones; they know that something is wrong, and realize that they have not the ability to right it. The result is that they grow ugly and go into revolt, blaming everyone except themselves for their failures, which are entirely of their own making.

The automobile has done much to put the inferior sort of rustic in his present grouchy mood. It has carried him into deeper debt, and into the rapidly moving

stream of society; and it has brought him into activities he has hitherto tried to shun, and made him acquire tastes for costly new distractions. Likewise, the mail-order houses, the agricultural extension agents and the flivver-riding salesmen who now swarm in the country are making war upon his simple life and supplanting its drudgeries with costly modern conveniences.

The old-fashioned farmer and his family needed little from the marts of civilization. Some sugar, coffee, salt and gun-powder, a few yards of calico, jean and old hickory, and a little quinine and quid-makings constituted the family's yearly requirements. But nowadays many American farm-homes are furnished more luxuriously than the palaces of a century ago, and their pantries are better stocked. The problem is to make the farm pay the bills, and still allow the farmer to enjoy the luxury of laziness that was his in the good old days.

There is no end to the costly contrivances considered necessary in the present age; the farmers are reaching out for them —without at the same time earning enough to pay for them. From the most recent catalogues of standard mail-order houses I have taken the following cost prices of the cheapest grades of the most desired farm-house and barnyard luxuries:

Farm lighting system	$195.00
Farm water system	63.95
Hot water tank	21.95
Kerosene water heater	22.95
Three-piece bath outfit	62.85
Power washing machine	49.95
Electric iron	3.47
Sewing machine	27.95
Milking machine	225.00
Cream separator	43.85
Ice box	16.00
Pipeless furnace	108.45
Four burner kerosene stove	31.85
Five-tube radio set, equipped	66.50
Total	$939.72

This total of $939.72 is certainly not a great amount in an age of free and easy money. But it must be remembered that many American farmers never have so much money in their pockets at one time, and that if every farm-house in the land v equipped with the things I have listed it soon will be at the present rate of in lation—the investment would be equa more than half the reported value of all farm-houses in the nation.

And this is only a part of the incre financial burden of the farmer. There is maintenance of the above equipment, then there is the initial cost and up- on an ever-increasing list of farming chinery. Every American farm that is re a farm must now have an automobile, if it embraces many acres the farmer also have a tractor, with gang plows other appurtenances. These are essen today—but they are also very costly. W the farmer worked mules, and drove n to market—the mares that produced mules—he raised what they ate, or went hungry and showed their ribs. he has to buy the gasoline and oils tha automobiles and tractors eat up. In th Western wheat country, if the farmer r wheat on even a moderate scale, he have a "combine"—a machine that and threshes the wheat in one opera If he lives in a corn country he must corn binders, shreaders, power she etc. Even tobacco is set out and cotton be picked by machinery. Since I hav belled the wheat farmer the cham loafer, I'll try to enumerate the r items of his outlay:

Automobile	$ 6c
Tractor	9
Combine	2,2c
Wheat drills	13
Wagons	11
Plows, etc.	4
Total	$4,00

This outlay, added to the home e ment I have listed, means that the av wheat farmer must make an investme nearly $5,000 more than his father n to operate his business—and his up-k many, many times greater beside. His has increased in value and his taxe higher. It is absolutely impossible fo to increase the yield per acre of his

gh to take care of the increase in his g and operating expenses. In fact, r his haphazard, slip-shod, slovenly hods, the yield per acre is becoming less less every year in many sections. So it s there is nothing else for him to do pt work harder, more steadily, and e intelligently.

is true that machinery makes a reduc- in labor costs in such operations as esting wheat with combines, which le one man to do the work of five under old system, and which, according to nternational Harvester Company, save uch as twenty cents a bushel under the conditions. But much of this modern machinery merely saves labor—it does ave the *cost* of labor. For instance: the ing machines on small farms, where l help is not used. Trucks enable the er to haul his products to market h more quickly than when he used ons and teams, but he is not benefited does not use the saved time in some r way that is profitable.

V

other industry of importance in the ld today would be prosperous if it were ated in as slovenly a fashion as farm- and under the management of so many , incompetent, brainless men. No busi- or professional man would enjoy half he blessings that are demanded by the age farmer as his inalienable rights if epended so much on Nature to provide n and so little on his own efforts.

ot only does the average American er spend most of his days killing time, ring science and scoffing at skill, but s so suspicious of everybody that he 't even trust his fellow-farmers to the nt of joining them in forming coöper- organizations for marketing and pur- ing. As a result, he is the one man in American industry who goes into the ket-place without having anything to bout prices, either of the merchandise uys or of the commodities he produces to sell. He never puts his trust in anyone save the political charlatans who get his votes by making him believe that the national government can cure all his ills, and who fool him with the buncombe that the rest of society is under a moral obligation to make his business profitable by subsidy and special privilege.

Nothing could be more disastrous to the farmer, or to the country as a whole, than for the government to grant such subsidies and privileges, and so make a class of lazy incompetents as prosperous as men who labor with industry and intelligence. Those farmers who have the mental capacity to think at all realize this. They declare that agriculture, as an industry, does not want or need favors of any kind; that all it desires is a square deal, and the assurance that no other group will be given special privileges.

The smart farmer knows that the day he sanctions special privileges to special groups he will merely be throwing another hunk of his own fat into the fire. Other groups are not only better organized and better equipped to get privileges from the government than the farmers with their present personnel and organization, but the competent farmers will be less able to cope with them than ever before if the wastrels and the weaklings, the shiftless and the slovenly in their ranks are maintained in a state of artificial prosperity.

Agriculture, like every other industry, and like every individual, must survive on the merits of its management—and it must suffer the consequences that follow the shortcomings of its practitioners. Fundamentalism may triumph in the forum, and the Fundamentalists may take charge of the political forms of government and turn them topsy-turvy, but the laws of Nature will never be repealed or nullified by lunkheads. And agriculture will never be made more prosperous by putting artificial prosperity props under her incompetents. The men who are incapable of managing their own affairs, who cannot be industrious in an intelligent way, must be weeded out.

worked downward, or educated upward, just as the unfit are disposed of in the universal struggle for existence.

But in spite of the handicaps that come from carrying its hard-luckers, in spite of the fact that it is crowded with lazy, disgruntled, incompetent, inefficient, brainless barnacles, I still maintain that farming offers more attractive allurements to the young American of industrious and individualistic inclinations than any other calling of the present age; it offers more independence, more certainty of income, and more of the real joys of life to larger numbers than all the trades of the cities.

The man who loves Nature, or himself, the man who can live with himself and manage himself, the man who values his self-respect and prefers to take the tides of life in his own canoe rather than as a deckhand on another's floating palace, the man who knows that gilt is not gold and that glamour never glorifies—that man will find the most endurable existence in the fields of agriculture. And any such man who can get a fair start on a farm and is willing to work industriously and intelligently a reasonable number of hours a day every day in the week, and every week in the year—any such man can soon attain a vastly superior position to that of the workman in the city who puts in the same working time.

He can be a one-crop gambler if he will, and play the OO of wheat, corn, cotton, or tobacco to his heart's content. But if he would be safe he must know how to hedge. With six or eight hundred pullets, and half a dozen milch cows of pure-bred stock, he can, in any real farming section, make sure of a cash income of from $50 to $75 for every month in the year, if he raises the feed for the fowls and cows. This is enou to pay the living expenses of the ave farm family. With assurance of such an come there will be no fear of hunger in lean years, and when there are bun yields on the speculative crops the mo that goes into the bank will not have t used to pay notes and reduce mortgage

Of course all this means work. It m steady work throughout the year. why shouldn't the farmer work stea throughout the year? I do. The Rotar do. So do the road-house waiters widowed washerwomen. And there rewards—enrichments, intangible in marts of the money-mad world, w must be regarded as precious by all know life on the farm. How I cherish memories that are mine!

The sparkling of the morning's dew the first shafts of sunlight as the c duties are begun, and the croaking of in the quiet marshes as darkness desc on the last of the barnyard chores. grunt of the pigs, and the bellows o calf that is weaning. The aroma of mown hay as the cooling breeze and moonlight sift through the screens o sleeping-porch. The end of the harve the binder's bull-wheel winds its se tine coil-tracks around the diminis field of golden grain, while the terr young rabbits scatter in every direc Lying down on the belly in the shad a big tree on a hot day and sticking and parched lips into the bubbling v of a clear, cool spring. Primroses bl ing along the road that goes to town. birds chattering in the hedge-fence o way. Turtle doves cooing in the hemp on the hill. The old cider mill a-grind

Back to the farm!

DAYS OF WICKEDNESS

BY HERBERT ASBURY

IN COLONIAL times and during the early years of the Republic the finest residential section of New York was the Fourth Ward, lying east and south of Five Points (now the site of the new rthouse) and including within its ndaries such famous streets as Cherry, er, James, Roosevelt, Pike, Catherine, er and Dover. In this district, and cially on Cherry Hill, the high ground he northeastern part of the ward, the families and the great merchants had r homes, and the streets were lined n fragrant cherry trees and splendid sions. Cherry street was the heart of fashionable district; it was in this oughfare, at the corner of Franklin ure, that George Washington lived n he was inaugurated President of the ted States. John Hancock's home was No. 5, and at No. 27 lived Captain uel Chester Reid, who conceived the ent plan of the American flag. The se at No. 7, only two doors from the cock mansion, was the first in the city e supplied with illuminating gas. At 23 was a restaurant and barroom wn as the Well, a favorite resort of y and naval officers and of the captains merican privateers during the War of .. It was there that the beefsteak party, popular with modern stag parties, inated.

ut the wave of immigration which ed to America soon after the Revolu- forced the aristocrats northward, and 840 their mansions had begun to give to rows of tenements housing a miser- population steeped in vice and pov- . When the Old Brewery at the Five Points was demolished, its reputation as the most squalid tenement in New York was assumed by Gotham Court, sometimes known as Sweeney's Shambles, at Nos. 36 and 38 Cherry street, although the claims of this fearsome pile were disputed by the Arch Block, which ran from Thompson to Sullivan streets between Broome and Grand. Among others the Arch Block contained the famous dive kept by a giant negress known variously as Big Sue and the Turtle. She weighed more than 350 pounds and was described by a contemporary journalist as resembling a black turtle standing on its hind legs.

Gotham Court comprised two rows of connected tenements, set back to back and extending for 130 feet along Cherry street in the direction of Oak street. The buildings housed more than 1,000 persons, principally Irish, but with a sprinkling of Negroes and Italians. Entrance to both rows was by two alleys on the east and west sides, called Single alley and Double alley. The former was six feet wide and the latter nine. Double alley was also known as Paradise alley, and was the boyhood haunt of Edward Harrigan and William J. Scanlon, the celebrated vaudeville performers. It was this alley, also, which provided the inspiration for the famous street song, "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley":

There's a little side street such as often you meet,
Where the boys of a Sunday night rally;
Though it's not very wide, and it's dismal beside,
Yet they call the place Paradise alley.
But a maiden so sweet lives in that little street,
She's the daughter of Widow McNally;
She has bright golden hair, and the boys all declare,
She's the sunshine of Paradise alley.

One of the principal sewers of that part of the city ran in a direct line beneath Gotham Court, with manholes in both Single and Double alleys. Gangsters and other criminals who sought refuge from the police in the dismal chambers of the court cut other openings from the cellars of the tenements, and hid themselves and their plunder on the side ledges of the sewer or in niches cut in the walls. The fearful odors and vapors which seeped into the court made it one of the most unhealthful spots in the city. The death-rate was always high, and during the cholera epidemic of the early fifties it reached 195 a thousand. Of 183 children born in the court over a period of three years sixty-one died after a few weeks of life. Infants were also frequently killed by the huge rats, some of them as large as cats, which infested the sewer and often invaded the tenements. The Board of Health condemned Gotham Court in 1871, but it was not until the late nineties that the tenants were evicted and the buildings demolished.

Conditions such as these soon prevailed throughout the Fourth Ward, and by 1845 the whole area had become a hotbed of violent crime. Streets over whose cobblestones the carriages of the aristocrats had rolled became nests of dives which sheltered the members of such celebrated river gangs as the Daybreak Boys, the Buckoos, the Hookers, the Swamp Angels, the Slaughter-Housers, the Short Tails, the Patsy Conroys and the Border Gang. No human life was safe, and a well-dressed man venturing into the district was commonly set upon and murdered or robbed, or both, before he had gone a block. If the gangsters could not lure a prospective victim into a dive, they followed him until he passed beneath an appointed window, from which a woman dumped a bucket of ashes upon his head. As he gasped and choked, the thugs rushed him into a cellar, where they killed him and stripped the clothing from his back, afterward casting his naked body upon the sidewalk. The police would not march against the denizens of the Fourth Ward except in pa of a half-dozen or more, and when quarry sought refuge in a dive they quently besieged the place for a wee longer until the thug was driven fort hunger. The principal resorts were al well garrisoned, and fully equipped muskets, knives and pistols.

On Water street, running parallel the East River, practically every h contained one or more dives, and so the tenements housed a saloon, dance or place of prostitution on every floor more than twenty-five years this thoro fare was the scene of more violent c than any other street on the conti John Allen operated his famous d cellar and house of prostitution at No. and north and south of his establishm within a half mile limit, were forty si places, as well as more than a hun other dives, including such celebrate sorts as the Pipe, kept by Butch Hal No. 337; Tom Norton's bagnio, M McBride's dance-house, the Saranac Bandbox, the Rat-hole, Long M house, Liverpool Mary Ann's, the R States and Kit Burns' Sportsmen's H No. 273.

Burns' place occupied the whole three-story frame house, the lower h which was painted a vivid and bi green, while before the door swung a gilt sign. The principal room of the floor was arranged as an amphith with rough wooden benches for seat the center was a ring enclosed by a wo fence about three feet high. This wa famous pit in which the huge gray from the wharves were sent against ter and sometimes, after they had been st for several days, against each other. C the famous gangsters who haunted B place was George Leese, otherwise k as Snatchem, a member of the Slau House gang and, in the opinion of a temporary journalist, "a beastly, ob ruffian, with bulging, bulbous, wa blue eyes, bloated face and coarse swa ing gait." This hero, besides carryin

trade as a river pirate, was an official
od-sucker at the bare-knuckle prize-
ts which were frequently held in the
rth Ward and Five Points dives in those
. With two revolvers in his belt and a
e in his boot-top, the Snatchem was
nportant figure at these entertainments,
when one of the pugilists began to
l from scratches and cuts inflicted by
pponent's knuckles, it was his office
uck the blood from the wound. He
efully described himself as a "rough-
-tumble-stand-up-to-be-knocked
n-son-of-a-gun," and a "kicking-in-
head-knife-in-a-dark-room-fel-
" Apparently he was all of that.

II

ther famous Water street resort was
Hole in the Wall at the corner of Dover
t, run by One-Armed Charley Monell
his trusted lieutenants, Gallus Mag
Kate Flannery. Gallus Mag was one of
notorious characters of the Fourth
d, a giant Englishwoman well over
eet tall, who was so called because she
her skirt up with suspenders, or gal-
. She was bouncer and general factotum
e Hole in the Wall, and stalked fiercely
it the dive with a pistol stuck in her
and a huge bludgeon strapped to her
t. She was an expert in the use of both
ons, and like the celebrated Hell-Cat
gie of the Five Points, was extraordi-
ly gifted in the art of mayhem. It was
rofessional habit, after she had felled
bstreperous customer with her club,
utch his ear between her teeth and so
him to the door, amid the cheers of
nlookers. If her victim struggled, she
is ear off, and having cast the fellow
the street, carefully deposited his de-
ed member in a jar of alcohol behind
ar, in which she kept her trophies in
le. She was one of the most feared deni-
of the water-front, and the police
deringly described her as the most
ge female they had ever encountered.
e dive over which Gallus Mag exer-
cised belligerent supervision became the most vicious resort in the city, and was finally closed by Captain Thorne of the Fourth Ward police after seven murders had been committed there in a period of less than two months. It was in the Hole in the Wall that Slobbery Jim and Patsy the Barber, both desperate criminals and prominent members of the Daybreak Boys, had their famous fight. On one of their prowling expeditions along the river front Slobbery Jim and Patsy the Barber came upon a German immigrant, newly landed, walking beneath the sea-wall at the Battery. They set upon him, knocked him unconscious with a club, and robbed him of twelve cents, all the money he possessed. They then cast him into the harbor, where he drowned. The thugs went to the Hole in the Wall to divide their plunder, and Slobbery Jim pointed out that since he had hoisted the heavy German over the wall he should have at least seven and possibly eight of the twelve cents. But Patsy the Barber contended with equal logic that if he had not struck the German with a club Slobbery Jim might not have been able to push him into the water. The infuriated Slobbery Jim promptly seized the prominent nose of Patsy the Barber between his teeth, and Patsy countered with a knife-thrust between the ribs which, however, did little damage. For more than half an hour the two thugs rolled and tumbled about the floor of the dive, unmolested by either One-Armed Charley or Gallus Mag, for it was recognized that they were engaged in no ordinary brawl, but were desperate men fighting for a principle. Finally Slobbery Jim obtained possession of the knife and stabbed Patsy the Barber in the throat, and when the latter fell fainting from loss of blood, promptly stamped him to death with hob-nailed boots. Slobbery Jim escaped, and was not again heard of until the Civil War, when he appeared as a captain in the Confederate Army.

A majority of the pirates of the Fourth Ward operated along the East River water-front from the Battery to Hell Gate, only

one gang of importance working along the Hudson river on the western shore of Manhattan. This was a choice collection of ruffians known as the Charlton Street Gang, under the leadership of such famous pirates as Flabby Brown, Big Mike, Patsy Higgins, Mickey Shannon, Big Brew and Slip Locksley. They made their headquarters in a gin-mill at the foot of Charlton street, and sallied forth each evening to steal whatever was loose upon the docks, and to rob and murder anyone who ventured into their territory. But most of the Hudson river piers were used by ocean-going steamers and sailing vessels, and were well lighted and guarded. Consequently the Charlton street gangsters found the pickings very slim, and were at length driven to make a choice between regular piracy and honest labor.

Naturally, they chose piracy, and for the first two years of their new career roamed up and down the Hudson in row-boats, robbing isolated farm-houses and estates along the New Jersey coast, and on the Manhattan shore as far north as the Harlem river. But in the Spring of 1869 they were joined by a woman known as Sadie the Goat, who proceeded to put new life into the gang. Sadie acquired her soubriquet because it was her custom, upon encountering a stranger who looked as though he might possess money or valuables, to duck her head and butt him in the stomach, whereupon her male companions promptly slugged the surprised victim with a slung shot, and then robbed him at their leisure. For several years Sadie the Goat was a favorite among the gangsters of the Fourth Ward, but she finally became embroiled in a fight with Gallus Mag and was badly worsted. She fled the district, leaving one of her ears in Gallus Mag's pickling jar behind the bar of the Hole in the Wall, and sought refuge in the den of the Charlton Street Gang on the West Side.

Under the inspired leadership of Sadie the Goat the Charlton street thugs considerably enlarged their field of operations. They stole a small sloop of excellent sailing qualities, and with the Jolly Roger ing from the masthead and Sadie the G pacing the deck in proud command, t sailed up and down the Hudson from Harlem river to Poughkeepsie and beyo looting and burning farm-houses and ri side mansions, terrorizing the hamlets, occasionally holding men and women ransom. It has been said that Sadie Goat, whose ferocity far exceeded tha her ruffianly followers, compelled ha dozen men to walk the plank in true ratical style. For several months the th were amazingly successful, and bega fill up their hiding places with bale goods, some of considerable value, w they disposed of gradually through fences and junk shops along the Hu and East rivers. But after they had c mitted several murders, the emba farmers began to greet their landing pa with musket and pistol fire, and by the of the Summer life had become so per that they abandoned their sloop. Sadi Goat is said to have taken her share o loot and returned to the Fourth Wa where she made truce with Gallus Mag acknowledged her as Queen of the W Front. Gallus Mag was so touched by abject surrender of her rival that she di into her crock of trophies and returned female ear to its rightful owner. Le hath it that Sadie the Goat had her ea closed in a locket and wore it abou throat.

During the late fifties Chief of P George W. Matsell estimated that were between five and six hundred pirates in the Fourth Ward, organize some fifty active gangs. The most in tant was the Daybreak Boys. This o which had a rendezvous in a gin-mill by Pete Williams at Slaughter House P as the police called the intersectio James and Water streets, was an extra nary band of cutthroats, and was the fi the river gangs to operate as an orga unit under acknowledged leadership strict discipline. These thugs received name because they generally chose the

dawn for their most hazardous enter-
ses, and few were the days on which the
ng sun did not disclose them prowling
ut the docks or along the river in row-
ts. Nicholas Saul and William Howlett,
o were hanged in the Tombs when the
ner was but twenty years old and How-
a year his junior, were the most cele-
ted leaders of the Daybreak Boys, al-
ugh the membership of the gang
luded many noted criminals, among
m Slobbery Jim, Patsy the Barber, Tom
gan, Bill Lowrie, Sow Madden and
v-Legged Sam McCarthy. None of them,
he start, was more than twenty years
, and there was scarcely a man among
m who had not committed at least one
der and innumerable robberies.

III

the most illustrious thug who graced
w York during the pre-Civil War period
; Albert E. Hicks, commonly called
ksey, who lived with his wife and one
ld at 129 Cedar street, not far from
nity Church and within two blocks of
Hudson river. Hicks was a free lance
gster and thief. He spent most of his
e in the dives of the Fourth Ward, and
hough he owed allegiance to none of
great gangs, occasionally enlisted
er the banner of a captain whose activi-
promised excitement and loot. On a
ht in March, 1860, having imbibed too
ply at a Water street dance-hall, Hicks
ght lodging in the house of a Cherry
et crimp, trusting that his reputation
uld protect him. But the crimp was no
pecter of persons, and was not awed by
eminence of his guest. He put laudanum
Hicks' nightcap of rum, and in the dead
night crept into the sleeping chamber
deepened the gangster's slumbers with
lung-shot. When Hicks awakened he
on board the sloop *E. A. Johnson*,
nd for Deep Creek, Virginia, for a
go of oysters, and had been regularly
ped as a member of the crew under the
ne of William Johnson. Besides the
ughaied thug, the vessel's complement
comprised the master, Captain Burr, and two brothers, Smith and Oliver Watts.

The *E. A. Johnson* sailed out of New York harbor with Hicks lying in the forecastle trying to collect his scattered senses. Five days later the sloop was found abandoned at sea off the coast of Staten Island by the schooner *Telegraph* of New London. The schooner spoke the steam tug *Ceres*, which towed the *Johnson* into the Fulton Market slip. She had evidently been in collision with another vessel, for her bowsprit and cutwater had been badly damaged, and sailors who boarded her to affix a tow-line reported that her decks were in the wildest confusion. After she had docked Coroner Schirmer and Captain Weed of the Second precinct police boarded her and made an examination. They found the sails loose upon the deck, and the small boat which was ordinarily towed at the stern was missing. In the cabin the ceiling, floors, bunks, chairs and table were stained with blood, as were the bedding and the ship's papers, and various articles of clothing which had been thrown about the compartment. On the floor and on the planking of the deck were marks indicating that a heavy body had been dragged to the side, and the rail was splotched with blood. Four human fingers and a thumb lay on the deck beneath the starboard rail, and alongside of them a bloody ax.

There was no sign of Hicks aboard the ship, but two days later the police learned that he had appeared at his home with a considerable sum of money, and had given evasive answers when neighbors asked where he had obtained it. That night he fled the city with his wife and child, but was traced to Providence and arrested there. A web of circumstantial evidence was soon woven around him, and in May, 1860, he was tried before the United States Circuit Court. After deliberating seven minutes the jury found him guilty of piracy and murder on the high seas. He was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, July 13, and the court specified that the execution should take place on one of the government-owned

islands in New York Bay. Less than a week later Hicks summoned the warden of the prison, and said that he desired to make a confession, and thereby ease his soul of sin. He then told how he had murdered one of the Watts boys with a capstan bar, and had afterward killed Captain Burr and the other lad with an ax, chopping young Watts' fingers off when the boy clung to the rail.

The conviction of Hicks and his subsequent confession caused a stir throughout the city, and for several weeks there was a constant stream of visitors to the Tombs, where they crowded the corridors and stared with awe at the desperate gangster who lay shackled to the floor of a cell. Among the first comers was Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman, whose American Museum was then at the height of its popularity. Barnum wished to obtain a bust of the pirate for his museum, and after a day of haggling Hicks agreed to pose in return for $25 in cash and two boxes of five-cent cigars. Early next morning a cast was made, and that afternoon Barnum returned to the Tombs with a new suit of clothing, which he traded to Hicks for the garments the pirate was then wearing. Later Hicks complained that Barnum had cheated him, for the new suit was shoddy and not nearly so good as his old one.

Hicks slept soundly the night before his execution, but was awakened at four o'clock on the morning of July 13 and told to dress. He manifested no sign of repentance or grief, but ate heartily of breakfast and then smoked the last of the cigars which he had obtained from Barnum. He told the warden that Barnum had asked him to return the empty cigar boxes for display in the museum, and the warden agreed to see that the showman received them. A few minutes before nine o'clock United States Marshal Isaiah Rynders, girt with Sheriff Kelly's sword, which he had borrowed for the occasion, entered the prison, attended by the sheriff and several deputies, all clad in plug hats and frock coats and carrying their staffs of office. In a sonorous voice the marshal read the death warrant, and bade the prisoner prepare himself for execution, which Hicks did by arraying himself in a suit of black cottonade made expressly for the occasion. He complained that the suit did not fit and had not been properly pressed, but the warden told him there was no time for alterations.

The gangster was handcuffed and shackled with leg irons, and was then led from his cell into the main corridor of the prison, where Marshal Rynders and his party were drawn up in a solemn group to receive him. Attended by Father Duranquet and escorted by the officials marching in hollow square with their plug hats held across their chests, Hicks was escorted with great ceremony into the street. The thousands of people who had gathered greeted his appearance with cheers, and both the prisoner and the United States marshal bowed in acknowledgment of the ovation. For a few moments the group stood on the steps of the prison, and then around a corner into Center street swept a fife-and-drum corps and a string of carriages, each drawn by a team of coal-black horses and driven by a coachman clad in garments of funereal hue. The procession halted in front of the Tombs amid flourishes and ruffles from the trumpets and drums, and Marshal Rynders, carrying his silk hat in the crook of his elbow and with his sword clanking about his heels, marched ceremoniously down the steps and impressively ensconced himself in the front seat of the first carriage. Beside him sat Deputy Marshal Thompson, while Hicks was placed in the back seat between Sheriff Kelly and Father Duranquet. In the second carriage were the deputy sheriffs, and in the others were policemen, gamblers, politicians, pugilists, doctors and newspaper reporters. At a signal from Marshal Rynders the drums rattled, the musicians struck up a dirge, and the carriages were driven slowly through thoroughfares lined with cheering crowds to the foot of Canal street, where

steamboat *Red Jacket* awaited to convey hanging party to Bedloe's Island, ere the Statue of Liberty now beckons h her blazing torch of freedom.

he carriages and the fife-and-drum s were dismissed when the procession ved at the dock, and the party, aug- ted by more than a thousand men who been invited to attend the hanging but for the ride, went aboard the steam- t. Hicks was made comfortable in the n, and immediately engaged in prayer h Father Duranquet. By ten o'clock the t was jammed with some 1,500 guests, a start was made for the island. But in stream Marshal Rynders discovered there was plenty of time, and he de- ined to take his guests on a pleasure up the Hudson. The *Red Jacket* was ac- lingly turned about and steamed vly up the river as far as Hammond, West Eleventh street, where the mship *Great Eastern*, recently arrived n Europe, was anchored. Hicks was ught to the rail, and as the *Red Jacket* led the *Great Eastern* Marshal Rynders ioned himself on the bridge, and with sword in one hand and a trumpet in the r, announced to the passengers of the mship the purpose of the cruise, and meaning of the shackles on Hicks' legs the handcuffs on his wrists. The people ard the *Great Eastern* cheered vigorously, Hicks bowed respectfully.

bout 10:30 o'clock the *Red Jacket* again ted down the Bay, arriving at Bedloe's nd an hour later. The guests formed nselves in procession, and preceded by rshal Rynders, Father Duranquet and ks, marched down the gangplank be- en lines of marines under command Captain John B. Hamilton, while be- d the pier a detachment of infantry n the garrison at Fort Hamilton awaited scort the doomed man to the gallows. ks marched with his lips moving in er, and as his feet touched the soil of island he knelt with Father Duranquet commended his soul to the special at- ion of his Heavenly Father. He was permitted to complete his supplications, while the guests stood with bowed heads. The procession then moved forward, with Hicks in the center of a hollow square formed by the troops, and the regimental band playing a dirge.

Meanwhile hundreds of boats had come from Manhattan, and from Staten Island, New Jersey and Brooklyn, and formed a solid mass for more than a hundred feet off shore. Beyond the fringe of small craft were a score of large excursion boats, gaily decorated with flags and bunting and crowded to the gunwales with hilarious crowds, among whom hawkers and patterers peddled hot corn and other equivalents of the modern hot dog. It was estimated that at least 10,000 persons saw the execution, for the scaffold had been erected within fifty feet of the shore, and the hanging was in plain view of the great crowds which filled the boats. Hicks stepped on the death platform promptly at noon, and half an hour later, after the invited guests had filed past and shaken hands with him, the rope was cut and his body dropped through the trap. He struggled severely for three minutes, but thereafter exhibited no pain. The body remained suspended for a half hour, when it was cut down and carried aboard the *Red Jacket*, and taken back to Manhattan. Hicks was buried in Calvary Cemetery, but his body was scarcely cold before the grave had been robbed by ghouls, who sold the corpse to medical students for a few dollars.

IV

Although Water street was the site of the most vicious dives of the Fourth Ward and the haunt of the most desperate thugs of the water-front, there was little to choose between it and the other thoroughfares of the district. Nor was it any worse than the Corlears Hook district, northward near the bend of the East River at Grand street, where many of the water-front gangs removed when the police finally became active in the Fourth Ward. There dives

sprang up bearing such names as the Tub of Blood, Hell's Kitchen, Snug Harbor, Swain's Castle, Cat Alley and the Lava Beds. Many celebrated thieves and gangsters frequented these resorts, among them Skinner Meehan, Dutch Hen, Brian Boru, Sweeney the Boy, Jack Cody and Hop-Along Peter. Sweeney the Boy and Brian Boru slept in a marble yard near the Hook for twenty years, but one night the latter went to sleep so drunk that he could not defend himself, and when his body was found it had been half-devoured by the huge rats which infested the docks and sometimes ranged far afield in quest of food. Hop-Along Peter was a half-wit, but he was a ferocious thug nevertheless, for he flew into a furious rage at sight of a police uniform, and was one of the most noted cop-fighters of his time.

Cherry street, through which George Washington and John Hancock had once strolled and where the aristocrats had held revel in the cherry orchards, was the headquarters of the crimps, who operated boarding-houses wherein sailors were robbed and murdered and from which they were shanghaied. During the late sixties an investigating committee headed by the Hon. W. F. G. Shanks estimated that 15,000 sailors were annually robbed of some $2,000,000 in these places. Dan Kerrigan, a noted pugilist who fought a three and a half hour bare knuckle battle with Australian Kelly, conducted such a house at 110 Cherry street, and Mrs. Bridget Tighe, a celebrated female crimp, had a place at No. 61. Next door to Kerrigan's, at No. 110½, was the famous house kept by Tommy Hadden, the most notorious crimp of them all. He served two terms in State's prison for robbing and shanghaiing sailors. Both Hadden and Kit Burns had been leaders of the Dead Rabbits and other early Five Points gangs, but as they grew older they wearied of the brawling of Paradise Square and removed to the Fourth Ward, where they opened dives and waxed fat and prosperous, and became notable ornaments of the water-front. However, they occasionally returned to the Points and ac companied the Rabbits on important fora

Sailors were frequently murdered their sleep in the old Fourth Ward Ho at Catherine and Water streets, and th bodies disposed of through trap do opening into underground passages wh led to the docks. The first Jack-the-Rip murder in New York is said to have curred in this house, when an old known as Shakespeare was cut to pieces a half-witted bar-fly commonly known Frenchy. Shakespeare always claimed t she had come from an aristocratic fam and that in her youth she had been a c brated actress in England. She suppor her contention by reciting, in return f bottle of swan gin, the lines of ev female rôle in "Hamlet," "Macbeth" "The Merchant of Venice," and throu out the ward she was regarded as authority on the drama. Another fam sailors' house was the Pearsall & Hotel, in Dover street near Water, wh had a dance-hall in the basement, place prostitution on the second and third flo and rooms to hire on the fourth and fi Still another resort of this type was Glass House at No. 18 Catherine Slip, l by Martin Bowe, member of a fam Fourth Ward family. Bowe had t brothers, Jack, Jim and Bill, all of w were notorious shooters, cutters thieves. Not only did they lead their gangsters in assaults upon the docks upon ships lying in the East River, they acted as fences and disposed of loot obtained by other gangs. One of principal followers was Jack Madill, was bartender at the Glass House for than a year. He was finally sent to pr for life after he had killed his wife bec she refused to help him rob a dru sailor, or, in the expressive argot o period, roll a lush.

The most famous of all the Fourth W dives was the dance-house kept by Allen in Water street, at No. 304. was a member of a pious and well-t family of upper New York State, and

apart by his parents to follow in the steps of his brothers, two of whom ame Presbyterian preachers and the third aptist. But about 1850 Allen became atisfied with the prospective rewards sacerdotal career, and abandoned his lies in Union Theological Seminary, oving with his wife to the Fourth d. There they opened a dance-hall and se of prostitution, staffing it with nty girls who wore low black bodices atin, scarlet skirts and stockings, and topped boots with bells affixed to the es. One of the inmates of the Allen blishment soon after the Civil War was ughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of ew England State, who had come to York to seek her fortune and had been ht in the meshes of the procurers who abounded throughout the city and ated almost without hindrance. The soon became one of the principal ational centers for the gangsters of Fourth Ward, and Allen ran it with shrewdness that within ten years he banked a fortune of more than $100,000, had become widely known as the kedest Man in New York, a soubriquet applied to him by Oliver Dyer in an le for *Packard's Monthly*. And his dive me one of the worst the city has ever , worthy to rank alongside such notori- but later, places as McGuirk's Suicide , the Haymarket, the French Ma- e's, Paresis Hall and Billy McGlory's us resort in Hester street.

len had definitely left the service of Lord when he embarked on a Fourth d career, but he never entirely forgot arly training. Although a drunkard, ief, a procurer, and possibly a mur- , he remained devoutly religious, and ted upon surrounding his unholy pation with a holy atmosphere. His e opened for business each afternoon ne o'clock, but on three days a week athered his harlots, bartenders and cians in the barroom at noon and there and expounded a passage from the tures. Each of the cubicles to which his women repaired with their customers was supplied with a Bible and such religious literature as Allen could obtain, and on gala nights New Testaments were given away as souvenirs. He subscribed to practically every religious paper and magazine published in the United States, and took several copies each of the New York *Observer* and the *Independent*, his favorites. He kept them scattered about the dance-hall and barroom, and on every table and bench reposed a hymn-book called "The Little Wanderer's Friend," then a popular volume. Allen was always ready to lead his harlots and their customers in a religious sing-song, and it was not unusual for the house to resound with the sound of hymns. The harlots' favorite was "There is Rest for the Weary":

> There is rest for the weary,
> There is rest for you.
> On the other side of Jordan,
> In the sweet fields of Eden,
> Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
> There is rest for you.

The various magazine and newspaper articles describing the curious manner in which Allen operated his house attracted much attention, and the evangelical clergymen of the city determined to take advantage of the situation. The Rev. A. C. Arnold of the Howard Mission was especially indefatigable, and made frequent visits to the house, trying to induce Allen to permit an ordained preacher to conduct his meetings. Finally, on May 25, 1868, the Rev. Mr. Arnold led an expedition of six clergymen and as many devout laymen into the dangerous purlieus of Water street, and found Allen so drunk that he was unable to protest when they held a prayer meeting from midnight until four o'clock in the morning. Accounts of this meeting were published, and for several months there was a regular procession of curiosity seekers and ambitious preachers to the Water street dive, so that Allen's regular patrons were driven away and his profits dwindled. The preachers continued to hold meetings whenever Allen could be found drunk enough to give his consent, and at

length they announced that they had prevailed upon him to abandon his nefarious business. At midnight on August 29, 1868, the doors of the dance-hall were closed for the first time in seventeen years, and the next morning this notice was posted upon the door:

THIS DANCE HOUSE IS CLOSED

No gentlemen admitted unless accompanied by their wives, who wish to employ Magdalenes as servants.

V

The next day the Rev. Mr. Arnold announced that John Allen had given his heart to Jesus, and that he would never resume his former occupation. A few days later the preachers began to hold revival meetings in the dance-house, and on the Sunday following Allen attended services at the Howard Mission, and the Rev. Mr. Arnold asked the congregation to pray for him, which was done. This circumstance aroused much interest, as did the public meetings, which continued daily until about the first of October. Meanwhile the ministers had prevailed upon Kit Burns to turn his rat-pit over to them for services, and on September 11 meetings were also begun in Tommy Hadden's boarding-house at 374 Water street, although none were held in his Cherry street place. Bill Slocum's gin-mill in Water street was also overrun by the preachers, but Slocum, Burns and Hadden would not attend services at the mission, although they permitted themselves to be mentioned in the prayers.

So much commotion was aroused by the Water street revival that about the middle of September a communication to the public on the subject was issued, signed by the Rev. Mr. Arnold, Dr. J. M. Ward, the Rev. H. C. Fish, the Rev. W. C. Van Meter, the Rev. W. H. Boole, the Rev. F. Browne, Oliver Dyer, the Rev. Isaac M. Lee and the Rev. Mr. Huntington. This paper professed to set forth the facts about the Water street preaching. It said that Allen, Burns, Slocum and Hadden had surrendered th premises for services because they had b converted, and that they were coöperat with the preachers solely through religi motives. The communication said a that the congregations had, to a large tent, been composed of sailors and reside of the Fourth Ward, and that some of most wretched outcasts of the district been present and had, in many instan requested prayer and private religious struction.

These things were solemnly set forth the preachers as facts, and were accep as such until the New York *Times*, a an extended investigation, exposed entire scheme. The *Times* declared t there was no revival in progress am the denizens of the water-front, and t Slocum, Allen, and Tommy Hadden v not converted or reformed men. It cha that the preachers and their financial b ers had hired the Allen dive for one mo paying him $350 for the privilege of h ing prayer meetings and other relig exercises on his premises, and binding h as part of the bargain, to sing hymns pray, and to say that he had given house free of charge because of his lov the preachers and Jesus Christ. Said *Times:*

As for the other men's reformation, that is absolutely a piece of humbuggery as Alle Tommy Hadden is playing the pious with hope of being secured from trial before the Co of General Sessions for having recently sha haied a Brooklynite, and also in consideratio a handsome moneyed arrangement with his e ployers—similar to that of Hadden. Kit Bur rat-pit will be opened for religious services Monday next; but the public need not be decei in the matter of his reformation. His motive, l that of the others, is to make money, and, b known, he is to receive at the rate of $150 month for the use of his pit for an hour every d Slocum desired prayers at the Howard Miss on Sunday last, but it is understood that he is to be lionized because the missionaries are willing to pay him a high enough rental for hall. As for the general movement carried on Water street, under the false pretense that th men have voluntarily and from purely religi motives, offered their saloons for public wors and have, themselves, determined to reform, v little more need be said. The daily prayer m ings are nothing more than assemblages of

us people from among the higher grades of iety, in what were once low dance-halls. There n unusual amount of interest displayed at these etings, and much good, doubtless, has been omplished thereby, but it is also a fact that re are but a few, and sometimes none, of the etched women, or ruffianly, vicious men, of t neighborhood present. Those classes are not ched at all, and it is false to say that a revival going on among them. The character of the liences and the exercises are similar to that of noon meeting at the Fulton street church.

natchem was a prominent figure at all he Water street revival services. His iligence was not of a very high order, he was easily aroused by the fiery ortations of the preachers and the tional appeal of the shouting and n-singing. He asked for prayers at y meeting, and frequently embarrassed clergy by publicly inquiring when they ld receive the barrel of water from the Jordan, which he had been assured ld wash away his sins. But he was ndoned to whatever fate the Devil had ore for him when, having been asked he wanted to go to Heaven, he replied he wanted to be an angel and bite riel's ear off.

he enthusiasm of the revivalists was iderably dampened by the articles which appeared in the *Times*, and the public began to desert the services when it became apparent that the preachers had not been wholly truthful. Eventually the campaign was abandoned, and Water street and the remainder of the Fourth Ward returned to their ways of sin. But John Allen's house never recovered from the blighting effect of the prayer meetings; the gangsters began to consider him, as he expressed it, "loose and unsound," and would not patronize his establishment. He retained his women and musicians, and after his contract with the preachers had expired tried desperately to restore his house to its former evil splendor, but within a few months he was compelled to abandon his enterprise. His last public appearance was late in December, 1868, when he and his wife, together with half a dozen of his girls, were arraigned before Justice Dowling in the Tombs Police Court, charged with robbing a seaman, Benjamin Swan, of $15. One of the girls, Margaret Ware, was held for immediate trial, and Allen was held in $300 bail for appearance in General Sessions. Allen accused Oliver Dyer of causing his arrest, and declared that it was all a put-up job.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Brief for Prohibition.—It seems to me that the Prohibitionists, in their efforts to keep the country dry, have overlooked one argument that might win to their side a number of the more civilized Americans who have no sympathy with them at present and who, indeed, would be only too glad to see them kit and caboodle in Gehenna. The argument in question concerns the disgrace that Americans in the mass brought upon alcohol when it was free to them, the manner in which they manhandled it, and the consequent and eminently sound deduction that it should therefore be taken from them, as a Stradivarius should be taken from a man who plays the Black Bottom on it or as first-rate art should be removed from the British National Gallery.

What I am getting at is not the American's habit of excessive topery, for that is and should be no one's business but the individual's. If a man wants to drink himself into unconsciousness and, in the process, gradually acquire everything from cirrhosis of the liver to gall-stones, I can't see that it is anyone's affair save his, granting, of course, that his wife and children esteem him as husband and father no more than is customary. What I have in mind, rather, is the American's complete and even shameful ignorance of alcoholic tipples, of their finest nature, of their infinite charm and beauty, and of their proper service. Such banalities as his accustomed serving of highballs with the roast, or of champagne with the pie, I pass over; they are too well known to call for comment. But I doubt that his monkeyshines in other directions, during the days when he could have anything to drink that he wanted, are sufficiently appreciated. Surely they not appreciated by such organization the Methodist Board of Temperance, hibition, *u.s.w.*, for, if they were, t tongs might deftly spread the news br cast and so subtly turn much of the pre indignation and a good share of the calls against their enemies.

Consider, for example, the kind of gl that Americans used for wassail pur at the height of the gala era. Along a 1890, there appeared suddenly throug the Republic a craze for colored glass, it was a rare household that didn't s up with a variety of ruby, green, ye and purple vessels, purchasable at nearest crockery shop at very cheap pr These were considered very tasty by chatelaines of innumerable ménages, were employed by them on every pos occasion. Claret and Burgundy were s in green and yellow glasses; Sauter ruby glasses; Rhine wines in purple gl Even whiskey and water in an em glass was not an unusual phenomenon general spectacle was much as if so were to be served in a soup dish, or and potatoes on a brass salver, and i just as disturbing to the refined palate tinctorial debauching of otherwise l and estimable beverages spread from to coast; there was no sense of discri tion; the fact that only appropri blended glasses were used in Euro certain vintages was lost sight of i consuming rage to use glasses of an all hues at any and all times. And ensued a great gagging on the part the more well-bred and sensitive bi For even the saloons and restaurants fetched by the colored glass fad and

confined one's self to *Schnapps* or lager, couldn't for the life of one avoid the equent chromatic nausea. Rhine wine seltzer were pushed over the bar in y Nile-green glasses or even sicklier ones; brandy was delivered in ame- tine glasses; Kirschwasser was served iffron receptacles; Martini and Man- n cocktails were presented in chalices literally yelled at them. The extent hich these atrocities went, in high s, so to speak, as well as low, can be suggested by recalling the fact that Ward McAllister, arbiter elegantiarum ne period, actually served his guests r-colored Madeira in magenta glasses, gh to make the more conversant of deathly ill, to say nothing of port, ne state occasion, in topaz glasses em- shed with gold filigree!

ne popularity of the cocktail marked her debasing of the alcoholic art. Fol- ng the Martini, Manhattan and Old- ioned Whiskey cocktails—the inau- l cocktail trinity—there descended the American scene a hundred and idiculous mixtures, without rhyme or n, that made sorry mock of respect- and intelligent drinking. The Bronx tail brought orange juice mixed with gin, a combination akin to mixing e juice with Pilsner. The Clover Club ically took gin and shook it up with, ng other things, the white of an egg raspberry syrup. The Colonial per- ed the atrocity of defiling its gin with e-fruit juice and maraschino. The m Fizz went in, clown-like, for gin sweet cream. The Guards', as it was d, tried to blend gin and Curaçao, and Plaza, gin, pineapple and mint. led onions were inserted into other tails, and absinthe, French vermouth crushed cherries provided a still er corruption. The Bloodhound cock- added two strawberries to its mongrel é; the Colonial actually mixed up the of an egg, gin, Italian and French outh, white port and anisette; and famous Bunny Hug assaulted the kid- neys with rye whiskey, gin and absinthe. Benedictine and Cointreau were shaken up with mint leaves, the resulting barbarity being dubbed the Imperial cocktail; the Brandy cocktail was an attempt to bring about the miscegenation of brandy and gum syrup, to say nothing of bitters, and, sometimes, maraschino; the Champagne cocktail performed the abortion of adding lump sugar and lemon to the queen of wines; and there was a cocktail widely drunk throughout the South that was composed of half a teaspoonful of Jamaica ginger, half a pony of brandy, half a pony of port wine, one and a half ponies of cherry brandy, one and a half ponies of blackberry brandy and some grated nutmeg.

Other masterpieces of the prevalent alcoholic blasphemy were the Chocolate cocktail that churned an egg, bitters, port wine and sugar; the Cider cocktail that juggled gin, cider, lemon peel and bitters; the Duplex that took in a liberal dash of Horsford's acid phosphate; the Coffee that added Mocha and Java to brandy and port; and the Metropole that performed with gum syrup, Peyschaud bitters, orange bitters, brandy and French vermouth—not forgetting the Narragansett that mixed whiskey, absinthe and Italian vermouth. There were also the so-called Puritan, made up of yellow chartreuse, gin, French vermouth and orange bitters; the Rob Roy, with its Scotch whiskey, Italian vermouth and bitters embellished with an olive; the Trilby, with its acid phosphate, rye whiskey and Calisaya; and the Tuxedo, with its unbelievable amalgam of gin, sherry and Italian vermouth.

In the way of miscellaneous mixed drinks, there were the Champagne Cup, that heathenish hodge-podge of champagne, sugar, lemon, orange, berries, cucumber, brandy, maraschino, white Curaçao, sherry and mint; the Golden Fizz, with its lemon juice, sugar and yolk of an egg added to the gin; Plush, with its ungodly alliance of champagne and claret; Velvet, that combined champagne and stout; and the well-known Port and Star-

board, composed of one-half orange Curaçao and one-half crème de menthe. The Pousse Café sought to gain an audience for itself by grading raspberry syrup, maraschino, orange Curaçao, yellow chartreuse, green chartreuse and brandy; the Pousse L'Amour, that was never nearer France than the old Holland House bar, by pouring into a sherry glass maraschino, the cold yolk of an egg, vanilla flavoring and cognac; the Royal Plush by stirring up champagne and Burgundy in equal parts; Shandy Gaff by combining beer or ale with ginger-ale; the Silver Fizz by merging the white of an egg, lemon juice and powdered sugar with gin; and the Syracuse Cobbler by taking proud Medford rum and fusing it with ginger-ale and lemon rind.

As if all this was not enough, the alcoholic morons of the land proceeded then to a further corruption of their Heaven-sent nectars by using ice in places where ice was as completely ruinous as it would be to a Welsh rarebit. Ice in claret became so general a thing that everyone still remembers it. Tom and Jerry, prepared hours before it was due to delight the tonsils, was preserved by putting it temporarily in the refrigerator, where it promptly lost what could never be recaptured by subsequent heating. White wines were chilled out of their quality, and even the lowly chiantis were robbed of what bouquet they may have had by putting cracked ice into the glasses. I have drunk Moselle in those days that was made indistinguishable from colored ice-water, and Burgundy that was so cold I couldn't make out its flavor. Even beer, save in the emporia presided over by Bavarians and Bohemians, was often to the point where its foam took on appearance of dry shaving lather.

Champagne was kept lying flat on side by ninety-nine Americans out of e hundred who drank it, instead of b faintly tilted toward the cork, and so gradually impaired beyond recall. Bee most American homes, was served in glasses that effeminized it. Port was zled at the height of Summer, and s kling Saumurs were often poured into glass pitchers and allowed to stand arc on tables awaiting the moment of t service. Heavy wines, such as Chambe Pommard, etc., were abruptly decan their temperature lowered instead slightly raised, and so made mock Stout was treated as if it were beer. champagne vintages of 1901, 1907 and were regarded as of the same merit as t of 1892, 1900 and 1906. Cognac and w key were gulped down as one and the thing. The finer Bordeaux were assau before even their eighth birthday. sweet Dordogne wines were served meat and fowl, and Chablis Moutc 1904, the princess of its breed, was se after the soup. Precious Bourbon was taminated with ginger-ale; brandy wa nited to amuse the children; Tokay served in sizeable water tumblers; and divine blood of the Gironde country often actually sucked up through a st

That such a people and such a na do not richly deserve the visitation them of the Eighteenth Amendmen their Constitution, I have conside trouble in believing.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The English Theatre

measure of the present-day English tre may patly be taken by "Yellow ls," both as a play and as a production. some time now we have been reading nthusiastic cable of the quality of this terpiece of Eden Phillpotts and his ghter, and of the remarkable artistic entation given it by Sir Barry Jackson, on saint of the Manchester Repertory atre. The London press has hailed it as ething decidedly unique, like the cyni- of Hugh Gibson or the good manners Bobby Jones, and has implied that so as the English stage can offer such gs there is no need for alarm over its retical decline. Both play and pro- ion have recently been brought over to show us just what the English tre can do when it tries, and our worst s have been realized. For as a play and as oduction the exhibit proves again that British stage is the saddest on view in world at this moment, a stage so far nd that of America, Germany, Aus- Russia or even France that it is hard ne aware of its past glories to appreci- ts almost complete collapse.

While no more given to chauvinism than oboken bartender, an American sur- r of the theatrical scene cannot help think that without the American e to give it life these days the English tre would come very near having to up shop. This is true not only in the of plays, but of productions, players, ttists, song writers, dancers, musi- s, costume designers, monologists and jokesmiths. The so-called artistic luction of a play like this "Yellow ls," as regards scenic equipment, light- and direction, would not have been tolerated by Americans even from the old Washington Square Players in the infancy of that amateur organization. The utmost crudity and garbling of values are made painfully evident. A grotesque picture-book background has been fitted to a manuscript that it no more suits than the conventional setting of "The Weavers" would suit the "Follies;" a lack of discrimination in color values brings about so violent a distraction of the audience's eye that the play and scenery kick at each other like mules; the acting is of so poor a quality that no play, however good, could triumph over it; and the direction would disgrace a show put on by the guests at a Summer resort hotel. The disposition of the actors, the matter of emphasis and of voice shading, the handling of entrances and exits are all fantastically mishandled, and the result—forgetting even the deadly manuscript itself—is enough to make Americans scratch their noses. You could find no such incompetence in every department were you to search sedulously among the remotest local little theatres.

What has happened to the London stage? That this exhibition may with eminent fairness be taken as a criterion of its miserable estate is plain to anyone who has studied the English situation on its home grounds for the last half dozen years. What has brought about the *dégringolade* of a theatre that once, and not so very long ago, occupied an important position? What, with trivial exception, allows the clerks in the Keith-Prowse ticket agencies to snooze in their corners save the business in hand be to sell seats to imported American plays, shows and vaudeville acts? Theatrical London, as I remarked several years ago, has become simply an American road town, hanging around in the doldrums

until some second-rate American company comes along to awaken and to entertain it. With the exception of an occasional talented Yankee dramatic or musical comedy actress, we regularly send over to England performers who are surely anything but of the first order, yet these are received with the same indiscriminate acclaim as the others. Actors who can't get jobs over here go there and become overwhelming favorites. Actresses that no American producer will engage take a boat and have to hire secretaries to turn down offers. Singers confined over here to phonograph records and the radio succeed in crowding the London revue and vaudeville houses. Inferior productions of New York plays get notices that the English reviewers used to reserve for state occasions.

With a single exception in the dramatic line, musical comedy line and even vaudeville monologue line—a grand total of three—the American performers in drama, musical comedy and vaudeville who have become the rage in London in the last ten years have been given the bird in their own land. Yet London has taken them to its bosom with an undeviating affection. There are, true enough, a few of the old English favorites who still exercise their hold on the familiar London loyalty, but the theatrical love-map is dotted profusely with alien flyspecks. And today England almost uniformly pays out its money to cry with American handkerchief-moisteners, to laugh with American comedians and to tap its feet in time with American trick pianists and tune manufacturers. It gets its revue ideas from New York; its saxophone blowers have to take lessons from American tutors and then, having mastered their wind, for the protection of their own livelihood have to pass harsh union laws keeping out of the country all American musicians with more than one lung; its dramatic theatres have to support scouts in New York to ferret out plays that will keep their box-offices open; its managers have to ally themselves with American managers to get the benefit of the latters' judgment; its producers have to book we ward steamer accommodations at le three or four times a season to inspect local market and fetch ideas back w them. Were a second company of act like that which Jackson has brought o here to merchant "Yellow Sands" to g London in an American play, they wo be treated seriously and received with o arms. The records are rich in substantiat of the fact. In America, they are hoote and speedily go down the chute.

The trouble with the English theatr the trouble with the American mov picture: both have come under a cloak suit control. Just as the American mov picture industry is almost entirely in hands of former pants makers, so is English theatre of today almost enti in the hands of former woolen mercha butchers and coal dealers, the most of t hiding their identities and their pr pasts under the gauds of knighth There are more sirs in the English man rial ranks at the moment than the *m d'hôtel* of the McAlpin grill greets in round of a day's lunch. They are estim fellows, no doubt, a bit ridiculous, haps, in the awkward wearing of strange and far-fetched titles, but, eq without doubt, they are no more suite theatrical management and produc than so many drapers' clerks. They money, much money, otherwise would still be plain misters back in old places of business, but they hav notion of what drama is and they little taste, and so they seek to ma show for themselves by originating ing and playing safe by acting as copy- They do not know—how could the that there is material lying waste in land that might bring back to the En theatre a sense of the old native prid glory. They do not know—for such does not penetrate to woolen mills butcher shops and coal depots—tha yond the Alps lies not only Italy b Englishman named Craig whose geniu been banished from his homeland. Th

know—for such is vanity—that the and the dignity of the theatre are no e to be entrusted to apostate tradesmen, tradesmen in silk knee-breeches, than r American prototypes in the movie know that the future of the pictures, rsooth it is conceivable that the pic- s have one, is to be vested in apostate k peddlers and dill pickle dealers.

II

Wise-Cracked Drama

EAR ago, I made note in these pages of extent to which the so-called wise- k was replacing honest dialogue in the rican drama and ridding both that na and its characters of authenticity. intervening twelve months have sup- ed the contention in an elaborate ner; to such a degree, indeed, that it is l to find an American-made play these s that does not sacrifice its potential grity to facile and spurious wheezes. cent example is "Burlesque," by the srs. Watters and Hopkins. Here is a that might have been something. esque and its fauna, both American to core, are rich in possibilities; from n might have been brewed a dramatic ment smelling beautifully of a juicy distinctive slice of the native scene. the temptation to get a guffaw on y possible occasion has been too much he authors and the result is a play that hs itself into complete illegitimacy. thing of the theatre, it is often effec- , like a lively nigger minstrel show or upe of comical acrobats, but it reflects ity no more than the nigger minstrel v reflects Negro life or than the acro- suggest a diagnostic study of dor- rvical vertebræ. There are moments n the play hints fleetingly of genuine- , when a flash of speech and of char- r gleams momentarily bright and true ve the artificial lights. But truth is nptly clouted over the head with an trary slapstick and drowned in the equent wave of hearty but fraudu- lently inspired laughter. The show is a good one, good enough, indeed, to kill the play that lies tormentingly beseeching just under its surface. That play, caught helplessly in the womb, remains unborn. Some day, perhaps, Helen Green or Ring Lardner or Anita Loos or Thyra Samter Winslow, collaborating with Billy Watson, may write it.

The Watters-Hopkins exhibit, unquestionably suggested by "Broadway," which is as generally honest as the former is dubious, shows much less acquaintance with the world of burlesque than with the tricks of the Broadway stage. These tricks are handled with cunning and the theatrical effect is nicely achieved, but the dexterity does not for a moment conceal the fact that they are simply tricks. The fraudulence of the play is not long in impressing itself upon the spectator. The heroine, set forth as a typical burlesque woman, is approximately as much a part of the burlesque world as the Rose Stahl chorus lady of another day was a part of chorusdom. Her excessive nobility of character suggests Hurtig and Seamon infinitely less than Austin Strong and Eleanor Porter, and when, at indignant pitch, she can think of no livelier word to heap upon the colleague who is stealing her husband than *trollop*, the sawdust quality becomes strikingly evident. The noble, clean fellow who worships her with a kirk purity and would take her to live with his sister on his ranch out in Wyoming steps bodily forth from Eugene Walter's old "Easiest Way" box-office, and no less out of the showshop store-room are the characters who exit slamming doors with parting "Aw, go to Hells!" The speech, as I have observed, further rubs verisimilitude off the characters by impressing the auditor as coming out of the authors' mouths rather than out of the characters'. It is frequently forced and entirely unnatural as, for example, in such a line as, "You look fine with that black eye. When your nose gets a little redder they'll think you're the flag of Roumania." The Messrs. Watters and Hopkins may be up on the flag of Rou-

mania, but I allow myself a grave doubt that burlesque hoofers are quite so pat in the matter of esoteric emblematica. Nor is one entirely convinced when the burlesque comic says, "He's Jake Ackerman, the big moving picture magnate," and his hoofer partner rejoins with, "No! And I been readin' about that guy and thinkin' he was somebody wonderful." While I do not wish to pose as an authority on the theology of burlesque folk, I allow myself a similar doubt that any such character would not hold exactly some such guy in considerable awe.

The success of a play like this in the theatre offers renewed testimony to the fact that criticism, after all, is for critics and plays are for audiences. Sometimes the two meet on common ground, but infrequently. "Burlesque" is a play that does not concern itself with the real people of burlesque, but with the popular impression of the people of burlesque, and so is off to an easy and automatic running start. It proceeds forthwith to the business of amusing its patrons without the necessity—were it a sound work—of first persuading them of their wrong conception of burlesque and then entering into the labor of reconvincing them in a wholly new direction. The curtain goes up; the fun begins; and the devil take the critic. The play buttonholes its personages and their milieu in the prompt and familiar terms of fiction; no inquiries or introductions are called for or indulged in. The result is a diverting comic strip, and, like a comic strip, published apart from the realistic news and doings of real people of a real world.

The Hopkins staging, at least on the opening night, helped the manuscript to suggest burlesque and its people but feebly. The otherwise very skilful producer directed the actors and tempo after the manner of a Pinero comedy; the vulgarest line was spoken with a suave tea-drinking air; the characters were made to move about with the tony nonchalance of English cabots. Miss Stanwyck, the leading woman, needed only the periodic entra of a butler to suggest the heyday of Frohman Empire, and while Mr. Skelly was more fortunate in retaining necessary grossness, even he was s ciently caught in the director's web suggest occasionally much less a burles stern-pounder than a Broadway m show comedian.

III

E Pruritus Unum

We live in an age of scandal gourman ing. A nibbling at the personal live high and low is all-pervading. A g nosiness and snooping are upon us; the arts have taken on the aspect of tabloids. Gentlemen with dusters ladies and gentlemen with mirrors tel that Prime Ministers are given peri cally to a deplorably unstatesmanlike ritus and that Presidents jump nervo whenever they pass a newsboy who l a resemblance to them. Gentlemen palettes present us with canvases depic "The Last Supper," showing the Tw Apostles as cockeyed as so many and gray-haired grandmothers, slipp their false teeth back into place, del themselves of memoirs narrating how moonlit Summer nights long ago, dead Confederate generals lured them hind the old family barn. Biographe the new dispensation prove elabora that Jean-Jacques Rousseau comm anatomical arson only in fancy, that poleon never changed his lingerie, and Kaiser Wilhelm suffered from an inferi complex and, to sustain his self-esteem French babies *en casserole*. Novelists, s with the prevailing passion, apprise the news that Helen of Troy made C rine of Russia look like an ice poultice, Byron and Verdi suffered from *spirochætæ*, and that George Washin and Aaron Burr were not always inter solely in the singing of the Black Pat their day. Even architects surmount towering buildings with roosters.

o person is safe from the proletarian
o-licking. Newspapers go so far in the
ction of scandal that the libel line can
etected only with the aid of a powerful
nifying glass. The moment a woman in
public eye boards a steamer, it is hinted
she has a yen for one of the stewards
is going to Paris to divorce her hus-
l, and that the latter, in turn, was,
liarly enough, in his office on the
nd floor of the Singer Building on the
day that a pretty Flatbush stenog-
er jumped out of a window on the
nty-fifth. Any public official who stays
fter midnight becomes the subject of
h eye-winking, and any female re-
list weighing less than two hundred
ds is hinted to be given to esoteric
s. The moment a man makes more
$100,000 out of oil, it is insinuated
he got six Senators under the influ-
of opium and used them for nefarious
oses. The erstwhile respectable suit-
has been placed in the immoral cate-
, and it has become worth one's
tation to be seen in Atlantic City with
s sister, if she happens to be a blonde.
ver Cleveland, we are allowed to im-
e, was such a boozer that they haven't
succeeded in polishing off all the glass
s on the White House mahogany; the
Woodrow, we read, was a stage-door
n; the true story of Kitchener's death,
re told, was hushed up because a couple
Gaiety girls were on the battleship at
time; and a certain President of France
ported to have met his death in a man-
that was most embarrassing to those
found him.

he novel, "Revelry," by Samuel Hop-
Adams, and the play made from it by
rine Watkins, are symptoms of the
ailing itch for backstairs gossip. In
particular instance, the gossip would
, however, to have a very considerable
s in fact, and the result is a theatrical
bit—if not a play—that at least holds
amused attention. This attention it
ges by the familiar device of taking
ld-fashioned melodrama and giving it
an air of importance by rechristening the leading characters. Thus, as I have observed in another place, Jack Dalton becomes Warren Gamaliel Harding, late President of the United States, Sing Lo, his Chinese co-conspirator, becomes a Secretary of the Cabinet, and Fedora Orloff, the Russian adventuress, becomes a potential contributor of memoirs to *Liberty*. This dodge, as I have also noted, is successful in making an audience feel that it is being let in on something hot and racy instead of simply a more or less orthodox bad-man melodrama minus only the scene in which the brave engineer drives through the forest fire. The realism of the exhibition depends not so much upon what the characters do and say as upon the labels that they bear. A melodrama in which Jack Dalton swindles an old widow out of a New England farm would no longer interest an audience, but —keeping the melodrama intact—put a gray wig on Dalton, call him Harding and have him swindle people out of oil wells, and you'll make the same audience hold tight to its chairs and gasp. Impudence, albeit justifiable, thus takes the place of imagination, and make-up the place of character drawing. This is not to say that Mr. Adams and Miss Watkins have not done well the job that they set themselves to do; it is simply to say that the job at bottom is a critically dubious one.

Beneath the general surface of the play, there quiver several genuinely forceful dramatic episodes and, as I have observed, a considerable measure of truth. The fault of the piece lies in its over-emphasis and in its sophistication with obvious show-shop melodrama. It is also contrived in a series of jerky scenes that at times need only an organ accompaniment and an oil painting of Adolph Zukor on the side theatre wall to persuade one that one is at a movie. Too, there is so much profanity and cussing that along toward ten o'clock one begins to suspect the author of concealing her inability to key up dramatic intensity in loud invocations of the Saviour

and allusions to kennel genealogy. Miss Watkins is altogether too able a dramatic writer to resort to such facile and transparent subterfuges. She may well leave to certain of her lesser contemporaries the kind of dramatic writing in which the playwright should rub his mother's nose.

Of great help to the play is Mr. Robert Milton's very able direction and a troupe of actors considerably above the average.

IV

Brief Mention

"Pickwick," by the Messrs. Reilly and Hamilton, is a dull Dickens dramatization, assiduously faithful to the late Charles and hence ill-adapted to the purposes of the theatre. "Women Go On Forever," by Daniel Rubin, contains a couple of good dramatic episodes, one of them perhaps inadvertently borrowed from Leonard Merrick, but suffers from overcrowding and exaggeration. There is enough material for three separate plays here and the result is a three-ring circus in a single ring, and without a ringmaster. The author might have profited by calling in a collaborator more conversant with the limitations of drama. In addition, he shows a tendency to favor sex sensationalism that is a trifle juvenile and a desire to push realism beyond its bounds. Even if he is perfectly sincere in this latter regard, he should be mindful of the fact that stage realism, even at its best, is always more or less dubious and ridiculously artificial. All that one need do to appreciate the essential absurdity of stage realism is to observe what it looks like when photographed. There never was a realistic scene or a realistic dramatic episode that didn't comically go to pieces when you looked at it on a lobby stand.

"Tenth Avenue," by Lloyd Griscom a
John McGowan, the former quondam a
bassadorial delegate of this great Repub
to Italy, is a melodrama in which
keeper of a low crook dive is possessed
so noble and pure a character that she w
not touch tainted money. "Blood Money
by George Middleton, is, in turn, a me
drama in which a blonde stenograp
outwits the master-minds of the und
world and ends up in the arms of
millionaire boss. "Creoles" is the lat
great masterpiece of the M. Samuel Sh
man in collaboration with Kenneth Perki
"Ten Per Cent," by Eugene Davis,
awful tripe; "The Wild Man of Borne
by the Messrs. Connelly and Mankiew
is a very dull attempt at grotesque ch
acter comedy; and "The Letter" is a bo
bumping pot-boiler by the otherw
estimable W. S. Maugham, fashioned fr
one of his own short stories. "The Tria
Mary Dugan" is an interesting melodra
by Bayard Veiller, expertly staged,
"Four Walls," by the Messrs. Burnet
Abbott, is cheap gunman stuff. "The C
mand to Love," by Messrs. Lothar
Gottwald, is full of salubrious laugh
la Jurgen. "Black Velvet" may be
missed without comment.

"Good News," to come to music sho
is very lively and amusing entertainm
containing a fat comique named Gus
who falls upon his podex with uncomm
élan. Ziegfeld's "Follies" is an admira
show, pictorially as lovely as anything
professor has given us and with some
cellent low comedy by Eddie Cantor.
La Carte" is an extremely tedious re
with dull sketches by the author of "Cra
Wife" and "The Show-Off." "The Mika
is the third of Winthrop Ames' ski
Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. "Hal
Widow" is a deadly stupid hoof and y
show.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Revolutions

E NATURAL HISTORY OF REVOLUTION, by ford P. Edwards. $3. 7¾ x 5¼; 229 pp. Chicago: *he University of Chicago Press.*

VOLUTION is the sex of politics. All the ernments that we know today owe ir origin to it, and yet it has been so le studied and discussed, save roman- lly, that Dr. Edwards' book is the first nal treatise in English upon its anatomy physiology. The work shows the de- s that run with pioneering. For one ng, the facts upon which its generaliza- ns are based lie within a rather narrow ge: it is seldom that the author goes side the French Revolution, the recent sian Revolution, and the Puritan Rev- ion in England in the late Seventeenth tury. For another thing, he is some- at too prone to view all the phenomena evolution from the standpoint of the olutionists, and in the light of their : there is something to be said, too, ut the acts of their opponents, and it is n quite as important. But despite these cts, which may be easily remedied by next investigator who undertakes the ject, the book remains a valuable con- ution to both historical science and the chology of the crowd. It opens tracks ough a jungle of hitherto confused and telligible facts, and the author's con- ions, which are set forth in a succinct unpretentious manner, are almost al- s persuasive. The book has a brief oduction by Professor Robert E. Park, he chair of sociology at Chicago, to om it is dedicated. Its appearance calls ntion to the large number of interesting valuable works that have come out of under Dr. Park's imprimatur. His in- st is in descriptive sociology, and he seems to have a quite unusual faculty for unearthing contributors to its data in unlikely places. Dr. Edwards comes from a small denominational college up the Hudson, and until 1914 he was in practice as a clergyman.

He begins his study by tracing the signs that precede the beginning of a revolutionary movement—a general unrest, often inarticulate but usually quite palpable, with a tendency toward emigration, and, a bit later on, public disorder. There is what is called a crime wave. The times, somewhat surprisingly, are apt to be good rather than bad, at all events relatively. At the start the powers that be try to put down the turmoil, and as a rule they have the support of what Dr. Edwards calls the publicists—that is, the professional makers of public opinion. But in time some of the publicists join the side of discontent, and in the end many of the most powerful of them go over. Straightway a heavy responsibility falls upon them. The revolution-in-the-making is now in their hands, and its prosperity depends upon how they guide it. They may "concentrate public anger on the wrong institution or class—on a class or institution not really the cause of the repression" complained of. In that case "revolutionary effort runs up a blind alley" and "the whole movement must be redirected, at a great cost of time and effort." On the other hand, they may lead the mob more sagaciously—and the result will presently be a full-fledged revolution, maybe successful and maybe not. If it succeeds, it invariably runs through three stages. At the start, the moderates have control, and efforts are made at compromise. When they fail the extremists take charge of things, and there is a complete overturn. The third stage is one of

Katzenjammer. The new Utopia turns out to be almost as bad as the old Gehenna, and nearly always a reaction follows, and the ideology of the revolution is gradually abandoned. Eighteen years after the Battle of Edgehill, Monk marched upon London and Charles II was restored to his throne. Eight years after Yorktown the United States Senate debated a resolution to provide a throne for Washington in its chamber. Six years after Louis XVI's head rolled in the sawdust Napoleon Bonaparte became First Consul. And six years after the Bolsheviks delivered Russia from capitalism they adopted their new economic policy.

Perhaps the most surprising thing, to the plain man, in Dr. Edwards' book will be his contention that revolutions are always preceded by periods of relative prosperity and good government—that "people become most resistant of oppression when the actual degree of oppression is least." This seems to go against history, and, what is more, against common sense. It is almost universally assumed that revolution is a despairist movement—that what launches it is a universal conviction that reform is impossible by ordinary means, and that to go on would be intolerable. But Dr. Edwards cites an abundance of facts to show that this is not true. The French peasants of 1789, far from being at the point of starvation, "were the wealthiest, the most intelligent, and the least oppressed peasants in Continental Europe." The American colonies, in 1776, were surely not suffering: on the contrary, they were prosperous, safe, and "better governed under George III than they had ever been under any previous king." Nor were the Russians of 1917 in anything properly describable as a parlous state, despite the evils and hardships flowing out of the war. They were relatively well fed, the war itself seemed to be over, and they had a larger measure of political freedom than they had ever enjoyed before. Moreover, Nicholas II stood ready to give them any further measure of liberty that they demanded: he was even willing to abdicate, and let them set up a republic. Nevertheless, they overthre him and butchered him, and presently the were wallowing in Bolshevism—and su fering far more appalling hardships tha they had ever suffered under the czars, eve under Ivan the Terrible. Revolution, sa Dr. Edwards, finds its driving power, n in despair, but in hope.

He notes the fact without attempting explain it. It seems to me that an explan tion may be sought in the conduct of t governing class—that is, in the conduct what he calls the oppressors. These oppr sors, in all states save the most primitive, a constantly menaced by more or less seric threats of revolution. All the prelimina symptoms that Dr. Edwards describes a visible continuously, and often conte poraneously. This is true even in times the utmost outward tranquility and pr perity, as in the Germany of the ye between 1885 and 1914, and in the Uni States of today. All modern governme devote a considerable part of their energ to detecting and putting down revoluti ary movements, and to persecuting pers suspected of a desire to launch them. Th are times when such persecutions are f and feeble, but there is no time when th are abandoned altogether. The Uni States government, at different times, hunted "monocrats" and democrats, archists and Socialists, enemies of the l of Rights and friends of the Bill of Rig My belief is that this hunting, howe unpleasant it may be and to whatever tent it may infringe the plain liberties the free citizen, is necessary—that moment it is abandoned, revolution, as Germans say, comes into serious questi One of the essential preliminary steps every successful revolution, indeed, weakening and compromise on the par the "oppressors." The czars were saf long as they ran Russia like a hous correction, a Southern Baptist "uni sity," or the D.A.R.; they began to m toward disaster the moment they m concessions to liberalism. There wo have been no French Revolution, in

bability, if Louis XVI had not called States General in 1789, thus yielding to agitations set up by such publicists as ntesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau. There uld have been no American Revolution Parliament had not dealt with the griev- es of the colonies, real and imaginary, feeble and compromising spirit, always king to avoid a clash. And it is more n possible that there would have been German Revolution in 1918, at least n within, if the Kaiser had not weakly icated: the election of Hindenburg to presidency of the new republic six rs later showed how little force there in the democratic movement.

olshevism, said Marshal Foch, is a ase of defeated nations. The saying, haps, deserves some qualification, but ottom it is probably sound. A govern- t that has lost self-confidence and vigor government doomed to be overthrown. forces seeking to overthrow it are ays in action, searching for weaknesses ts armor. So long as it is competent and ling to deal with them in a forthright merciless manner it is safe; the moment egins to compromise with them it is in ve peril. England was safe until the erning oligarchy, taking alarm, began arley with labor; the General Strike owed almost immediately, and today, pite the frantic efforts of the Tories to ore the old order, it must be obvious the country is nearer to revolution n any other great state of Europe. If the ies, as seems likely, are thrown out in and another Labor government comes the mob will be on the march. And if Tories, seeking to avoid that disaster, in to compromise, they will only bring he nearer. No government was ever thrown while it held the offensive inst the "oppressed": it is not the fact ppression that makes successful revo- ons, but the confession that oppression rong. The first sign of a débâcle is a it of conciliation.

appily, no such spirit is visible in the ted States today. Capitalism is not only firmly in the saddle; it is using its spurs—freely, gaily, and, in a sense, scientifically. There is not the slighest show of yielding to the groups whose projects of reform have a revolutionary smack. Whether they protest against merely legal oppression and propose that the Bill of Rights be restored, or fling themselves against economic oppression and advocate a complete abandonment of what remains of the Constitution, they are alike given short shrift by the constituted authorities. This short shrift, it must be obvious, has overwhelming popular backing. The proletariat, organized into such bodies as the American Federation of Labor, the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan, supports the campaign of suppression quite as whole-heartedly as the exploiting and parasitic class, organized as Rotary, the Civic Federation, the D.A.R., and what not. Even the farmers, despite their discontents, are true blue here. They march with the Klan and are hot for firing squads for the I.W.W.; they constitute the strength of the Anti-Saloon League and are as well represented as the city mob in the American Legion; no one heard any complaint from them about the butchery of Sacco and Vanzetti; they are unanimously against "foreign agitators." Thus I view the future in America with a considerable complacency. As a member of the parasitic class and a sincere believer in capitalism, I regard my investments as completely safe—at all events, for so long a time as I shall incommode the world with my groans and ribaldries.

Nevertheless, there are signs that the remoter future may bring some surprises. All the preliminary symptoms of revolution that Dr. Edwards describes are now visible in the United States. There is a widespread sense of oppression—so far not coördinated and given a voice, but very real all the same. The peaceable citizen feels a heavier weight of government every day; the army of professional regulators and oppressors grows at a dizzy pace. Moreover, publicists of a sort begin to beat their warning tom-toms, and their

number tends to grow. The farmers of the land, as I have said, were not disturbed by the Sacco-Vanzetti obscenity, and neither were the proletarians of the towns, but among the *intelligentsia* it had painful effects, and there are a great many more highly vocal parlor Reds today than there were before the Lowell committee brought in its historic verdict. Yet more, the country is prosperous—a sinister sign, and unnoted, I believe, before Dr. Edwards began his investigation. On some unfortunate tomorrow a liberal President may get into the White House, and before his term ends there may be a Supreme Court made up wholly of Brandeises and Holmses. When that day comes it may be well to consider moving to Switzerland, or even to England —or Russia!

Literary Shock Troops

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN: *A Yearbook of American Literature*, edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kreymborg and Paul Rosenfeld. $5. 9¼ x 6¼; 843 pp. New York: *The Macaulay Company.*

The idea behind this formidable tome is the idea behind all the *Tendenz* magazines that come and go, to wit, that a great deal of profound and high-toned literature is choked off by the hunkerousness of American editors and publishers. There is, it must be granted, a certain superficial plausibility in this notion. Obviously, there is no room in the *Saturday Evening Post* for the lamentations of such advanced Radicals as Michael Gold and Upton Sinclair, nor is *Harper's Bazar* likely to print a 2000-line poem by Isidor Schneider, nor is the Oxford University Press apt to welcome a volume of incoherent indignation by Dr. William Carlos Williams, or Gertrude Stein, or Wallace Gould. But that is as far as it goes. One does not attend a funeral wearing plus fours, nor a dinner of the Iron and Steel Institute clad in sandwiches denouncing Judge Webster Thayer. Once these revolutionists abandon the cry-baby notion that dissent from their dogmas amounts to a conspiracy to silence them, they must confess that they are treated to quite much hospitality as their genius deserve Even such a chronic martyr as Dr. Willian certainly cannot allege that he has go unprinted and unhymned. On the contrar no less than four different publishers, o of them unquestionably solvent, ha brought out his books, and he has be represented in almost every number every *Tendenz* magazine ever heard of. H published work, indeed, must almo match in quantity that of Arthur Brisba or Sir Walter Scott. More, it has be praised, and in gaudy, voluptuous ter But here, clad in his familiar white c mise, he bobs up again—and with t same old highfalutin puerilities, as devo of actual ideas as a college yell.

I have gone through this vast collecti with great diligence, but can find no s port in it for Dr. Rosenfeld's belief th "the passive and recessive attitude of leading magazines toward new and r American work" is blocking "a gr variety of national developments." Th are some interesting things in the volu but not many, and all those of genu merit might have been printed in any of a dozen highly respectable magazi every one paying cash on the nail. Wha there in Paul Green's one-act play t would have barred it from *Vanity Fair* in Eugene O'Neill's—save its dullnes that would have alarmed the editors of *Yale Review*? I can find nothing. As a ma of fact, most of the revolutionary auth here represented have been printed in orthodox magazines, and to universal plause. Ernest Hemingway is a contribu to both *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic*, E Bryner and Elizabeth Madox Roberts in extensive practice as short story wri and some of the others have actu got into the *Saturday Evening Post*. T the poems of Miss Babette Deutsch, A Tate, Josephine Strongin, Robert Hill Louis Untermeyer and Carl Rakosi ar "The American Caravan" instead o the *New Republic*, the *Nation* or the *Ce* is surely not due to anything subver

their contents: they are, in fact, all respectable and so flabby that they ght have been printed in the Boston *nscript*. Nor is there anything against d in the critical articles of Thomas ven and Francis Fergusson, nor in the al travel sketches of Haniel Long, nor he shop-worn balderdash of Gertrude in. Mr. Craven's essay on painting is cisely like those he has printed in THE ERICAN MERCURY—save that it is by means so good. Mr. Fergusson's solemn tise on the genius of T. S. Eliot ends h the schoolma'm conclusion that "in case we may be sure that his works sesses the enduring though limited ie which is the result of loyally follow- his own lights"—in other words, t Dr. Frank Crane, Edgar A. Guest Berton Braley are also artists. And t Miss Stein has to say is simply t she has been saying steadily for s, to the enchantment of three gener- ns of Greenwich Village Bolsheviki wicked suburban club-women.

am thus forced to conclude that "The erican Caravan" is what Hollywood a flop. There are sound and amusing gs in it, but they are smothered by a flood of stale nonsense. I recognize e manuscripts that have been touring nagazine offices since time immemorial. they get into type at last, and here offer embarrassing proof that even azine editors are sometimes intelligent.

What Constitutes a State?

ORIGIN OF THE STATE, by Robert H. Lowie. 50. 8¼ x 5½; 117 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace Company*.

LOWIE, who is professor of anthropol- at the University of California, here inues that laborious and incisive study sic institutions which he began with "Primitive Society" and "Primitive Religion." His present problem has to do with the nature of the state in primitive society. Is it a mere development of the herd, as Eduard Meyer argues, and hence pre-human in its origins, like the family? Or is it, as Franz Oppenheimer believes, a product of conquest, and hence of relatively late genesis?

Dr. Lowie very plainly inclines to the view of Meyer, though rejecting most of his reasoning. There are societies so primitive that, on the surface, they seem to be mere groups of more or less related families, with no central authority and no communal consciousness. But that appearance practically always disappears on closer inspection. It is found that the members of one family village distinguish clearly between the members of the next family village and the people from some remote village, and that the former are felt to be somehow nearer. Interiorly, there may be no permanent government, and no man may have any authority save that which naturally flows from seniority, but in times of danger chiefs inevitably appear, and not infrequently their rule tends to extend itself. When peace is restored they return, at least theoretically, to equality with their late followers. But what if war goes on for a long while, and spreads over a large area? Here, I suspect, the origins of the political state, as we know it today, may be found. The war-chief, flushed with success, refuses to return to the ranks. Thus an aristocracy is set up and the way is prepared for government in the strictest modern sense.

Perhaps Professor Oppenheimer, in "The State," was not so far wrong, after all. His mistake was in viewing conquest as something always imposed from without. But it may be imposed quite as well from within, as the history of every modern state abundantly demonstrates.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

LOUIS ADAMIC *was born twenty-eight years ago in the province of Carniola in what was then Austria, but is now Jugoslavia. He came to this country at the age of fourteen. He served in the United States Army during the war, and for some time thereafter was a hobo. He now writes articles for California newspapers and the magazines.*

DUNCAN AIKMAN *is an El Paso newspaper man. He has written numerous essays, and some of them were lately collected in a book, "Home Town Minds."*

HERBERT ASBURY'S *article in this issue will form part of a forthcoming book on the history of the New York gangs. He is the author of "Up From Methodism," "A Methodist Saint," and "The Devil of Pei-Ling," the latter a mystery story.*

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH *is professor of English at the University of Minnesota. His latest book is "The Outlook for American Prose."*

ERNEST BOOTH *is serving a life sentence for robbery in Folsom Prison, California. He was born in New York City.*

W. G. CLUGSTON *was born and grew up on a farm near Lexington, Kentucky. He has worked on farms in Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas. As Kansas correspondent for the Kansas City* Journal-Post, *he is in close touch with agricultural conditions in the Middle West.*

HORACE A. DAVIS *was born in New Brighton, N. Y., in 1870. He graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1894, and practiced law for the following eighteen years. He is now engaged in business in New York.*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES' *latest book is "Forty Immortals." He is an old newspaper man, a for a time wrote for the movies.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *is the Chicago correspo dent of the Baltimore* Sun, *and knows the l of Egypt in Southern Illinois intimately. biographical sketch of him appears in Editorial Notes in this issue.*

EMMETT REID DUNN, PH.D. (Harvar *is assistant professor of zoölogy at Smith Colle*

OLIVER H. P. GARRETT *was born in N Bedford, Mass., in 1897. Until recently he on the staffs of various New York newspap his last post being on the* World.

JOHN W. OWENS *is a Marylander and educated in the public schools of that State at the Johns Hopkins. He has had long ne paper experience in Washington and elsewh and is now a member of the editorial staff of Baltimore* Sun.

RAYMOND PEARL *is director of the Insti for Biological Research at the Johns Hopk He is the author of many scientific m graphs and books. Some of the latter are Biology of Death," "Studies in Human l ogy" and "The Biology of Population Grow*

RUTH SUCKOW *is the author of numer short stories and two novels. Her third n "The Bonney Family," will be published i Spring.*

F. R. WEBBER *is an Ohioan and liv Cleveland. He is the editor of* Lutheran Ch Art *and a member of the Committee on C Architecture of the Evangelical Lutheran S of Missouri, Ohio and Other States. His book, "Church Symbolism," is soon to be lished.*

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Editorial NOTES

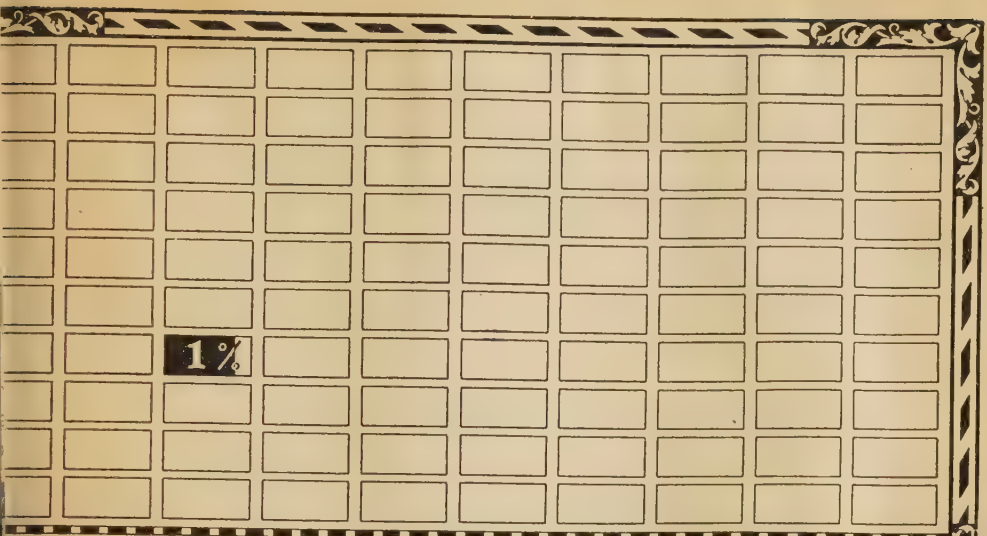
In his article in this issue, "Egypt," W. A. S. Douglas presents a picture of town in Southern Illinois, whose life culture he knows intimately. He has spent a great deal of time there reporting such things as the Birger trial for the Baltimore *Sun*, and is acquainted personally with the leading gunmen of the region, which includes such celebrated places of Christian virtue as Herrin, Benton, Marion and Harri Mr. Douglas has written four other for THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and them have appeared in issues for thi They are the following: "Pitch Do February; "The Education of a J ist," April; "Sandwiches and Sex-A June; and "The Passing of Vaud September.

Rayl

W. A. S. Do

Mr. Douglas has had a very career. His full name is William Sholto Douglas. He was born in th ince of Ulster, Ireland, in 1886, th a well-to-do land-owner, who had several years an officer in the Britis He was educated at the Bedford School in England, and at Foyle Londonderry, Ireland. He ran aw the latter in 1902, managed to co lack of years and enlisted in the Army. He was immediately shi

Continued on page lxxvi



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Editorial NOTES

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South Africa, arriving there just a Boer War was coming to a close. H also seen service in West Africa in and in Egypt in 1906. In the World in 1914 and 1915, he was in the B service in France, but in 1917 and he served in the United States Tank C He holds the rather unique distinct winning a commission from the ra both the British Army and the United Army.

He emigrated to America in 190 at once obtained a job as third as bartender in what was then Philadel toughest saloon. Because of his size H appointed principal bouncer, and carrying out his duties one evening p out a derelict who died five minutes ward. In the hullabaloo that follow porters asked him so many question he sat down to write what really ha so as to justify himself. This he t the city editor of the Philadelphia *American*, now defunct, and the thought so well of it that he hired D as a cub reporter. For the next six y was a newspaper man, and a membe staffs of the New York *Journal* a late New York *Herald*. In 1913 engaged by Charles Pathé to edi was then called the *Pathé Weekly*, now known as the *Pathé News*, a t week screen newspaper, and from 1917 he was production manager Pathé Picture Company in Califor the entry of the United States in t he was producing movies for th pendent market. Soon after bei charged he took a motion picture with him on a tour of Mexico an America, and made a fair living s commercial movies. He dropped join the Baltimore *Sun*, for whic he is now Chicago correspondent.

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Col. Vincent

ce-President in charge of Engineering Packard Motor Car Company Selects

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OR 25 years Packard has been recognized as ne of the leading fine cars of the world. The ndness of Packard engineering practice has n proved not only on the land but on the water in the air. No man has contributed more to kard's engineering success than Colonel J. G. cent, Vice-President in charge of Engineering his great organization.

rs ago, when Colonel Vincent was first con- cing oil heat for his home in Detroit, he made ntensive study of all the leading oil burners and rally he chose Nokol. In a recent letter he said:

Nokol has operated perfectly through four s of service and we have never been without during this time. A year ago I installed one ur new silent burners and after carefully try- t out, I wish to advise that I consider it a per- piece of mechanism. I will always feel per- y safe in advising my friends to equip their es with Nokol."

Only Nokol can build for engineers"

es an engineer to appreciate *why* Nokol leads ficient operation; why it is quieter, cleaner, economical than any other oil burner. But esn't take an engineer to see the advantage of l's patented combustion chamber, which maximum heating efficiency in 30 seconds' compared with the 30 or 45 minutes required e brick fire-box type of burner. It doesn't take gineer to see why Nokol, burning a high grade distillate, can furnish heat so much more economically than the ordinary type of burner using cheap, inefficient fuel oils. And it doesn't take an engineer to *enjoy* this greatest convenience of modern times.

"Ask the man who owns one"

Don't go on putting up with the dirt and drudgery of old-fashioned heating methods for another season. Now is the time to modernize your home with Nokol oil heat. An installation can be made with practically no interruption of heating service. Call on your local dealer and see the new Silent Nokol in action; or mail the coupon for instructive booklet on oil heat and details of our attractive budget plan.

Col. Vincent's home, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

New Silent

NO COAL NOKOL REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AUTOMATIC OIL HEATING FOR HOMES

NOKOL CO., 4200 Schubert Avenue, Chicago: Please send me your booklet, "*A New Guide to Oil Heat for Homes*"

Address.....

FROWN LINES
and
SMILE WRINKLES
DISAPPEAR!

Blemishes vanish—skin grows lovely often in two short weeks with Milkweed Cream

A SMILE adds immeasurably to your charm but it does sometimes leave lines. Of course, you must smile . . . but you need not have lines and wrinkles that mar the beauty of your face . . . that make you old . . . before your time!

Thousands of beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars, write us that one cream . . . Ingram's Milkweed Cream, is all you need—the only one they have used for 10–20 years or more.

Right now begin giving your face constant care. And here's the best way—the easiest and quickest.

Buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Over a million jars used last year by beautiful women who care enough for their skin to care for it properly.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 229 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Five simple ways to improve your skin—Now!

Get at least seven hours' sleep four nights out of seven—Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you)—Use sweets sparingly—You need only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream—You can do your own facials—beauty treatments—at home—We will show you how if you read carefully the little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream
THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Ingram's American Blush Rouge :: Hand Made :: One Shade :: For Any Maid - 50c

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxvi

Mr. Walter Robb, the Philippine c
spondent of the Chicago *Daily News*,
gests that there may be more impo
reasons for some definite and speedy a
respecting the European war debts t
United States than were to be found i
Charles A. Beard's article, "A Bankr
Fire-Sale," in the July issue. He goes
explain:

> My own reasons are the selfish considerat
> set forth by Adam Smith in his "The Wealt
> Nations." He observes there that when you
> quire the other fellow to make his own rep
> and yours, too, you dig your national g
> while singing pæans of triumph and glory.
> reasons are these: First, you dull your own
> lic's realization of the cost of war with l
> taxes than would otherwise pay off the acc
> so that the people may easily be intrigued
> subsequent follies. Second, you compel
> other fellow to an unwonted national fr
> ity, and thus create in his people an exa
> ated sense of patriotism, which makes
> willingly undertake the most phenomenal
> sacrifice on behalf of the state. Third, you
> lenge the most forthright characters in his
> to stand for public office, when otherwise,
> your own state, these offices would be fill
> dull and vicious men not unwilling to
> havoc with the treasury. Fourth, the
> your own people's genius is taking its
> from which there is no immediate necessi
> arouse it, the other fellow's people are
> overtime—with their coats off and shirt-s
> rolled above their elbows.
>
> As was the case in Rome, the cargoes o
> keep coming into town from the colonies—
> they stop coming altogether, and rather
> denly. By this time, the demoralization
> people is complete; it is in ridiculous a
> potent contrast to the faith, fortitud
> self-reliance of the rank and file in the
> and reparations-paying countries. Now,
> weakened as you are, you are compelled
> higher taxes upon the people for mere a
> maintenance (and are likely thereby to p
> tate a revolt, since the people have been g
> betrayed and swindled), the other fellow
> with lower taxes, can proceed both wit
> lic improvements and the construction of
> weapons either for defense or attack.
>
> I believe this has been a commonplace
> tory, and I further believe that it will co

For Christmas Give Fragrance

A gift of fragrance at Christmas is *more* than just a present; for the fragrances of Christmas are inseparable from its sentiment. In every recurring breath of a favored perfume is a sweet memory of the giver and the occasion.

The fragrant *Gift Boxes and Perfumes* of Roger & Gallet, Paris, are especially appropriate as Christmas gifts. The boxes contain selections of several most desirable toilet articles. They are works of art in fragrance and ultra-modern French in color and design. Three sizes, varying in number and size of the toilet articles contained. Priced from $6 to $12.

Offered in the fragrances of

Pavots d'Argent
SILVER POPPIES

Le Jade
The Precious Perfume

Fleurs d'Amour
FLOWERS OF LOVE

Single articles of fragrance in each of these perfumes – in *Extrait*, *Eau de Toilette*, *Poudre*, *Compact*, *Savon*, *Bath Salts* (*Tablets*), *Aftabath Powder*, *Talcum*. Each in an attractive gift box – priced from $1 to $12.50.

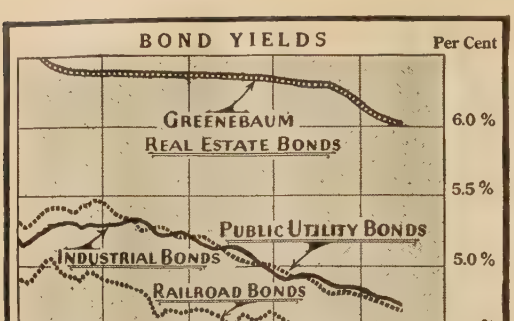
ROGER & GALLET
Parfumeurs
PARIS NEW YORK

Jade

urs d'Amour

Your favorite shop will be glad to show you Roger & Gallet's fragrant gifts.

Pavots d'Argent



Leaders in Yield — Leaders in Safety

LEADERSHIP of Greenebaum First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds as to INCOME, is clearly indicated in the chart. Their leadership as to SAFETY is even more conclusively shown by the unequalled record established by this House—72 years of prompt payment to investors of principal and interest. If interested in a 6% return with proven safety of principal . . . .

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Oldest Real Estate Bond House

FOUNDED 1855—CHICAGO
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Affiliated with Greenebaum Sons Securities Corporation, New York

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2011

Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago

Please send without charge or obligation copy of Bond Yield Chart and Investor's Guide.

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Street.....

City..... *State*.....

Safeguarded Bonds

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, p. xlviii

CRITICISM

MONTAIGNE.
By Irene Cooper Willis. *Alfred A. K*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 135 pp. *New*

"Montaigne did not write to entertain," says I Willis; "neither was self-portraiture his sole ob It was a stroke of genius on his part to concei picture of himself as a means of stressing the n necessity of self-examination and self-knowledge, as a means of communicating to the world at larg moderate, detached, and what now strikes us a sentially sensible point of view which he hel many subjects." The portrait of Montaigne that Willis draws from her minute examination o essays is clear and convincing. A statement of so is to be found in the preface, and there is a list c essays at the end.

THOMAS HARDY. *A Critical Study.*
By Lascelles Abercrombie. *The Viking*
$2 7½ x 5½; 196 pp. *New*

This critique of Thomas Hardy was first w and printed in 1912. It consists of seven cha Characteristics, Minor Novels, Annexes, Dra Form, Epic Form, The Poems, and The Dynast book lacks both a bibliography and an index.

THE THEATRE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEATRE.
By Allardyce Nicoll *Harcourt, Brace & Co*
$10 11½ x 9; 247 pp. *Ne*

This is a brief outline of the history of the t from the time of Æschylus down to the present Nicoll is professor of English literature in the versity of London, and writes interestingly. Th 271 illustrations.

BUT IS IT ART?
By Percy Hammond. *Doubleday, Page & C*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 186 pp. *Garden Cit*

Mr. Hammond here attempts no critical pr ties. His concern is not with the drama, but w theatre. Upon that subject he discourses with un shrewdness and humor. An unpretentious boo an extremely amusing one.

RELIGION

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA.
By A. Ferdinand Herold. *Albert & Char*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 286 pp. *N*

A popular and yet well-written and suff

Continued on page lxxxii

When is a bond a speculation?

AVE invested my money in bonds, t they do not seem to be as stable od stocks," said an investor to the oton Service Department. "What ong?"

e truth of the matter was that, even h he had bought bonds, he had not *d* his money at all—he was specu- without knowing it. *Eighty per* f his holdings, although diversified ype, were high-rate issues and were ctly of second grade.

ith little substantial security behind these bonds were sensitive to wide t fluctuations. This investor had ht them because of their high , overlooking the importance of *ification in yield,* with a strong ation of conservative securities, vely stable in price.

strengthen his list, the Compton Service Department recommended a few switches to well-secured first mortgage utilities, industrials, and senior railroad issues. His return was reduced a bit, but he was reasonably assured of stability and *permanent return.*

Investment conditions have changed. It is not easy now to obtain the high yields that were available on even the soundest securities a few years ago. Many investors, seeking to maintain a generous return, place *too large* a part of their capital in high-rate issues, at the sacrifice of the proper element of safety and stability.

Scrutinize some of your high-rate bonds and see if they are also high-grade bonds. With a copy of our Personal Investment Guide you can conveniently analyze your holdings for yourself. We will gladly send you a copy if you will request it on your letterhead.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

NEW YORK 44 Wall Street — *Investment Bonds* — ST. LOUIS Compton Bldg.

AGO a Salle St. | DETROIT Ford Bldg. | NEW ORLEANS Hibernia Bank Bldg. | CINCINNATI Dixie Terminal Bldg. | KANSAS CITY Dwight Bldg. | BOSTON 73 Water St.

Hello Everybody!

This is Johnnie Walker *Speaking!*

"My cigarette is built for those who want something very much better for mighty little more money. Ask your dealer for the very snappy package of Johnnie Walkers! Then you'll have it."

20 for 20c

Johnnie Walker

CIGARETTES

Extremely Mild

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page lxxx

authoritative life of Buddha, written, in the
from primary source material—the epics and le
of India, conspicuously the Lalita-Vistara an
Buddhacarita of Asvaghosa. Mr. Herold has c
his incidents well; in addition, he has adop
poetic style that preserves much of the imagery
originals. The book is attractively made. It la
index and a bibliography, but a statement of s
is to be found in the foreword.

A SHORT PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION.
By G. J. Jordan. *Jonathe*
3s. 6d. 7⅝ x 4⅞; 160 pp.

Dr. Jordan is a clergyman, and his study
ligious psychology thus lacks objectivity. Bu
it lacks in scientific authority it makes up in v
a document.

THE TEACHING OF THE OLD BOY.
By Tom MacInnes. *J. M. Dent*
$1.50 7⅜ x 5; 228 pp.

This is the story of Lee Ir, better known as I
or Lao-Tse—the Old Boy, the Child of L
Venerable Philosopher,—who was born in th
of Chu, China, in 604 B. C., and who became
teacher and the founder of Taoism. Beginnin
the legend of his life, Mr. MacInnes outlines t
of his teachings clearly and poetically. The
poorly printed, and would be greatly improve
index and a bibliography.

LITERATURE

FRENCH POETRY AND MODERN IND
1830–70.
By Elliott Mansfield Grant.
The Harvard Univer
$2.50 9¼ x 6; 218 pp. C

This is a minute study of the French vers
years 1830–70, showing how far the avala
mechanical inventions in that time influen
subject-matter and manner of the poets. It is
documented, and should be of some value to sp

A CHAUCER HANDBOOK.
By Robert Dudley French. *F. S. Crofts &*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 934 pp.

An excellent summary of all that is kn
worth knowing about Chaucer and his wo
author begins with an account of England in
of the poet, proceeds to the story of his life,
"The Canterbury Tales," "Troilus and Crise
the lesser poems in detail, with particular
to their sources, discusses Chaucer's lang

Continued on page lxxxiv

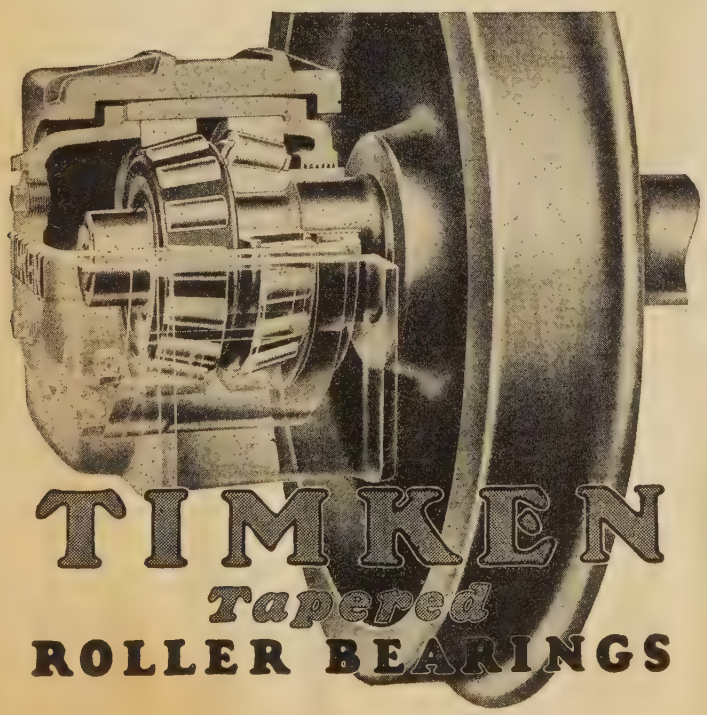
Taking Off the Brakes that are Always On

Journal friction in railroad cars is like brakes that are always on, eating fuel, lubricant *and metal*. Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have made that condition needless. Famous trains with Timken-equipped journals are proving it.

Gone is 88% of starting resistance! The cause of jerky, destructive starting is eliminated. So is the risk of hot boxes and need for constant lubrication. Furthermore, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have the supreme endurance which provides for all the battering thrust and weight of flanged steel wheels racing over steel curves, frogs and switches. For all load from all directions is equally well handled by the exclusive combination of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made electric steel.

It is this impregnable durability, as well as friction-elimination, which makes Timkens prevail in railroading.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO



In Ten Years
how will you feel?

Many painful chronic diseases which bring premature old age and death, are all the more pitiful because preventable.

Complete cures are usually easy if the disease is caught in time—if neglected, often impossible.

The National Bureau of Analysis reveals the beginning of these insidious diseases, and many other conditions requiring correction. It ferrets out the trouble long before it does harm.

Our Stay-well service not only informs you of harmful tendencies, but gives helpful suggestions for improvement. It guards health and lengthens life.

Write for "The Span of Life"—it is free, interesting, and worth while.

National Bureau of Analysis

National Bureau of Analysis
209 S. State St., Chicago

Send me your free booklet "The Span of Life," with particulars of your four-minute-a-year plan for better health and longer life.

Name.....

Street Number.....

City.....State.....

A M—11-27

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxxii

versification, and ends with a good bibliography a chronological table.

THE SCIENCES

THE HUMAN BODY.
By Logan Clendening. *Alfred A. K*
$6 9½ x 6¼; 399 pp. *New*

This treatise on human anatomy and physiol with side-glances at pathology, is addressed to educated layman, and is admirably clear and com hensive. Dr. Clendening is a practising physician, well known professionally. He offers no direction the self-treatment of disease and makes no appe hypochondriacs, but into the space of his volum has got an immense mass of useful information a the body and its functions, simply presented. T are chapters on the normal body, on the cell, o bones, on the digestive, respiratory, circulatory nervous systems, on the relations between the and the mind, on reproduction, and on the natu the more common diseases. The illustrations, c from drawings by W. C. Shepard and Dale Berc are excellent.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ATOM.
By Benjamin Harrow. *Boni & Li*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 162 pp. *New*

A popular account of recent speculations as t structure of the atom, with particular emphasis the work of the American chemist, Irving Lang There are chapters at the end on the origin o (Mr. Harrow apparently believes that chemistr physics may eventually solve the mystery), o uses of science, and on scientists as citizens. Th shows how little they differ, in the last an from the man in the street.

REPRINTS

TOLERANCE.
By Hendrik Willem van Loon *Boni & L*
$4 9¼ x 6¼; 383 pp. *Ne*

This is the ninth printing of a book first pub in 1925, and Dr. van Loon has added a supple chapter, dealing with the vast revival of intol since the war. He shows the difference betwe despotism that went with the old monarchical and the despotism that goes with democracy, inclined to favor the former. Its advantage, he lay in the fact that it was a state monopoly private oppressions were discouraged. But now Methodist parson and professional patriot is quemada on his own hook, and liberty is van from the world.

Continued on page lxxxvi

THAT INNER SPARKLE . . .

—ISN'T IT?—what a
there is to the world
ou have that intangible,
ous sparkle in yourself.
hen you lack it, colors
ghts grow dull, and the
t should have been radi-
omes merely a weariness.
have you discovered yet
lly direct connection be-
hat inner sparkle and the
nat lives in a bubbly,
glass of ENO?

sands have. They decline
on ENO as an ordinary
. They prefer to think
s a health drink. For
nothing about ENO to
the drastic action, the
ing, weakening taste of
al "salts."

ne contrary, the taste of
delightful. A dash in a glass of water makes a cooling, effervescent draught that everyone can enjoy. And its action, though mild and comfortable, is thorough!

Next time you feel that your inner sparkle of well-being is being dimmed by a sluggish intestinal tract or constipation, try ENO. You'll be pleased with it. And it's good for the whole family too — just the laxative for children. Have a bottle always on hand. Get one today. It will help to keep the world bright for you!

ENO, famous for more than fifty years, from all druggists, 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York.

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALINE

For 139 Years
Carreras have supplied choice tobaccos to the London gentry

AND today wherever Englishmen meet over a pipe, CRAVEN MIXTURE will be found on the table. CRAVEN MIXTURE is the chosen pipe tobacco of discriminating smokers the world over. A pure and unadulterated tobacco cured in the old-fashioned natural way. For a liberal sample tin send 10c in stamps to American Office, Dept. 8, Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London

NATIONAL UNION MORTGAGE BONDS

THESE bonds possess the various factors of an Ideal Investment: Safety—Yield—Marketability and Diversification, yielding the maximum interest rate consistent with their safety.

The principal and interest of the selected first mortgages protecting National Union Mortgage Bonds are insured irrevocably by one of the following Surety Companies:

U. S. FIDELITY & GUARANTY CO.
MARYLAND CASUALTY CO.
FIDELITY & DEPOSIT CO.
Baltimore
NATIONAL SURETY CO.
New York

Write today for booklet "Why a National Union for Safety."

National Union Mortgage Co.
Baltimore, Maryland
Mackubin, Goodrich & Co.
Fiscal Agents — Established 1899
111 E. Redwood St. — Baltimore, Md.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxxiv

TRAVELLERS' TALES. *A Book of Marvels.*
By H. C. Adams. *Boni & Liv*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5¾; 334 pp. *New*

This work originally appeared in 1882. It collection of the harrowing experiences of the travellers of the world, from Sindbad, Ulysse Marco Polo to Cook, Drinkwater and Baron chausen. In addition, there are chapters on S Men-Monsters, Strange Beasts, Strange Birds, S Fishes, Strange Reptiles, Strange Insects and S Plants. A curious and entertaining book, and reprint beautifully printed and decorated.

THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY *and* VERSES AND OLD. VILLA RUBEIN *and* THE BUR SPEAR. THE FORSYTE SAGA: *Part I,* THE OF PROPERTY. THE FORSYTE SAGA: *P* INDIAN SUMMER OF A FORSYTE *and* IN CERY. THE FORSYTE SAGA: *Part III,* AW ING *and* TO LET. SATIRES.

By John Galsworthy. *Charles Scribne*
$1.25 *each* *N*
7 x 4½; 289, 370, 437, 456, 396, 348 pp

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TE
By Charles Lamb. *The Oxford Universa*
$7 10½ x 7¾; 77 pp. *N*

IXION IN HEAVEN *and* ENDYMION.
By Benjamin Disraeli and William Edmistoune A
The Scholar
9 x 5¾; 75 pp.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.
By John Dryden. *The Oxford Univers*
$3.50 7½ x 5⅛; 77 pp. *N*

KROPOTKIN'S REVOLUTIONARY PAMP
Edited by Roger N. Baldwin. *The Vangu*
50 cents 7¼ x 4⅜; 307 pp. *N*

DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION *a*
Stories.
By John Reed. *The Vangu*
50 cents 7 ¼x 4⅜; 164 pp. *N*

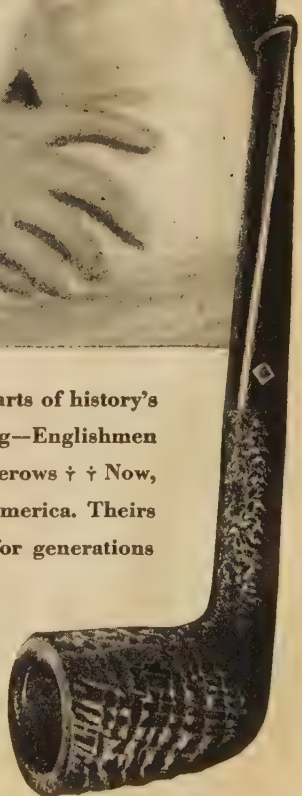
The excellent Galsworthy reprints form pa projected eighteen-volume Grove Edition of plete works. The first of them is made up of prose pieces and verses; the others are sufficie scribed by their titles. The Lamb book is annotated by F. D. Mackinson. The Disraeli the burlesque on it by Aytoun are prefaced b explanatory note by Eric Partridge. The te Dryden reprint is based, in the main, on th first edition, published in 1667. The Kropotk has an excellent introduction by the editor, Reed has one by Floyd Dell.

Continued on page lxxxviii

A R R Y I N G O N"

"BBB Own Make" Pipe holds a place in history, and in the hearts of history's
's. From Manchester to Melbourne—from Halifax to Hong Kong—Englishmen
een in its smoke, visions of empire—and of home's green hedgerows † † Now,
have acquired the exclusive right to produce this fine pipe in America. Theirs
rry on" the old BBB Individual Baking Process which has for generations
"BBB Own Make" the sweetest, most satisfying of pipes.

† † † †



BB MAKE

The "BBB Own Make" Pipe is now available in a variety of shapes at the establishments of better tobacconists. $5 the pipe—plain or ripple briars. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City

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Leaves Chicago
8:10 P. M. daily

Like a sojourn in a fine hotel—appointments and cuisine link luxury and high scenic diversion to make your 63-hour journey a pleasant means to the end—California! the year round playground out of doors. Los Angeles Limited* has barber, bath, valet, maid, manicure.

Seven other fine fast trains to California, including the 63-hour San Francisco Overland Limited*; Gold Coast Limited (Open-top observation car in Southern California starting Dec. 1st); Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

**Extra fare trains.*

See magnificent, mysterious Death Valley en route. Only $40.00 additional for an all-expense two day side trip, starting November 15th.

For booklets describing California, Death Valley and these fine trains:

Address C. J. Collins
General Passenger Agent,
Dept. 164, Omaha, Neb.

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page lxxxvi

REFERENCE BOOKS

A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO GOOD ENG
By George Philip Krapp. *Rand McNally & Co*
$3 7 x 4⅞; 688 pp. C

This fat book by one of the professors of Eng Columbia is bound to invite comparison with Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern Usage": th cover much the same ground. Dr. Krapp is means as amusing as Fowler, nor is he so appa learned. But if his book thus falls below the dictionary, it has at least certain special us values for the American reader. He lists a grea Americanisms that Fowler overlooks, *e.g.*, *h hoof*, *rooster*, *rubberneck*, *graft*, *tea-hound* and Strangely enough, he himself overlooks *sh sheba*, though he notes *lounge-lizard*. At the en alphabet he prints a useful short grammar, ar observations on punctuation, capitalization breviations.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED.
By George Crabb. *The Thomas Y. Crowell*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¼; 801 pp. N

Crabb's "Synonyms" first appeared in 181 1823, as the slip-cover of this reprint says). T has been in constant use ever since, despite mense garrulity, which makes consulting it dable undertaking. The rival work of Richar first published in 1871, is far more succinct a able. The present edition, said to contain editor's last corrections," is printed from old and on many pages they are pretty well wor

FICTION

STUFFED PEACOCKS.
By Emily Clark. *Alfred*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 228 pp.

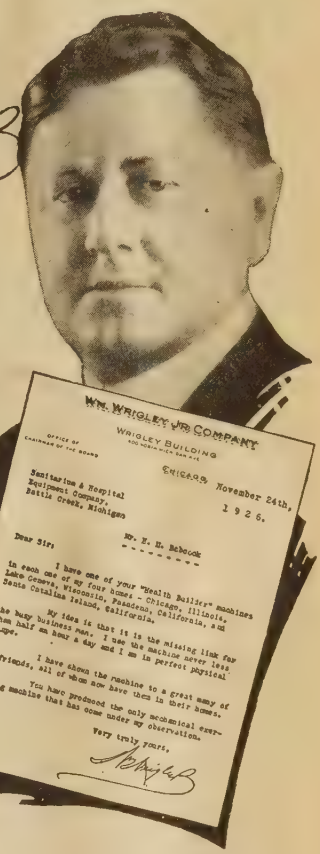
These ironical portraits of Virginians, w black, are mainly reprinted from the *Reviewe* mond, of which the author was founder editor, and THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Beh lies an intimate familiarity with the scene people; in them there is a great shrewdnes times a shattering humor. They vary consid merit, but in even the least of them the cha picted genuinely lives. A first book of distin tance. Miss Clark sees her people clearly knows how to write. There are woodcuts by Esherick

COUNT TEN.
By Mildred Evans Gilman. *Boni &*
$2 7½ x 5¼; 319 pp.

Mrs. Gilman has drawn a significant

Continued on page xc

"It's Fun to keep Fit this new Way"



KEEN business men realize the importance of keeping fit. They know the right kind of exercise is absolutely imperative. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., speaking about the Battle Creek Health Builder, says: "I have one of your 'Health Builder' machines in each of my four homes. I use this machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in a perfect physical shape."

Keep physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your own home—*without any effort.* Thousands are doing it.

Oscillate Your Way to Health

THE rapidly oscillating girdles of the Health Builder give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

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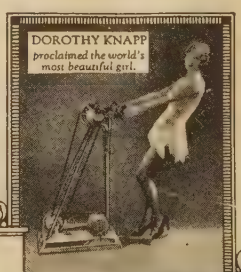

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxxviii

present-day New England, in all its contrast decay, its pathos and its poverty. She present characters vividly, starkly, and with a devast irony: old Miss Stella Godwin is one of the amusing figures in recent fiction. The book is w in a trenchant, often brilliant style.

PURSE STRINGS.
By Edith M. Stern. *Boni & Li*
$2 7½ x 5; 285 pp. *Ne*

"He must have money—money—money. Mo free him from Mama, kind, maddening, s minded Mama; to free him from David, wi arrogance, smugness, his moneyed might; ever Annabelle and Lionel, negligible except as reiti ments of the others. Money. . . ." Such is th of Stanley Jackson, who marries Ella and the family and becomes dependent upon them, an along with Miss Stern's other stereotyped char never attains to reality.

COASTER CAPTAIN. *A Tale of the Boston Wa*
By James B. Connolly. *Macy-*
$2 5¼ x 7½; 320 pp. *Na*

Jan Tingloff, a coaster captain, puts up for in Boston at a waterfront boarding-house. Th falls in love with Lena Goles, the slavey of the and gets mixed up with Harry Goles, the ro house keeper, her overlord. Later, they all go and there is the usual storm and wreck through Jan—with the aid of Jack Hoey, a seagoing ba —brings them safely. A melodramatic, fifth-ra

BED AND BREAKFAST.
By Coralie Hobson. *Boni & L*
$1.75 7½ x 5¼; 148 pp. *N*

Another attempt, in the form of a diary English lady pseudo-intellectual, to be clev scene is laid in London's Greenwich Village, plot develops around a group of tiresome, th characters, mouthing the most awful banaliti live in a Communal House, presided over Cheeks, the cook. A dreadful bore. The illustrations, by Pearl Binder, are quite a livening.

GALLIONS REACH.
By H. M. Tomlinson. *Harper &*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 283 pp. *N*

This story of Jim Colet, his shipwreck an adventures, is a capital piece of work. Mr. To writes a glowing and lovely prose, and his ch are intensely living figures. Such pictures as J glimpse of London as a child, the storm and th

Continued on page xcii

Frank's Mediterranean

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s s "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 25

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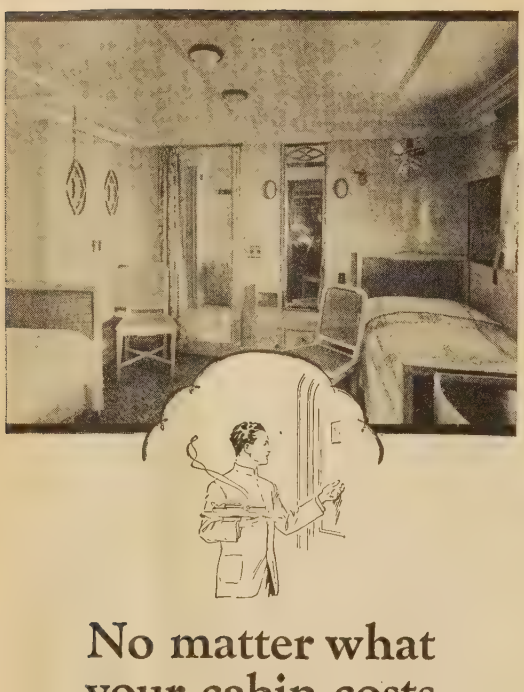

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xc

of the *Altair,* and the descriptions of the jungl comparable to some of the best in Conrad.

THE UNDERCURRENT.
By Ena Holland. *Williams & N*
7/6 7¼ x 5; 311 pp. *I*

Nothing exciting had ever happened to Emm highly-organized, aspiring heroine of this impo tale: she has been in London a year, earning her and making her own life, teaching music, but just as dull and hollow as it was at home. Then denly, she discovers she has second-sight. Then life is a series of spiritualistic seances and tran which she reconstructs the life of Steele, an acto whom she first worshipped in a play. A slush formance, distinguished by neither style nor acterization.

MISCELLANEOUS

SOLITARIA. *Together with Matter from "The Ap of Our Time."*
By V. V. Rosanov. *Boni & L*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 188 pp. *N*

There is wisdom and an occasional piercing in these random and absurd notes, written "back of the lined sheet," "on the heel of my (while bathing)," while "examining my They are individual, if often incoherent, and an utter cynicism, a "spirit of trifles, charm light." The volume, which is beautifully contains "The Apocalypse of Our Time," an ing critico-biographical study by E. Gollerba an appendix of letters and other historical The translation by S. S. Koteliansky is very g

SOME ROGUES AND VAGABONDS OF DI
By Water Dexter. *The J. B. Lippincott*
$5 8⅝ x 6; 284 pp. *Phi*

"In this volume," says Mr. Dexter in h duction, "I have endeavoured to put before t . . . the plain story of the intrigues of D rogues and the wiles of many of his vagabond fifteen chapters of this book [there are m thirty rogues and vagabonds. I have chosen types, ranging from the beloved vagabon Jarley, to the cold and calculating murder Chuzzlewit. The cheat, the forger, the hypo thief, the fawner, the merely-crafty rogue represented." In addition to his extensive q from the original texts Mr. Dexter has made critical comments, but unfortunately they o more than the obvious. There are twenty- cellent illustrations by Fred Barnard.

Continued on page xciv

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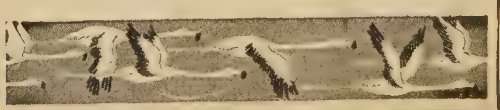

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xcii

MY BELIEFS.
By Luther Burbank. *The Avond*
$1 7⅞ x 5; 77 pp. N

The friends of the late Luther Burbank are great disservice to his memory by insisting was a great philosopher. He knew a good d haps, about practical horticulture, and could t authority upon it, but when he strayed in general fields of speculation he was lost. essays of his in this book, "Science and Civil and "In Tune With the Infinite," show it plainly. They are such blowsy stuff as a M seminarian might spout. Here is a typical a "Religion is as natural to man and as imp each human being and to the welfare of s breathing, but, like love, cannot be fully des a simple fact. It is justice, love, truth" and of it.

WHAT I BELIEVE.
By William J. Robinson.
The Eugenics Publishin
$2.50 7½ x 5; 209 pp.

Dr. Robinson, who is well known as a books on what he calls sexology, is a Lil somewhat old-fashioned sort, and here he his faith very clearly and charmingly. A compromising pacifist he is against revolu as a believer in the perfectability of man that "the saloon is dead and will stay fore

WHOLESOME MARRIAGE.
By Ernest R. & Gladys Hoagland Groves.
The Houghton Miff
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 239 pp.

This volume is aimed at "those wh married or about to be married, seek i that will make their pathway to continue clearer." The authors deal "almost exclu the social and personal aspects of marria trasted with those that are physical"; t that "sex problems will usually be found the product of social maladjustment in tionships than sex itself." What they hav mainly a series of sonorous platitudes.

THE EARLY WORM.
By Robert Benchley. *Henry Holt*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 263 pp.

Mr. Benchley's amiable buffooneries co amusing. He has good comic ideas, and them with a sure and devastating hand. T of the present volume come mainly fro there are also things first printed in othe The illustrations by Gluyas Williams are

Ego

We have been wondering lately a lot about these brilliant writers such as Mr. Mencken and the contributors to his irritating little green book. All of them, while taking a crack at the world in general, seem so definitely sure that they are right. In their comprehensive diatribes they reflect a self-confidence which is amazing. Surely they must be in error on some little thing now and then.

In our simple way, we have always been mystified by the apparent fact that infallible judgment and correct thinking seem entirely confined to those fortunate individuals who have been endowed with the talent for brilliantly expressing their own opinions.

We often wish that we might obtain one of these patronizing fellows to write our advertisements for Listerine so that we could get this same reflection of authority over to the great American Boobery.

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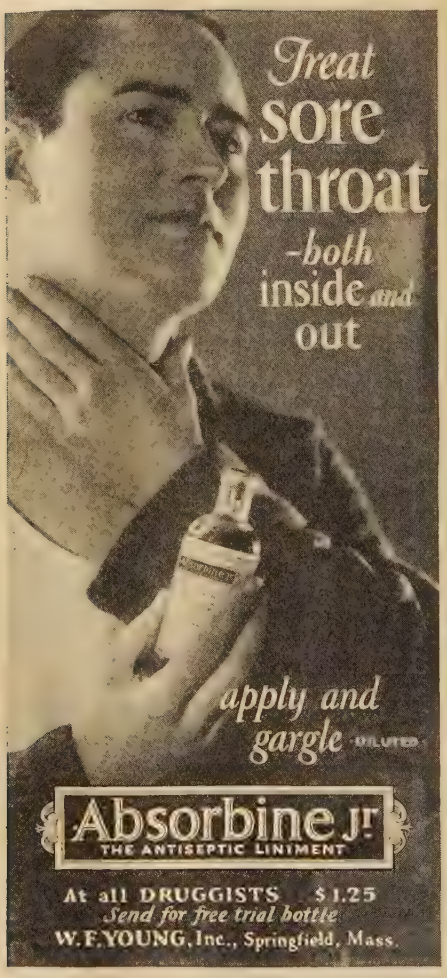

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The American Mercury for December—out November 25

From an old print.

Professor Thomas Composing a Blue Blazer.

THE December number of The American Mercury will be adorned by a biographical sketch of Professor Jerry Thomas, the greatest bartender who ever lived, by Herbert Asbury, the historian of Methodism. Professor Thomas flourished in New York in the Golden Age of the saloon, and was admired by Presidents, Senators and Ambassadors, but in these melancholy days he is forgotten. Mr. Asbury has unearthed the facts of his glorious career, and will set them forth gracefully.

Another salient article in the December issue will be "Our White Folks," by George S. Schuyler. Mr. Schuyler is an Aframerican journalist, and has given life-long study to that race question which is raised for his people by the existence of so many Nordics in the United States. In his article he discusses the merits and weaknesses of the whites in a calm and scientific but highly frank manner.

There will be ten other articles, including "Ladies of the Mob," by Ernest Booth, an account of the fair creatures who follow love and prey upon criminals. Mr. Booth's "We Rob a Bank," in the September issue, will be remembered. In the present issue he is represented by "A Texas Chain-Gang."

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AM 11-27

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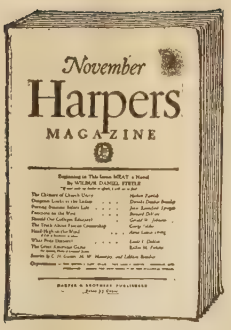

THE CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

THE CHIMERA OF CHURCH UNITY, *by the Rev. Herbert Parrish*

MEAT, a Novel, *by Wilbur Daniel Steele*

DIOGENES LOOKS AT THE LADIES, *by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*

PUTTING BUSINESS BEFORE LIFE, *by Jesse Rainsford Sprague*

SIX EAST PIECES, *by C. H. Gaines*

FOOTNOTE ON THE WEST, *by Bernard De Voto*

SHOULD OUR COLLEGES EDUCATE? *by Gerald Johnson*

UP NEAR TAWAS, a Story, *by M. W. Mountjoy*

THE TRUTH ABOUT FASCIST CENSORSHIP, *by George Seldes*

HEAD-HIGH-IN-THE-WIND, *by Anna L. Strong*

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME, *by Rollin M. Perkins*

THE APARTMENT, a Story, *by Libbiam Benedict*

WHAT PRICE DOCTORS? *by Dr. Louis I. Dublin*

DEPARTMENTS—The Lion's Mouth—The Editor's Easy Chair—Personal and Otherwise—Among the New Books—In the Financial World

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by WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Wilbur Daniel Steele, considered by many most distinguished short story writer (you remember his habit of winning an O. Henry p nearly every year), has written a new novel w will begin in the November number of the Harpers Magazine.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOL. X, No. 5 ⌘ ⌘ NOVEMBER, 1927 ⌘

The Borzoi BORZOI BOOKS Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York* ⌘

Frank Thiess

hanging Europe

in *The London Mercury* for , Mr. William Rose, in an itled "Contemporary Ger- ture: The Younger Genera- lains certain recent changes it of German imaginative the fact that "whereas the ration looks upon the War ent in history, the younger regards it as a definite int in civilization."

hiess, the author of THE TO LIFE, and *Bruno Frank*, of THE DAYS OF THE not exactly of that genera- present youngest, to which has reference; but they arly to a group junior to ented by the Manns and by sermann, and standing in relation to it that, say, winnerton, Walpole, and ner do to Galsworthy, Mrs. Wharton. This inter- rman generation was af- he more by the War, per- se it was mature enough to istic sense of both worlds, preceded and that which and yet not so old as to ne immune from change. nature yet by no means eration, Mr. Rose's remark applicable as it is to the expressionistic school of as directly made.

Once the social and intellectual effects of the War are assimilated, it makes little difference what is a writer's ostensible subject. The change is represented, not in his overmastering impulse to write of a particular thing, but in a new point of view which is brought to bear on *whatever* he writes of. The more striking of our two present examples, by this criterion, is *Bruno Frank's* series of three imagined episodes from the later life of Frederick the Great. THE DAYS OF THE KING* portrays the cynical and enigmatic eighteenth-century monarch in a fashion which, so far as the external facts go, tallies with history, reaches inherent credibility, and could have been executed at any time. But the *interpretation* of Frederick, the side of his personality in which interest is felt, the kind of sympathy displayed for this aspect of his bizarre make-up —these, one feels, belong to our present post-War world, and would indelibly stamp the book, even were its actual subject derived from prehistory, as inalienable from our day. In three episodes that together outline the contour of his whole life and mind,

* As this issue of *The Broadside* goes to press, it is probable that publication of THE DAYS OF THE KING will be somewhat delayed beyond October 21, the intended date.

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Bruno Frank

the Prussian king is made our contemporary. The portrait painted has seemed to every one of its pre-publication readers in English a thing of very great power and beauty indeed, and there is every reason to expect that it will justify to a wide public the comment earlier formulated by Thomas Mann: "It is a delight to see how *Bruno Frank's* genius for clarity proves itself on this subject, itself a weirdly beautiful thing—his urbane and candid genius, here addressed to the humane purpose of destroying a whole host of chauvinistic puppets."

Not a whit more contemporary in its psychic effect on the reader is the first-published volume of *Frank Thiess's* tetralogy, which is expected when finished to constitute the biography of the post-War generation in Germany, and which in some of its incidental aspects has the timeliness of an H. G. Wells. THE GATEWAY TO LIFE centers in the consciousness of Wolf Brassen, a Gymnasium pupil in "Annenstedt," "a little town of pointed spires" southeast of the Harz Mountains. In him, his fellows, and his contacts with life are achieved two things: a broad representation of the new Germany, and a deep and intense representation of generalized youth standing at the threshold of responsibility.

Equally in these two quite dissimilar books, each so fine in its own way

(*Continued on page cviii*)

Cisatlantica: A Shop-Talk

EVEN in connection with a publication date which brings forth so cosmopolitan an array as an eighteen-volume *Maupassant*, two volumes by British writers, an important piece of contemporary German fiction, two translations of French books, and the reprint of an English classic, we hope that no reader is going to overlook the solid core of American thinking and writing about which these contributions are massed. Five simultaneous items, every one of them salient, prove that The Borzoi has not forgotten his nationality or lost his interest in a long-standing purpose.

It is, we think, true that an American publisher's definition of his services to American writing is likely to undergo some modification as year follows year. He goes almost inevitably through a stage of giving the preference to native products because they are native; and just as inevitably he comes in the end to the necessity of selecting native products because they deserve it—that is, because they do not suffer when tested by standards which have nothing to do with geography. He learns eventually that he can do most for his own country by expending his efforts on indigenous work which would have significance in any country.

This said, it is only necessary to run over the inventory of cisatlantic items on the present list. Here they are: (1) a reinterpretation of *Thoreau* by a young American who has th equipment of philosophy and nature; (2) the 195 lithogr *George Bellows*, which Thom calls in his Introduction a "biog of America; (3) the sixth serie *Mencken's* hardy perennial, DICES; (4) THE POLISH PEAS EUROPE AND AMERICA, volume edition of a work importance in the science of so and (5) the NEGRO DRAW *Miguel Covarrubias*—this last piece of cosmopolitanism w own continent, for it is a you ican artist's contemplation o pects as "American" (in the sense) as maple syrup, chewin the political sagacity of Wi

The Lithographs of George Bellows

BEFORE his death in 1925 *George Bellows* had executed one hundred ninety-five lithographs. All of these —including some of which very few proofs are known ever to have been made, and at least one which exists in a unique copy—are reproduced in this book.

It is a book which enables the most characteristic body of the artist's output to speak for itself, as in the long run it must and will do with a power of advocacy not open to any mere words that can be written about it. Nevertheless, it happens that words of a singular power have been written —twenty-odd pages of them—which have the rare and valuable two-fold effect of gratifying curiosity about the man while stimulating even more curiosity about the man's work. The words referred to are contained in the introduction to this volume. They are by Mr. Thomas Beer, biographer of Stephen Crane and historian of what he has named "the Mauve Decade." It is in his words from the end of this Introduction, after he has told the inimitable story of *George Bellows's* life and personality and given some account of his work in other media than lithography, that these lithographs can best be described:

"Here are the lithographs of *George Bellows*. Nothing has been conveniently withdrawn as imperfect. This is the lot. . . . Inconsequent stranger who has picked up this old book in the year 1962, I address you from the grave. This may not be an art at all, in your times, but this is America, seen by an honest man who never left the American soil in his whole life. I sit here vouching for his honesty. Here we are! It is immeasurably unimportant whether you like us or not, but here we are, and here is the biog-

raphy of *George Bellows*. Here, you see, is the young man confined to the back seat of his father's carriage on the way to church on a hot Sunday in the year 1898, a little sulky and very gangling in his best clothes. These night scenes in Central Park are the fruits of his curiosity about plebeian love. He went peering and poking along the path with an embarrassed wife on his arm, wondering about these people. This is rural lighted by oil lamps in a tin house on the shore of M faces have the vicious comp good people remembering sees them, on Sunday eveni 'Artists Judging Works o desperately authentic. Thi ture of bodies is 'The Sawo an outpouring of the vulg the roaring voice of the William Ashley Sunday. O 'Billy Sunday,' a rolling b cles, one foot on his pulp his degraded version of t Jesus Christ at this multi raw tabernacle. You have into the strange America the twentieth century's fi This is 'Initiation in t merry pastime that, in this lithograph, allowed n fraternity in the midlan sensitive lad to a railroad middle of a winter night sorry when he was found morning. This is 'The Sh and it is real as poverty The naked men are all A ting cleansed in a Turkis fantasy of lights and em 'Dance in a Madhouse months after it appeare was assaulted through silly people who though make a nightmare of the A critic joined them i maledictions who had against the 'A La Mie' Lautrec, a gloating cons frayed harlot and her bu café. This is called 'The Slow' and shows you th of frying Negroes wh

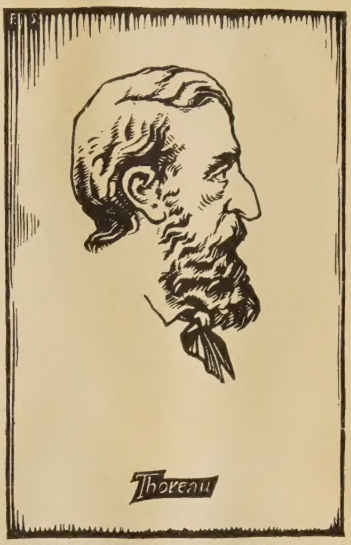
(*Continued on pag*

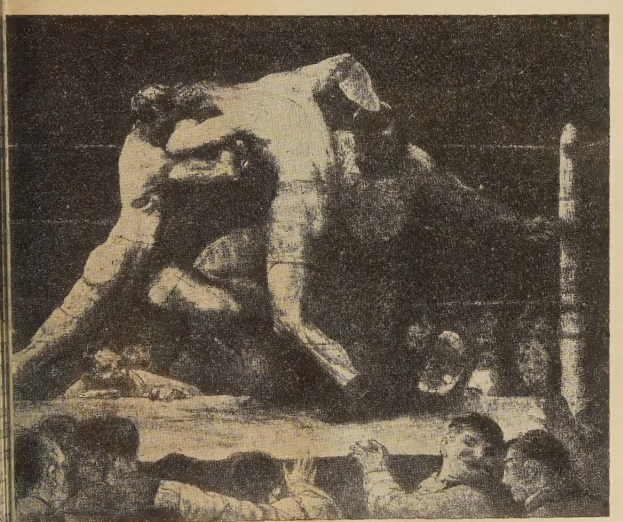
"Warts and All"

; biographical study the au- s succeeded in presenting a of *Thoreau* shorn of the usual ations which adorn his image. *Henry Thoreau*, warts and all. *inson*, however, is fair. He rush on too far in the oppo- ction. He is an ardent admirer oject, and his enthusiasm lends e to his style, as in the fol- passage in which he defends sense of humor:

ough *Thoreau* often seemed boorish, and provincial, at ording to the popular stand- social man, those who read sely see overwhelming evi- his geniality—not the innocu- -and-take of the loungers at ker-barrel, but the urbane of the thinker. If you ask him nonsense or flippant pitter- ou will find him austere and perhaps needlessly censorious. Within the limits he carefully marked as boundaries of his life he is mellow, humorous, and delightfully sly. So sly is his humor, in fact, so native in quality and so neatly woven into his thinking, that we often miss it completely. In its reserve it is plainly Yankee. So much so that one jocular Yankee thought WALDEN was intended as a capital satire and joke, and accordingly snickered all through it with delight! In essence his humor is a matter of proportion, of over- and under-statement—much in vogue among the fleet wits of this day—in treating small matters as great, and great as small. Throughout WALDEN, for instance, he insists upon treating the details of his sojourn like those of the gods of Troy. Buying a board shanty from an Irishman for $4.25, his grave terms echo those of the

(*Continued on page cviii*)





ɔicion of misdemeanor. And n electrocution, a mode of d of social inconveniences, but sanctioned by the habits nd. This 'Legs of the Sea' ou how *Bellows* saw the taking the sun on shores of nd and New Jersey, not very , but so honestly. This Evening' is in a restaurant tit-pas. Emma Bellows has f an argument among the William Butler Yeats, Rob- und her husband and is look- t. Mr. Henri, never wordy, the old Irishman something and is not being believed. In 'My Family' the artist is watching Jean Bellows over his wife's shoulder.—Do you draw at all? Take a pencil and interest yourself in copying the baby's figure and the amused movement of her face, or turn to the 'Nude Reclining on a Pillow' and try to imitate the sweeping, hard line that limits her body, or the clenched hand that rises out of the frenzy of small motions named 'The Crowd,' or the first row of convicts in 'Benediction in Georgia,' or the back of the right-hand prize-fighter in 'A Stag at Sharkey's,' or the last sketch of Anne Bellows, lovely and so bored. These things make up the biography of *George Bellows;* this is his essence. It does not matter that he took medals, taught in Virginia and in Chicago, was a member of this, that and the other club and society. This is what he learned how to do. Try to copy it, and then think awhile and try again."

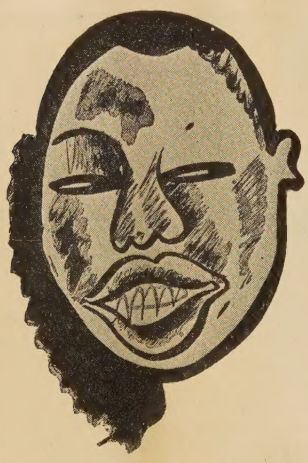
GEORGE W. BELLOWS: HIS LITHOGRAPHS. *With an Introduction by* THOMAS BEER, *a description of the art of lithography by* ATHERTON CURTIS, *a portrait of the artist, and a detailed explanatory index.* $15.00 *net.*

A King's Mistress

PERHAPS most of all the ladies of the Court of Louis XV would themselves have enjoyed this book—that court so gay, so witty, so appreciative of gossip, of intrigue, so gracefully estranged from the moralities. They would have been delighted at the mirror held up to themselves and their friends, and perhaps even more to their enemies. (And one imagines that the ladies depicted here had more enemies than friends.) The lives of some, it is true, were an open book even then; that of Mademoiselle de Charolais, for instance, who almost every year would retire to her château for six weeks and give out that she was ill. The whole Court would send to inquire—without, however, pressing—to know the nature of the complaint. It was left for a new footman to reply

(*Continued on page cix*)

The Borzoi Broadside for November 1927



Negro Drawings

It is noteworthy that immediately after his arrival in New York, *Covarrubias* almost automatically found his way to Harlem, the scene which has afforded him the widest scope for the exercise of his peculiar powers. He was immediately captivated by the color, the rhythm, the incomparable vitality of Negro life, especially as it exists in the theatres, on the streets, in the cabarets. His earliest drawings of Negroes, tentative experiments with racial characteristics, were already informed with the understanding and the still rarer power of interpretation which have made all his work in this field unique. Those first drawings, published in *Vanity Fair*, created something of a sensation. Here was something new—neither the absurdity of the comic strip, nor the weak sentimentality of "idealistic" painting, nor even a meaningless realism. Connoisseurs awoke to thesomewhatsurprising realization that no one had painted the Negro before. That, perhaps, is the simplest statement of this artist's achievement. He has delineated the Negro in his most characteristic attitudes, and he has done it in terms of the Negro's own artistic heritage, adapted and conventionalized into forms that are intensely personal, novel, and significant.

Since those early sketches, he has explored almost every aspect of the Negro scene that lends itself to pictorial representation. The streets of Harlem, the evangelical churches, the theatres, the cabarets, the haut monde, the restaurants and lunch rooms have all been subjects for his pencil. The results of his observations are to be found in this book, which contains fifty-seven drawings, eight of them in color. His interest for the most part has been in the lower-class primitive Negroes, in the jazz dancers, the Blues singers, the vagabonds, the workmen, all those who have created the rich body of folk-lore and folk-song which is the Negro's greatest contribution to American culture. Without any conscious effort to do so, he has yet given us in these drawings a representation of Harlem life that takes equal place with and is a complement to Van Vechten's Nigger Heaven.

NEGRO DRAWINGS. *By* Miguel Covarrubias. *With a Preface by* Ralph Barton *and an Introduction by* Frank Crowninshield. $7.50 *net.*

The Polish Peasant

Addressed to sociologists, economists, political scientists, historians, anthropologists, psychologists, social psychologists, criminologists, social workers, educators, and all persons interested in the conditions and problems of human and social life, this monumental work stands by itself in the literature of Social Science. The materials collected during a period of eight years in Poland and America are supplemented and illuminated by interpretative analyses and a Methodological Note which blaze a new trail in the development of sociological technique.

The first edition was publish five volumes at $5.00 a volu $25.00 a set—and consequentl been well-nigh inaccessible to th vidual reader and even to the s libraries. This new edition in volumes, though freshly revis the authors, is not abridged way, and, on account of its reduced price, should prove mense service.

THE POLISH PEASAN EUROPE AND AME *By* William I. Thom Florian Znaniecki. *I umes.* $15.00 *net a set.*

"Warts and All"

(*Continued from page cvi*

dealer in large country estat pay four dollars and twenty-f tonight, he to vacate at five t morning, selling to nobody e while: I to take possession were well, he said, to be th and anticipate certain indis wholly unjust claims on th ground rent and fuel.' Yankee trader he writes of H men whose 'misfortune it i inherited farms, houses, bar and farming tools,' for they only a gold brick: 'How ma immortal soul have I met crushed under its load cree the road of life pushing barn seventy-five feet by Augean stables never cle one hundred acres of lan mowing, pasture and woo niture!' he exclaims later God I can sit and I can sta the aid of a furniture ware

HENRY THOREAU T MIC YANKEE. *By* Atkinson, *author of "S enades."* $2.50 *net.*

Changing Eur

(*Continued from pa*

and province, the barri used to associate with na language seem to have b Especially in the sensitiv site renderings made by t of The Magic Moun books come to us devoid cation of foreignness—a for example, from the r the pre-War novels of t sians. They come, these

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n as Thomas Mann, *Frank*

Bruno Frank come to us
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YS OF THE KING
DES KÖNIGS). *By*
RANK. *Translated from the*
H. T. LOWE-PORTER.

TEWAY TO LIFE
FOR ZUR WELT).
THIESS. *Translated from*
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READ IT AND WEEP!

Dr. Logan Clendening, besides being a prominent physician and the author of the wittiest and most informative book on the subject of health which has been published in modern times, is something of a humorist. This will be no news to those who have already read THE HUMAN BODY, with its epigrams, its gusto, and its quips at the cranks and the faddists, but here, both for them and for those who have yet to read the book, is the not uninformative reply which *Dr. Clendening's* publisher received to a request for a few biographical details:

Name *Logan Clendening.*
Where born *Kansas City, Mo.*
Date of birth *May 25, 1927.**
Education *University of Michigan, University of Edinburgh.*
Married? *Alas.*
Children? *Also alas none.*
Do you wish your wife mentioned in book publicity, or is it a family secret? *I have no secrets from my wife or my public.*
Why did you start to write? *Fell into bad company.*
When was the first "literary effort" of yours accepted and what was it? *Sarcoma of the Stomach. American Journal of Medical Sciences. 1909.*
First book published? *Modern Methods of Treatment. St. Louis. 1924.*
Immediate plans? *Never to write another book as long as I live.*
Decided preferences, or hobbies, if you have any: *Blueberry pie and treating patients who get well and are grateful.*
In which sections of the country are you especially well known? *Jails, hospitals and morgues.*
Additional information:
Associate Professor of Medicine in the University of Kansas.
Fellow of the American College of Physicians, and a member of Board of Governors of same.
Fellow of American Therapeutic Society.
Fellow of the American Climatological and Clinical Association.
Attending physician to the Kansas City General Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital and Bell Memorial Hospital.

*The publisher's department of research is still breaking its teeth on the problem presented by this answer, with hope of an ultimate solution.

ruler of France—the incessant scheming which began while she was yet in her cradle.

The future marquise was no more than a few months old when her mother began to imagine her reigning in the heart of a king by virtue of her attractions and charm. Her education was designed to render her both physically and mentally attractive. Soon the mother's ambition became the daughter's, and in order to obtain an entrée to the court she consented to marry Monsieur Lenormand d'Etioles.

Then began her long train of ruses to attract the king's attention. She would appear in the forest when he was hunting, dressed in a deliciously alluring pink costume which suited her to perfection. At the ball held in Versailles in honor of the Dauphin's marriage, she so enchanted Louis that he accompanied her home, where, with the help of her mother, she entertained him till long past dawn. She enlisted the assistance of the all-powerful Binet, the king's valet. Never did she pause until her aim was accomplished.

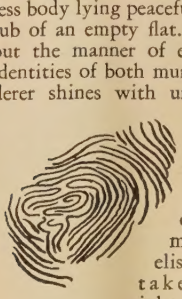
In spite of her efforts, however, Madame de Pompadour cared nothing for the king. Her only desire was wealth and power. Again and again she disgusted Louis with her coldness and more than once was in danger of banishment. By organizing entertainments and diversions she endeavored to keep him amused, and in time she became a habit he was unable to shake off. She was greedy and extravagant—Louis XV, without being aware of it, spent on or through her sixty million francs. At last, still powerful but worn out by the life she had led, she died in 1764.

PRINCESSES, LADIES, AND SALONNIÈRES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV. *By* THERESE LOUIS LATOUR. *Illustrated.* $5.00 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for November 1927

A Mysterious Feat

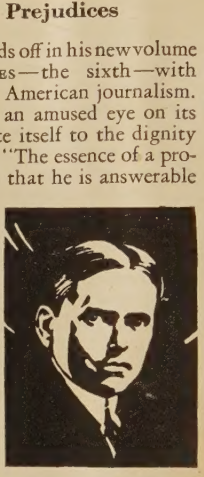
IMAGINE, in the first place, a headless body lying peacefully in the bathtub of an empty flat. Not new that, but the manner of establishing the identities of both murdered and murderer shines with unexpected ingenuity. In the second place, imagine the pleasant, lazy country house of England's most famous novelist. Here scenes take place which might occur in any story of leisured life were it not for the disturbing and incongruous presence of Chief Inspector Pointer of Scotland Yard. Imagine, thirdly, an anti-royalist stronghold in the Pyrenees; and fourthly, a nunnery at Bruges. Take together all these places, the personages that people them, and the situations these personages create. Snarl everything together into a bewildering jumble and then straighten it all out into a smooth logical thread, strong enough to hang a man. Then, perhaps, you will have paralleled *A. Fielding's tour de force* in writing THE CLIFFORD AFFAIR.



THE CLIFFORD AFFAIR. *By* A. FIELDING, *author of "The Charteris Mystery," "The Eames-Erskine Case," "The Footsteps that Stopped."* $2.00 *net.*

More Prejudices

Mr. Mencken leads off in his new volume of PREJUDICES—the sixth—with a long essay on American journalism. He looks with an amused eye on its efforts to elevate itself to the dignity of a profession. "The essence of a professional man is that he is answerable for his professional conduct only to his professional peers. A physician cannot be fired by anyone, save where he has voluntarily converted himself into a job-holder; he is secure in his livelihood so long as he keeps his health, and can render service, or what they regard as service, to his patients. A lawyer is in the same boat. So is a dentist. So, even is a horse-doctor. But a journalist still lingers in the twilight zone, along with the trained nurse, the embalmer, the rev. clergy and the great majority of engineers."



But it is when writing of politicians that *Mr. Mencken* becomes most scathing. "Observing a Congressman, one sees only a gross and revolting shape, with dull eyes and prehensile hands. But under that preposterous mask there may be yearnings, and them may be of high vol laudable delicacy. There are men, I have no doubt, wh their lost honor, as women in the films. Tossing in thei hot, sticky Washington nig gizzards devoured by bad lic may lament the ruin that t of Demos has brought to th For Congressmen, despite honorable trade, are exactl rest of us at bottom, and r the same biogenetic laws."

Poets, philosophers, acto within his view—"The aim is to give a high and v plausibility to what is pa true." "There are in t States today 1500 profess losophers—that is, men their living at the trade. T would be far better if all three of them were drivin or serving with the rum actor encountering a w leaps from the couch t almost as fast as a Baptist the altar to the couch." latest volume of PREJU on, brilliant, epigrammati a worthy companion to it

PREJUDICES: SIXTH *By* H. L. MENCKEN *"Prejudices I–V," "T Language," "In Defense etc.* $2.50 *net.*

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